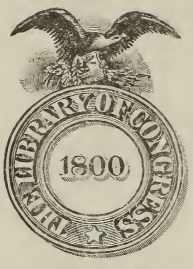

Class BV3202
Book .S5H6
1839

689
1617

Very affectionately
your Sister
Sarah L Smith.

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. SARAH LANMAN SMITH,

LATE OF THE MISSION IN SYRIA, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

By EDWARD W. HOOKER,
Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Bennington, Vt.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY PERKINS & MARVIN.
PHILADELPHIA: HENRY PERKINS.

1839.

BV3202
.S5H6
1839

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1839,

By Perkins & Marvin,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

PREFACE.

The publication of the following Memoir has been delayed for some time, in the hope that Rev. Mr. Smith would visit this country, and assist in its preparation. The uncertainty of the time of his return, has led to his request, and the decision of the compiler, that it should be published without farther delay.

The work is dedicated to the cause of Christian Missions, in the hope that it will be instrumental in the advancement of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of the spirit of piety and benevolence in the Church at large.

Bennington, Vt., *May*, 1839.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Parentage and ancestry—Development of youthful character—Religious impressions—Efforts in Sabbath school, and views respecting want of piety in teachers—Her conversion, ... 9

CHAPTER II.

Norwich—Female friends, and efforts for their spiritual good—Illustrations of her character and intercourse as a sister—Efforts for the spiritual good of her brothers—Death of her youngest brother, ... 23

CHAPTER III.

Religious experience—Views of Christian duty and habits of life—Sentiments on miscellaneous subjects, ... 57

CHAPTER IV.

Journies—Decease of friends—Sympathy with mourners, ... 81

CHAPTER V.

Interest in revivals of religion—In benevolent operations—In the conversion of distant relatives and acquaintances, ... 98

CHAPTER VI.

Commencement and progress of her interest in missions—Efforts among the Mohegan Indians, ... 106

CHAPTER VII.

Correspondence with her father and friends respecting the foreign mission service—Engagement to Mr. Smith—Marriage—Embarkation, ... 127

CHAPTER VIII.

Voyage to Malta—Alexandria—Arrival at Beyroot, ... 154

CHAPTER IX.

Entrance on missionary labors—Interest in the establishment of a school—Habits and manners of the inhabitants—Experience on missionary ground—Monthly Concert—Studies—Illustrations of Scripture, ... 178

CHAPTER X.

Bhamdoon—Mountaineers—Death of Mrs. Thompson—Visit of the United States' ship Delaware at Beyroot—Journey to Sunneen and Baalbeck, . 194

CHAPTER XI.

Scenery—Sabbath evening—English service—Troubles of Mohammedans—Death of Dr. Dodge—Appeal to American Christians—On physical culture—Intercourse with English friends—Letter to Mrs. Dodge—On preparation for the missionary work—Female prayer meeting—Native habits of fasting—Thoughts on American character—Arab visits—Letter to Mrs. Wisner on the death of her husband—Letter to Mrs. Hallock, . . . 217

CHAPTER XII.

Journey to Jerusalem—Return to Beyroot, ... 240

CHAPTER XIII.

Correspondence—Health—Trials—Past views of Christians on the state of the world—Letter to Miss Williams—Responsibilities of American churches, ... 269

CHAPTER XIV.

Summer residence at Aaleih—Personal endeavors for the good of individuals—Druses—Alarms among the natives—Ibrahim Pasha—Case of an English woman—Sorrows of a Mohammedan wife—Arrival of Miss Williams—Views of missionary life—Mr. Smith's labors—Farther hints on missionary qualifications—Feelings respecting her parents, ... 282

CHAPTER XV.

Thoughts on the world as a portion—Close occupation of time—A Moslem wedding—Views of her employment—Of a heavenly inheritance—Interest in American friends—Engagement in a plan for religious visits, . . . 302

CHAPTER XVI.

Letter to the members of the Young Ladies' Academy, Norwich—Views of the effects of the mission—Climate—Importance of respectability of appearance in missionaries—Good Friday—Translation of an Arabic grammar—Spring and its productions—Impediments to missionary labors—Religious conversation—Health—School—Letter to Mrs. Temple, . . 313

CHAPTER XVII.

Failure of Mrs. Smith's health—Departure from Beyroot—Shipwreck—Arrival at Smyrna—Continued decline of health—Removal to Boūjah—Last days —Death—Funeral, ... 333

CHAPTER XVIII.

Concluding Remarks, ... 367

Monody to Mrs. Sarah L. Smith, ... 405

MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE AND ANCESTRY — DEVELOPMENT OF YOUTHFUL CHARACTER — RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS — EFFORTS IN SABBATH SCHOOL, AND VIEWS RESPECTING WANT OF PIETY IN TEACHERS — HER CONVERSION.

Mrs. Sarah Lanman Smith was born in Norwich, Connecticut, June 18, 1802. Her father was Jabez Huntington, Esq. Her paternal grand-father was Gen. Jedidiah Huntington of New London; favorably known as an officer in the American army in the war of the Revolution; but better known, in later periods of his life, as devoted to works of pious benevolence; particularly as one of the early members of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

It was a source of satisfaction to the subject of this memoir, particularly after her entrance upon missionary engagements, that an ancestor whom she so much loved and revered, was in his lifetime a member of that Board, in the service of which she was to go forth to the missionary work. The tender and solemn interest is recollected with which she stood at the tomb of that dear departed grand-parent, a short time before she left her native land,

and in silent prayer consecrated herself, with her little property, anew to the service of Christ. There was nothing of romance in her feelings on that occasion; but there was a consecration of spirit to her Lord's service, in which she seemed to anticipate "the joy set before" her.

Her relationship to other individuals of devoted piety should here be noticed. She was a lineal descendant, on her mother's side, of the Rev. Joseph Coit of Preston, Conn.; who used, with much simplicity, to pray that his descendants "might be the children of God as long as the grass should grow and the brooks run."

Her maternal grand-mother, the late Mrs. Sarah Lanman, whose name she bore, was a woman of strong mind, and eminent piety; and probably accomplished much for the formation of the character of her grand-children. The Rev. Joshua Huntington of Boston was a half-brother of her father; the benefit of whose influence, and that of his wife, Mrs. Susan Huntington, she felt, while residing in Boston, in attendance upon school. Her mother was a woman of decided Christian character. She died at the age of thirty-six, when Sarah was only seven. She is remembered to have consecrated this daughter to God, in baptism, with peculiar confidence of her acceptance in that solemn act.

It is the object of this chapter to give a brief sketch of Miss Huntington's early years, including the period at which her conversion to God took place; and to show what were some of the early developments of her character, in those traits in which she subsequently shone so brightly. Not that the natural elements of human character are of themselves the foundation of Christian usefulness; but that these are to be valued when sanctified by grace, consecrated to God, and diligently employed for the divine service and glory, and for the good of a lost world.

Being of a delicate constitution when a child, there was some difficulty in training and governing her. She was sometimes punished when she ought to have been indulged; and indulged when she ought to have been punished. A fond nurse, sometimes by injudicious kindness, did much to counteract the corrections of her parents. Under these influences, a character was formed, of a nervous and somewhat peculiar temperament; affectionate and sensible to favors, fearful of pain and suffering; yet venturesome to an extreme, and decided and tenacious in opinions. These traits gave occasion to friends often to say, that she promised to make either a very good or a very bad person. They were rendered especially prominent by a sickness of more than a year, when she was about six years old; which confined her to a cot, by the fireside; and also by the death of her mother, which event deprived her of the benefit of maternal influence for a time. Her quick sensibilities were about this age often tortured by the extreme severity of a school-mistress, under whose instruction she was placed. So deep was the impression made by the harshness and frequent punishments of this teacher, that when, in riper years, she visited her on her death-bed, in the alms-house, she actually found herself shrinking before one of those expressions of countenance, at which she had so often trembled, in her childish days at school. A playful allusion to this teacher is found in one of her letters to a brother in the latter years of her life; in which she speaks of "what our quondam school-ma'am used to say, and which required the utmost stretch of infant faith to credit, 'If I did not love you I should not whip you.'"

She was the subject of very early strugglings of a sinful heart against the claims of the law of God. Once when she was placed in an apartment alone, as a punishment

for improper conduct, and told that God was displeased with her; in an ebullition of excited feeling, as she afterwards confesed, she stamped with her foot upon the floor, and exclaimed, "I hate God." Afterwards, when under conviction of her sins, immediately previous to her conversion, she feared that this outbreaking of her natural heart could not be forgiven.

But with these things in childhood, showing that she was a subject of that native depravity in which all the human race are "guilty before God," she exhibited, as she was advancing in the years of youth, many of the virtues which are useful and lovely; and probably went as far in those excellencies of natural character on which many endeavor to build their hope of salvation, as almost any unconverted persons do; carrying with her, however, the clear, and often disturbing conviction, that the best virtues which she practised were not holiness, nor any evidence of fitness for heaven.

She was exceedingly attached to her friends. Her father was almost her idol. The affection for her mother, who was so early removed by death, she transferred, with exemplary tenderness, to her step-mother; and it is believed the instances are rare in which the parties are uniformly happier in each other in that relation, than were Mrs. Huntington and this daughter. Her warmth and tenderness of affection as a sister, were also peculiar and exemplary. Her childhood and youth were marked with great delicacy of mind and manners; diligence, promptitude and efficiency in her undertakings; love of system and fondness for study; improvement and the acquirement of useful knowledge, joined with a great desire to answer the wishes and expectations of her friends. Dutifulness and respect for her parents and grand-parents; reverence for her superiors generally; readiness to receive advice or admonition; a just appreciation of the good

influence of others, and a spirit of cautiousness respecting whatever might be injurious to her own character, were also prominent traits in her habits. Disinterestedness and self-denial for the benefit of others were conspicuous. Long before she became a subject of divine grace, she took an interest in various objects of benevolence, particularly Sabbath schools; and exhibited that spirit of enterprize, patience, and perseverance, in aiding the efforts of others, which constituted so prominent an excellence in her character in the later years of her life. Self-government, economy in the use of her time and pocket money; tastefulness in dress, without extravagance; and a careful and conscientious consideration of her father's resources, also were observable in her early habits. These traits are not mentioned because they are not found in many other young persons, but because they appeared in her in an uncommon degree.

Although she entered with zest into the social parties and amusements of her young friends, yet she preferred those relaxations of the mind which were rational, intellectual, and useful. While in Boston at school, she writes to her mother, "I have not yet been to the theatre; but Mrs. —— wishes me to go once; and she says she shall take me very soon; but I should not care if I did not go at all." She afterwards went once, and wrote to her friends that she had no desire to go again. In another letter she says: "Miss —— called to see me, and invited me there on Thursday to a social cotillion party; but I declined, and told her I should prefer visiting them some afternoon when they expected no company. Their social party probably turned out quite a ball." Such a preference of an unpretending and quiet visit, instead of the gaiety and amusements of a fashionable and splendid party, and this in a young Miss of sixteen, not pious, and therefore liable to yield to such

a temptation, indicated a soundness of judgment, and good sense, not often surpassed at such an age.

She had a cast of mind, though not gay and frivolous, capable of that playfulness, which, under proper regulation, is very pleasant in the intercourse of social life and among near friends. Her early letters, when at school particularly, were enlivened with some flashes of wit. But she seems to have been aware that wit is rather a dangerous talent; and to have repressed, rather than cultivated it, as she grew up to womanhood. This trait in her mind occasionally disclosed itself, in subsequent life; yet the instance is not recollected by the writer, in which she indulged in the play of wit, at the expense of the feelings of others. She used it, when at all, to enliven the intercourse of friendship; not to sport with the feelings, or interrupt the happiness of those around her.

She was most assiduously and conscientiously attentive to the proprieties of her sex, and of social life; and it is believed that few young ladies pass through the period of youth, having said or done fewer indiscreet, careless, or foolish things.

In these and other traits of character disclosed in her early years, there was much to make her lovely, in the domestic and social relations of life; and to give promise of her usefulness, and ability to exert influence, command respect, and even to shine in any circle of society.

With all, however, which made her to be esteemed and respected by her friends and acquaintances, she was conscious that she had not the religion of Christ dwelling in her heart. Her early letters contain passages showing that she was sometimes thoughtful of God, and of the interests of her own soul, and of eternity. Expressions of just and sound speculative views of divine truth, and of the nature of religion, often appeared in her letters to her friends. But they were accompanied with ex-

pressions of her sense of her own unfitness to speak or write on such subjects; of her consciousness that as yet she had "no hope," and was "without God in the world."

She did not believe, that in social or intellectual virtues, there was any thing on which she could rest, for acceptance with God, and as the foundation for a hope of heaven. She had many pious friends; and doubtless was the subject of their tender solicitude and earnest prayers, that one having such endowments of mind, might not fail of the salvation of the gospel. But much as she loved them, and earnestly as they desired to welcome her to the enjoyment of the Christian hope, she seems never to have attempted to persuade herself, or to have allowed others to persuade her, that she was a *Christian.* And facts, indicating the natural aversion of the heart to religious things, justify the remark, that long did she shine in the virtues of social and domestic life, and exhibit uncommonly fine traits of character, before she learned to bow, as a sinner, at "the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

No specially serious impressions were made upon her mind, until she was twelve years old. At the thanksgiving of that year, her parents went to New London to visit her grand-father; and left her to entertain a party of her young friends. One of them—it being the evening of the usual weekly prayer-meeting—left the company when the hour of the meeting arrived, in order to attend it. After she was gone, it was remarked by some, "Maria is serious," at which Sarah exclaimed, "Well! no one will say of *me* that *I* am serious." She even had such a dislike to that meeting, as a stated exercise, that she once secreted herself, to avoid attending it with her parents. But in the spring succeeding the time above mentioned, a beloved female friend, now we trust a saint in heaven—and to whom, more than to any one else, she attributed the

permanency of her religious impressions, and her ultimate conversion—being with her one evening, as the full moon was rising, their attention was attracted towards it. They conversed upon its beauty, and upon its being the work of God; and as they indulged in youthful sentimentalism, her heart was softened. Her friend perceiving it, seized the favorable moment, which she had probably been seeking, and invited her to accompany her to the conference meeting. To this she consented, with the utmost willingness.

Her pastor, Rev. Alfred Mitchell, held stated religious meetings at this time, for the benefit of the young. These she attended, with varying effect; sometimes considerably interested, and sometimes not at all. But though the instructions given were excellent, her feelings were not brought to a crisis. Among her associates was the pious friend before mentioned, (who left the thanksgiving party for the prayer-meeting,) and whose society she closely cultivated. With her, at this time, she was led to carry on a frequent correspondence on religious subjects. But neither did this lead to a decisive result.

In her fourteenth year, a number of young ladies, under the direction of a member of the church, commenced a Sabbath school. In this she took a class. She gave much attention to it, and her mind was deeply interested. And though neither she nor any of the original teachers were pious, she was in after life much gratified by a call from a young female, who informed her, that while in her class at that time, she received, from what she said, impressions that were the means of her conversion. In this same Sabbath school she had a class, when called to leave her native country for the missionary service.

Here it may be proper to advert to her sentiments and feelings relative to her peculiar position, as a teacher in a

Sabbath school, without personal religion. It appears that at a particular time, after the enlargement of the school, and when exercised with much solicitude on this subject, she offered to her associates in the work, her resignation of her place as a teacher. This drew from one of them a tender and earnest expostulation with her, in a note, from which the following extract is made.

"You gave early and freely your talents to the cause of the Redeemer, externally; wherefore should the heart be withheld. He who claims it is 'altogether lovely.' If, instead of retiring from the little circle whose exertions have been combined in his cause, you should, this afternoon, in the sanctuary—where such offerings are accepted—freely yield and sweetly consecrate your all to his service, the moment will be reviewed with grateful delight, through the ages of futurity. O come, dear Sarah, and decide, 'come with us, to our Immanuel, and he will do us good.' Even this afternoon let the report be circulated in Heaven, that another is escaped from the snare of the fowler; is added to the trophies of the cross; become assimilated in spirit to their happier community, and prepared to do much good here, and to receive its bright rewards hereafter."

To this earnest appeal, she replied, in a note which seems to have been first pencilled upon the blank pages of her friend's paper, and of which, all that can be deciphered is the following:

"Accept, my dear Miss M^{c}C——, my sincere gratitude for your kind advice. And oh! that I could tell you I had followed it. But no; another Sabbath is closing, which is another witness of the goodness of God, to my own condemnation. But with regard to my remaining longer a teacher in the Sabbath school—let me assure you my determination respecting it, which I communi-

cated to you this morning, is not a hasty one. I have long felt very unsuitable for this office, and have reflected much. Do not think I leave it because the task has become unpleasant to me,—far from it. But I consider it of the utmost importance, that where religious instruction is given, it should be given by those who have experienced religion in their own hearts; who have been sanctified by divine grace; and who, feeling the true value of their own souls, can pray and labor earnestly for the salvation of others.

"I think the school would be more prosperous and more respectable, if all the teachers were professors of religion. If I leave it, one, and I doubt not the only Achan, will be removed. If it should please God ever to renew my heart, I may be more fit to be intrusted with the care of little immortals. But till then, do not urge my continuance, any longer, a curse to this noble and heavenly institution."

These notes being without date, it is difficult to settle, with certainty, the time of the occurrence to which they relate. It is believed, however, to have been when several persons of her own age were in a state of deep anxiety on the subject of religion. The general state of the church, at the time, being one of declension, the solicitudes of these inquirers did not result in a saving change.

At the age of fifteen, she went, in the autumn, to a boarding school in Boston, where she remained a year. Here she had no deeply serious impressions; and sometimes felt even a reluctance to visit at her uncle Huntington's, (where she spent her Sabbaths, and with whose family she attended church at the Old South,)—because she was liable to hear more religious conversation than was agreeable. She was much absorbed in her studies, with some degree of ambition, and for success in them she used to pray.

After returning to her father's house, her life was a worldly one, spent much in company. At the age of eighteen, in July, a young relative, an intimate friend of her sister, sickened and died. Sarah was at that time on a visit abroad; and her sister, in a letter, informing her of the event, addressed a few words to her conscience. Though very few, they were "as a nail fastened in a sure place." On returning, after a few days, she found that this death had made much impression among the young. Meetings were held, to pray that it might be sanctified to them. These she attended; but found great occasion for complaint against herself, that she had so little sensibility, though she doubtless had much.

The following note to the Christian friend who addressed to her the one already quoted, seems to have been written about this time.

"In what words shall I express to you, my dear Miss M^{c}C——, my sincere thanks for the affectionate and excellent advice, which you have given me; and be assured I receive it with pleasure, as coming from one whom I consider as belonging to the fold of the dear Redeemer. And can I hesitate to place confidence in the friend I so highly esteem? Oh! could your kind prayers and wishes be answered, I might hope to join with you, and the dear saints who have gone before you, in those blessed mansions, singing praises to redeeming love. How delightful and enviable is the character you at first described; but how awful, and I fear too applicable to me, is the latter. Ah! I must have resolved in my own strength, for why should I at this time be in this stupid state, if I had *rested upon the Saviour*. The idea at times rises in my mind, that it is wrong for me to attempt to pray; that it is mockery to pray without the spirit; for surely my prayers would be answered if I prayed aright.

But what would be my feelings to abandon this duty? Oh! I never can!

'Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish I will pray,
And perish only there.'

And now what shall I say? Of what avail is the detail of unrepented sins? I can only tell you that I am still 'in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity.' O! my dear friend, may I indulge the hope that I shall have an interest in your prayers? Do pray that I may see my situation in its true light, and that I may be enabled to clasp my Saviour in the arms of a strong and lively faith, relying upon him alone for salvation.

"It is needless to request of you to keep this answer an entire secret. Perhaps you know from experience how disagreeable it is to have such things in any measure public. Be assured, my much respected friend, that you have not in the least degree offended me. Nothing could have given me more pleasure than the testimony I have received of your friendship and good wishes, and I doubt not but each of the teachers has the same feelings which I have. Requesting you to tell me of my faults, without any hesitation, I subscribe myself your truly affectionate but unworthy friend."

Special meetings were at this time held by her pastor, but she did not attend them; lest, by declaring herself an inquirer, she should raise the expectations of her friends only to disappoint them; as she had done in her former seriousness. The safety and propriety of this decision admits of question; although it was natural for an unconverted person to make such an one. In returning one evening, however, from a prayer meeting, an intimate

friend took occasion to speak to her, plainly, of her spiritual state. She then wept, and opened the feelings of her heart. This was on Tuesday evening. Wednesday passed without any thing special, except that at a sewing-circle, she chose the more serious part of the company; and, entering into conversation respecting the submission of the sinner to God, she advanced the sentiment that a clear understanding of the *nature* of submission would ensure the *act*. The next morning she awoke with a deep impression that it would be her last day of grace; that God would cut her off or harden her heart, or in some way put an end to her probation. In the evening she attended the regular Thursday conference, and before leaving home knelt down and earnestly prayed that it might be the evening of her submission to the Saviour. It was so. Before the meeting closed, while the assembly was at prayer, she gave up her heart to God. She did it in the full exercise of her understanding, and felt then, and afterwards, that it was peculiarly a rational act. This was on the 10th of August, 1820.

Much joy followed, and the night was spent with her sister, in wakefulness, conversing upon the wonderful grace of God. But in the morning she arose under a cloud. Her sister took her to her pastor; but she found no relief. On reaching home she threw herself upon her bed; and then had such views of her heart as she never had before. She felt that she was a sinner against God, and loved to sin, and she abhorred herself for it. It was an hour of intense conviction of her sinfulness. Overwhelmed with it, she knelt by her bed, went again to her Saviour, and then found permanent relief.

Writing to an intimate friend, soon after this time, and having given some account of the work of divine grace which had been experienced in Norwich, she says, "And can you believe, my dear M., that God in his infinite

mercy has been pleased to snatch me as a brand from the burning, and that I am to join this precious company of converts, and before him, angels and men, covenant to be his forever? It was on Thursday evening that I hope I was enabled to cast my load of sin—a heavy load, at the feet of Jesus, and submit to his sceptre. Oh! it was a glorious liberty I experienced; and I could only say, 'adore, and praise, and wonder!'"

CHAPTER II.

NORWICH — FEMALE FRIENDS, AND EFFORTS FOR THEIR SPIRITUAL GOOD — ILLUSTRATIONS OF HER CHARACTER AND INTERCOURSE AS A SISTER — EFFORTS FOR THE SPIRITUAL GOOD OF HER BROTHERS — DEATH OF HER YOUNGEST BROTHER.

Acquaintance with the scene of the life of an eminent and useful Christian, with the place of his abode, its circumstances which are interesting, more especially with the character of its society, is sometimes necessary, fully to appreciate the character of that Christian, and the kind of influences which were exerted in its formation, and by it upon others around. A beautiful flower may grow in a wilderness, or on some little fertile spot in a desert. But we naturally look in the garden most advantageously situated, and where there is employed an assiduous and judicious cultivation, for the flower which shall be most rich and beautiful. With the name of Norwich, pleasant associations have perhaps become formed in the minds of some American Christians, from its having been the birthplace of Harriet Winslow; and it may not lose any thing now, by the fact that there also the subject of this memoir was born, educated, and fitted for high service for Christ and a seat in heaven.

Norwich, the earthly home of Miss Huntington, is one of the most pleasant towns in New England. It embraces much wild and beautiful scenery, of both land and water;

always strikes pleasantly the eye of the traveller who delights in the beauties of nature; and has been much a place of resort by strangers, of taste and intelligence. There are not many vallies in New England sweeter than that at the head of the Thames; nor which would be more reluctantly left by a resident having a soul to love scenes rendered pleasant by creative power and mercy. And a missionary forsaking it for the uncertainties of a foreign residence, gives one evidence of willingness to forsake all things for Christ.

Of the society of Norwich, it is some commendation to say, that a lady of Miss Huntington's intelligence and cultivation of mind and manners, loved it, and spent her years happily in its circles, and contributed to render it desirable. The powerful competition, however, which the missionary cause held in her affections with her home and all its pleasant circumstances, may be learned from two or three sentences in one of her letters, written a few months before she left her country. "To make and receive visits, exchange friendly salutations, attend to one's wardrobe, cultivate a garden, read good and entertaining books, and even attend religious meetings for one's own enjoyment; all this does not satisfy me. I want to be where every arrangement will have unreserved and constant reference to eternity. On missionary ground I expect to find new and unlooked for trials and hindrances; still it is my choice to be there. And so far from looking upon it as a difficult task to sacrifice my home and country, I feel as if I should 'flee as a bird to her mountain.'"

To those who knew the pleasant local circumstances of Miss Huntington's residence; the circle of society in which she moved; the high place she had in the respect, confidence and affection of her numerous acquaintances; the interest with which they gathered around her, and

bestowed their testimonials of regard, as the time approached when they were to "see her face no more,"— to those who knew these things, her willingness to leave all, is explained only by the fact, that she so loved her God and Saviour, and desired his glory in the publication of his gospel to the ends of the earth, that she "*accounted not her life dear unto herself.*"

Miss Huntington spent her time principally at home; although the number of her friends abroad, their attachment to her, and their estimate of her society and their desire for it, made her visits to be often solicited. At Hartford, New Haven, New York, and at other more retired places, the residences of her relatives, she was sure of a hearty and happy reception; oftener than she felt, that as a daughter, she could be absent from her father's house.

The delight with which she returned from visiting some of her choicest friends, she testifies in the following extract:—"Through the blessings of a kind Providence, my dear sister, I am at last seated in my beloved HOME, with every thing to call forth the gratitude of my heart towards that Being who delighteth in mercy. Whether it be that my own happy feelings have radiated every object, or that a peculiar brightness does really encircle them, I know not; but certain it is, that I never returned home under pleasanter surrounding circumstances."

Amidst the pleasures of the society of friends whom she visited, Miss Huntington seems to have been unwilling merely to enjoy herself; but to have been solicitous lest her time should pass without benefit to those around her. She thus writes to one of her friends while in New York: "I fear my winter has not been very profitably spent; and have just been saying the same to aunt F., and telling her that I do not think I have done any thing for the benefit or happiness of any one." Far otherwise, how-

ever, was the sentiment of her friends. Her jealousy of herself, doubtless operated to secure a good measure of fidelity in endeavors to be useful.

There is much that is interesting and lovely in the friendship of young ladies for each other; especially when it is sanctified and strengthened by religious principle. The tenderness, delicacy and fervency which mark such attachments, and the intercourse growing out of them; the mutual confidence; the sympathy in each others joys and sorrows; the liveliness with which they enter into each others prospects in life; and if Christians, the refining of all these feelings which arises from their hearts being fixed upon the same Saviour, from their rejoicing in the same hope, and anticipating the same bliss, holiness and glory in heaven; such friendships, in this cold world, aid our conceptions respecting the love and harmony and purity which pervade the society of heaven. True, these same lovely female associates live in a world of sin; and they partake in the sinfulness of human character while without religion, and of the imperfections of other Christians after conversion. But such friendships rebuke, gently though powerfully, the things unamiable, unrefined and selfish, which so often introduce alloy into the happiness of society, depress the standard of Christian feeling, and perplex the path of many towards heaven.

One of Miss Huntington's earliest friendships, of this class, was with a cousin, near her own age, several years since deceased; to whom she owed much for her endeavors to promote her spiritual good. No letters have been preserved which throw light upon this intimacy. She prepared, for the gratification of the relatives of this friend, a memoir of her life; not designed for publication, but exhibiting favorably, both the character of the deceased, and her own ability as a writer of a memoir.

During one of her visits in New York, soon after the change in her religious feelings, Miss Huntington was much in the society of one for whom she formed a strong attachment; and who seems to have entered into her views and feelings on the great interests of eternity and the soul. A few extracts from her letters to this female friend will show how tenderly she loved her; and how she followed her in her thoughts and with her prayers, when distance separated them from each others society. Here, also, it should be remarked, "they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not [long] divided."

"New York, April 11.

"You can hardly imagine, my dear M——, the disappointment I experienced when I returned on Monday morning, to find you had left us. It was so unexpected to me, that for a few moments I could not reconcile myself to it. It was my wish, before we parted, to have united once more at the throne of grace. The thought often rushes upon my mind that we shall never meet again on this side eternity; that we shall never kneel again together before the mercy seat of our heavenly Father. But I will not indulge the thought; we may see each other here; but if not here, I humbly hope we shall behold each other face to face, in a better, happier world; and unite in celebrating the praises of that Being, who watched over us while together, and blessed us while separated."

At a subsequent date, she thus writes to this friend: "You express the hope that I find much enjoyment in the path of holiness; but oh! my dear M., I have more cause for lamentation than yourself. I have found since my return, that my heart has wandered from God; that I have grown cold in his service, and provoked him to hide his

face from me. May we not attribute our coldness to our six months' residence in that busy city? I found such a life greatly prejudicial to my growth in grace—and sometimes when dwelling upon my own backslidings, I regret that I ever left home. But it was for the best; and perhaps was to show me that I have no strength in myself."

"JANUARY 1.

"At those seasons which we have devoted to united prayer, I have much enjoyment. Communion with you, my dear M., seems sweet—and I delight to reflect that there is a bond of union between us, which shall continue throughout eternity. Permit me to wish you a very happy new year; and oh! that this might be the year, in which we shall see the desire of our hearts realized respecting our dear uncle. Let us, my dear M., be faithful to our appointment, and fervent in our petitions; and who knows but we shall obtain the blessing. I do not think we met in New York for nothing, or that the same desire was given us for nothing."

Writing to this friend sometime after, from the house of the relative in New York, where they had visited together, she says:—"I can hardly realize that nearly two years have elapsed, since you were seated with me on this very spot, where we have enjoyed many hours of social converse. While I am writing to you, a feeling of melancholy passes over me; and yet, I ask myself, why is it? My dear friend is at home, surrounded by friends; and as happy, for aught that I know, as this world can make her; and I have ten thousand blessings to call forth my gratitude. But thus it is; the recollection of past interesting scenes, always excites in me a degree of sadness. You will perhaps think I am going to give you a sentimental letter, which I know you dislike; but this I do not intend.

"I have taken much pleasure in visiting those places which were interesting to us when you were here; especially Wall Street Church, and our favorite resort, the Session Room."

To another of her friends, who had removed to a distance of several hundred miles, she thus writes:—"I thank you for the hasty note which I received before you left; and affectionately reciprocate every kind expression. I followed you in imagination to the close of your journey, and thought of you on the first Sabbath. I reflected, with seriousness, that one more scene of this changing world had closed. How rapidly events follow each other! Surely, I never realized so forcibly as now, that I am living for *eternity*. And is it so, my beloved S., that the days of our youthful friendship are *gone*, never to be recalled? We will not think of the past, but look forward to brighter scenes above—

> 'All are friends in heaven; all
> Faithful friends; and many friendships
> In the days of time begun,
> Are lasting there and growing still.'"

To another female associate she thus writes:—"Every thing which affects you, my dear M., cannot but be interesting to me, your earliest friend. I was thinking of you this week, and recurring to our days of childhood and intimacy—'M. and R.' were always acceptable and delightful companions, many happy moments passed with them. Those were the careless days of infantine enjoyment, and had they not been darkened by ingratitude to Heaven and hardness of heart, I should retrace them with pleasure. But all my past life appears to me one entire act of rebellion against the best of beings. May the future prove my repentance and amendment."

Miss Huntington's fidelity in seeking the conversion of her friends to God, is illustrated in some following passages from her letters to the young lady addressed in the letter last quoted. Writing soon after her own change of religious feelings, she says: "My thoughts very soon recurred to my dear M——; and I imagined her in the midst of the same privileges and blessings. I had heard that there was a work of grace in Ithaca, and could not but hope that my friend had been made a subject. Is this the case? Have you 'tasted and seen that the Lord is gracious?' Have you found the world vanity, and religion a reality? I cannot bear to think, for a moment, that you have let so precious a season pass unimproved. But perhaps it is not over. Possibly the Spirit is still with you; and oh, if it be!—and if it be *not*, let me intreat you to seek a share in the blessing. I fondly imagined that the same Spirit, at the same time, was sent to us both, and that we should be prepared to spend eternity together. How did it increase the bitterness of my soul, that I did not begin earlier to glorify my God! The past years of my life appear to me all lost—*lost for ever!* Believe me, dear friend, we do not begin to live until we live for God. Oh! how irrational is man! how deserving the most severe punishment. Can we sufficiently admire the astonishing mercy of Him who bears so long with us? Surely he is 'the God of patience!'"

She seemed anxious lest she herself had hindered the conversion of this young friend, by want of Christian fidelity; and to have sought, by a frank acknowledgement of negligence in one particular duty, to take up the stumbling block out of her way. "How has my conscience reproved me, for neglecting to speak to you of the love of this Saviour, when we were together. I have had bitter reflections that so much of my time was spent in trifling conversation, when I knew not but our next

meeting would be before the throne of judgment. I have endeavored to seek the pardon of my God for these sins; and now do I ask, sincerely, your forgiveness, for sins committed against your soul. It was an erroneous idea of friendship which kept me silent upon such an important subject; and it should humble me in the dust."

Again, at a still later date, as though she could not leave untried any argument or appeal which might be necessary, she writes: "If your heart, my dear friend, is still in bondage to a worthless dominion, will you not search diligently and see if there be not some *idol* enthroned there, which you are not willing to surrender? Possibly some favorite propensity has hitherto eluded your scrutiny; which, however trifling, may usurp the place of an infinite God. You must consent, my dear M——, to be nothing; and you will then receive all things. Let go every hold; cling not to the slightest object; for by retaining even the smallest, you degrade, infinitely, the Being who demands your heart; for you place that little thing in competition with Him."

Miss Huntington found occasion for hope, that her earnest endeavors for the spiritual good of this dear friend, were not in vain.

A heart so affectionate towards those beyond the circle of her father's family, it might be expected, would have most ardent and tender attachments to those more nearly related. Miss Huntington had an only sister, to whom, after her marriage and removal to a distant part of the State, she thus expressed her feelings:—"When I think of the painful separation I am called to endure, the idea that you are happy, lessens the evil. But, my dear sister, you can hardly imagine what the state of my feelings has been since you left us. I felt for a little while as if I could not live; the loneliness of my situation pressed upon me

with all its force. Every apartment re-echoed the painful tale that *you were gone*, and this feeling came home to my heart with a heavy load, respecting our past enjoyments together—'they *were*, but they will be *no more!*' Words would fail me to express all the bitter feelings of my heart. But I endeavored to drown them in care, and to lessen them in the faithful discharge of duty. I have in a great measure succeeded, and have learnt to look upon the whole with brighter and calmer feelings. It is my wish to supply your place, so far as I am able—but I have not the power to fill it."

Again, "I continue to feel your absence, my beloved sister, very sensibly. Whenever I have a cessation of active employment, I feel a void which I can hardly fill. Oh that I had more of the presence of the Spirit of God, and I should be less cast down with temporal trials. When we surround the family altar on Sabbath mornings, I delight to unite in the petitions of our dear father for you; and could you witness the affection and fervor with which he commends you, and the spiritual interests of your flock, to our heavenly Father, it would gladden your hearts. You are not forgotten at other seasons; but then, particularly, we feel as if communion were sweet."

The continued strength of her attachment to this sister is illustrated in the following extracts, written after a visit received from her:—"I was much less sad than usual, after your departure, and very much less so than I anticipated. Many things conspired to make me tranquil; among them, your own health and spirits being better than at any previous visit; the pleasure which I had derived from your society; and the numerous duties in which I immediately engaged. The religious intercourse too, which we enjoyed, perhaps rendered separation less painful; and above all, a sense of the shortness of time, and of the glorious realities of *eternity*."

But there was another relation in which her affections were developed in a manner and degree not surpassed in any of the intimacies or relationships already described. Miss Huntington had three brothers, whom she loved with most exemplary tenderness; and in whose temporal, but especially spiritual good, she felt a habitual and intense interest. How they would prosper in the things of this life, but much more, how they should live here so as to glorify God, and arrive at heaven, were subjects on which she frequently disclosed her anxiety, to them and to her Christian relatives. It may serve to illustrate her Christian character, and to quicken others in the duties of the same relation, to present a few extracts relating to this point. Truly, there is no relation in which a young lady can be contemplated, more interesting than that of an affectionate, judicious, solicitous, and prayerful sister.

Of her eldest brother, she thus writes:—"I feel depressed, this morning; not particularly about myself, but about our dear J——. I long to have him interested in the covenant of grace. Do let us be more earnest than ever, for this blessing; and let us pray that our faith may not fail." At another time, she says:—"I wrote to him on new year's day, upon the subject of religion, and told him that I should every day offer a prayer for him in his own chamber. He received it kindly, but made no reply." For the encouragement of Christian sisters, be it said, she found occasion, finally, to rejoice in the belief that her efforts were not in vain; and that her intercessions for this brother, were among those "effectual and fervent prayers" which "avail much."

Her two brothers younger than herself, however, and over whose childhood and youth she watched with much tender anxiety, are more frequently mentioned in her letters to her Christian friends;—and her correspondence

with them, after they left the family home, presents much to show the heart of a Christian sister. Writing of them, she says:—"I hope you and your husband will pray for our dear brothers at home, who are just at the age to be influenced by evil companions. I am often made very anxious lest they should become indifferent to moral restraint. I often weep in secret for them; and sometimes think I suffer a mother's anxiety, in degree, if not in kind. This is one of my trials, and one which you, dear sister, did not experience. I strive not to be unduly anxious, but I do earnestly desire their conversion. P—— seems to be ambitious to make the best use of his advantages, and I hope his collegiate course will be honorable; but the temptations in Yale are great. Yet we must leave all with God, being 'careful for nothing.' Oh for such a spirit! When I think of the revival here, five years since, I wonder that I did not wrestle more earnestly with God for the extension of his grace. But the season is past;—I will not say never to return, for I trust it will."

Miss Huntington's second brother, after having assisted his father in business till the age of twenty-one years, removed to New York. Her subsequent letters to him, give evidence of the new and increased interest with which she followed him into the scenes of mercantile life in the city; and with what assiduity she sought to influence him to habits of life which should be honorable, safe, and promotive of his own happiness; but especially to lead him to the thoughts and duties becoming one having higher interests than any temporal ones to secure. The following seems to have been written not long after his leaving the paternal roof.

"I need not tell you, my beloved brother, that your affectionate and interesting letter was truly gratifying to

your sister. I thank you for it, and for the freedom with which you expressed all the feelings of your heart. My own is ever open to receive all your joys and sorrows; and could I alleviate the latter I should greatly rejoice. I can easily sympathize with you in those moments of solitude and quiet, when the excitement of a busy day has passed away. The imagination, always liveliest at evening, wings its flight, and bears away too frequently, the more sober judgment. Often when I have been fatigued and debilitated by labor, a cloud has seemed to envelop every object; and through the gloomy vista of future years, not a ray of light was discernible. But I have been enabled to gain the ascendancy over such feelings, and to exercise a more cheerful dependance upon Him who feeds the ravens, and to whom all things are subservient. You were always actively industrious, my dear brother, but you have never before experienced the unceasing crowd of business; you are separated from all your dear ones, and surrounded by strangers; besides which, your mind is naturally inclined a little to romantic sentiment; and the leisure which you have had for reading and reflection, have carried you rather above the common level. From these causes, I can easily appreciate all the feelings which you manifest. These intellectual features, my dear E., while they show themselves in the midst of the routine of sober duty, render a character more interesting; but if permitted to assume the control, and to lead one from rational and necessary employments to a romantic and visionary course, they destroy all harmony of character, and generally bring their victim to unlooked for misfortunes. As Divine Providence has furnished your present situation, is it not best to make a wise use of it? I think of you a great deal; and were it not that I am borne along rapidly by a multiplicity of cares, my tender solicitude for you, and the recollection of past

enjoyments, would induce a morbid sensibility. Your letters always excite me so much as to make me 'play the infant;' and often a pleasing pensiveness steals over me which I am obliged to check. And though, apparently, I have no ability to assist you, I am permitted every day to have audience with the 'King of kings,' in your behalf;—this privilege no earthly arm can take from me, and though shorn of every temporal blessing, *this* will remain with me to the end of life."

All her solicitude respecting this beloved brother, however, for "the life that now is," was immeasurably surpassed by that which she felt respecting his interests for eternity. The extracts which follow give abundant evidence of this.

"April 5.

"Our lives are like the weaver's shuttle, and every thing dwindles to a point when we take this view of earthly plans. The subject of religion, my dear brother, is so often presented in hackneyed language, that it fails of making any impression. But if you should hear its requirements urged for the first time, and the natural depravity of your heart could sleep for a season, would not reason alone compel you to obedience? If you should be told for the first time that you are God's property, because he created you, and upholds you, and besides all this has paid a ransom for you—that he deserves your every affection and service, and requires you to return to your allegiance; that, as you have no power to create a particle of matter, every atom floating in the air, and every blade of grass testify of an Almighty hand—if you should look into that other book of God, and behold the harmony of its precepts; could you spend another hour without returning to a Being so worthy of your entire

confidence, love and service? All this your judgment approves; and could your heart receive it, you would feel that sweet complacency in its truth, which would purify your soul and make you a new being in your own eyes."

The following, written some time afterward, on learning that his mind was exercised on religious subjects, shows the intenseness of her feelings respecting him.

"Tuesday Eve.

"My dear E.—My expectation was wrought up to a great height this morning, previous to the arrival of your letter; and when I read it my heart seemed as if it would burst. This was but for a few moments however, when I was enabled to cast you upon an all-sufficient Saviour and there leave you. I can do nothing else, or any of your Christian friends. I think your situation extremely critical; for should the Holy Spirit depart, you would be surprised to find how indifferent you would become, and how this miserable world would once more assume its reign over you. The Spirit has been striving with you. Read John xvi. 7, 8, 9. I felt nothing but the hardness of my heart and unbelief; and it was this hard, unbelieving heart that I carried to Jesus. He came to 'the sick,' and not to 'the whole.' I would recommend to you, my dear brother, to say nothing more to any one upon the subject of your feelings, but *go to God*, who alone can help you; and read *nothing at all* but the Bible. Mr. Temple, who addressed us this P. M. says, 'the Spirit may be talked away.' It does relieve us to converse; yet we should seek no relief in this case but at the cross. You are still in 'slippery places.' Haste away, my brother; oh haste! You gain nothing while you delay; you lose ground. Do not prescribe any particular course to God, or expect any precise method. Scarcely two cases agree precisely.

Go in earnest prayer to God; 'look on him whom you have pierced, and mourn,' and when we next hear, tell us that you will join our happy company."

In another letter, which soon followed this, she says:—"I do not know, my dear brother, that I can say any thing to you that you do not already know; but I fear that you are not fully aware that the fault is wholly your own, if you are yet unreconciled to God. He created you for his service, and from the first dawn of moral intelligence has demanded your every affection and your constant obedience. Every day and hour he has been waiting for your heart; and think you that he is now unwilling that you should turn from your revolt and obey his will? The controversy is just this—and it is the same which overthrew the happiness of the first apostate, and which in its very nature makes every being miserable—God chooses to reign in your heart, and your rebellious will says, 'No, I cannot give up the dominion.' It is this which is the source and the end of all sin—the creature at variance with his Creator; the sinner having an offered redemption, yet trampling upon the atoning blood of the Son of God! Awful apostacy! more aggravated than that of Adam; he accepted the propitiation offered. Only be willing to submit your will to God, in Christ, and the work is done. The way is very narrow, therefore all self dependence must be cast away, and you must receive the kingdom of heaven 'as a little child.' The deepest convictions will not make you a whit better; not one step is taken while the will is unsubdued.—You say that you shall not return to the world. It matters little in regard to the final event, what idol you have besides God, so long as you do not love him supremely, and do every thing from this principle of love. The purest morality helps you none. My dear brother,

be not an alien from God, an 'alien from your mother's children.' S. is well and lovely—your letters cast a shade over her countenance while they tell of continued resistance to the offered mercy of her glorious Redeemer."

Miss Huntington had the sweet satisfaction, at length, of seeing this brother rejoicing in the Christian hope, and uniting with the Church of Christ. She thus writes to him in relation to his making a profession of religion. "You need not be told, my dear E., how much I have thought of you, particularly in relation to the solemn act of public consecration to God. May you be a 'living epistle' of Christ, 'known and read of all men.'"

The youngest brother of Miss Huntington seems to have been the subject of her most intense and protracted interest. Not that she loved him more than the others, for there does not appear to have been any thing of favoritism in her mind. But it being the design of her father to educate him for one of the learned professions, and his early indications of talent giving hope of his future usefulness; her affection for him and her feelings as a Christian, led her ardently to desire that he might "preach the unsearchable riches of Christ." With what earnestness she prayed—and endeavored to engage others to pray—for his conversion; with what solicitude she sought to win him to Christ, and endeavored to aid him in his Christian course; with what kindness she watched over him in long and distressing sickness, and in the hour of death, will appear in the following passages from her correspondence.

"I am glad to hear that you have some regulations established for the improvement of your time; but their importance and efficacy will only be manifested by the faithful practice of them. The talents which a kind God

has given you will be worse than lost, if you permit them to run wild. They will require your steady and faithful improvement. Our dear father regards your future character and reputation with peculiar interest. As his prospects for the possession of wealth are so much darkened, I hope that in his children he will find a source of constant enjoyment. But this must depend upon our individual exertion.

"To tell you, my beloved Peter, how much I feel in regard to your own reputation, and the honor of your friends—and most of all, the character which you are forming for eternity—would be impossible. Suffice it to say, a large portion of my heart is occupied by you and your future prospects.

"Be industrious and all things will be easy."

The kind regard with which she followed him into his college relations and pursuits, is indicated in the extract following:—"I should like very well to know what impression my brother is making upon the Faculty of good old Yale. He does not require any repetition of our wishes respecting him."

The following letter, accompanying one received from him, was written on hearing of a revival in Yale College, and of his awakening to religious inquiry, and indicates that his spiritual condition was the absorbing subject of her thoughts.

"These few lines, my dear sister, we received from P. yesterday; and I cannot omit sending them to you, that you may be quickened in prayer for him. It is now a day of salvation with him, and oh! shall we be cold and unfaithful? I knew there was a revival in College, and have prayed earnestly that P. might share in it; but when this letter came, my feelings and desires were almost

too intense for utterance. He speaks the language of an awakened sinner. The complaint of such an one is usually of hardness of heart.

"I feel that I am unworthy of such a favor as the conversion of a brother, but God can glorify himself; and I hope it is my most earnest desire that his name might be glorified. I have devoted this day to humiliation and prayer. My faith is weak—very weak. I never felt my own impotence more than at present. I know that in this revival some will be taken and others left; and it may suit the purposes of Jehovah to leave our dear brother. His ways are not our ways, and I desire to be submissive; but we are justified in seeking his grace for our friends."

To this brother, she also writes, as follows:—"To give you any adequate idea of the sensations produced by your letter, my dear brother, is impossible. Indeed, you will never realize them unless you are brought to experience 'fear and trembling,' with earnest desires for a near relative, to whom 'the day of salvation' has arrived, and which, if misimproved, will add to his condemnation.

"I feel so much for you that I hardly can write, lest I should weaken any impression which the Spirit may have produced in your mind. What shall I say to you? 'Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him.' Wait not, my dear brother, for deeper convictions; your heart can be softened only at the foot of the cross. An impenitent sinner is a hardened sinner; and true penitence carries the soul immediately to Jesus, where pardoning love is secured. There will sin discover its 'exceeding sinfulness,' and there may you mourn and hate it. Believe me, dear P., there is no salvation in convictions. You say that you are determined to find an interest in the Saviour—go to him, then, immediately. Submit your hardened and rebellious heart to his disposal

and government. There is peace no where else; there is safety in no other resort. Repent and believe *now*, and the work is done.

"I waited for such a sense of my sins as should make me a *worthy* object of God's mercy; but I waited in vain. On one evening I was brought to feel that tears and distress could not avail, and that my duty was to '*believe.*' I cast myself on the compassion of the Saviour, as a poor, blind, hardened, helpless wretch; and that moment found joy and peace in believing.

"I tremble while I think that some will be taken and others left. Your room-mate is taken; be not you left. I rejoice that you have pious friends around you. Have you seen Mr. W.? But alas! friends can do nothing for you. The cause is between God and your own soul. We have prayed for you, especially since we heard of the revival in College.

"Dear brother, should this season pass away and leave you unconverted, I should almost despair. You would be less susceptible of future impressions, and your hard heart would be harder still."

This brother became hopefully a subject of divine grace; and during his next visit at home, in college vacation, Miss Huntington writes to her sister respecting him—"It is with unusual joy and gratitude that I would inform you, that P. gives good evidence of a change of heart. His religion shows itself in his temper and conduct, in tenderness of conscience, and a desire to know more of the way of salvation. He does not seem to think that the work is done, and that he may fold his hands; but he feels that he has just commenced a warfare. He enjoys secret devotions, and God's word; and appears humble, affectionate, and conciliating to all. I cannot say but that I still rejoice with trembling, and do

not cease to pray for him;—but I certainly never witnessed so striking a change in any individual; and it is noticed by all. If he remain steadfast, I have no doubt he will be a minister of the gospel. Pray that he may not be deceived, or grow careless in the ways of the Lord."

Miss Huntington, thus enjoying the satisfaction of hope for this brother, devoted herself with all the tenderness and assiduity of a Christian sister, to the promotion of his growth in grace.

"I hope you have had a pleasant Sabbath, and found nearness of access to the throne of grace. My beloved brother, do not, as you value your best interests, permit the arch enemy to prevail, in regard to your closet duties. He aims first at these, for he well knows that here declension always commences. Do you ever omit your regular meals? or if you do, does not lassitude ensue? How much more do our souls require the spiritual food derived from that source to which prayer gives us access! I can scarcely express the solicitude I feel for you in this respect.

'Satan trembles when he sees
The *weakest* saint *upon his knees.*'

Oh! keep fast hold of the sceptre, and you will assuredly thrive. Faithfulness here cannot be followed by unfaithfulness in other duties, for God will bestow the assistance which we implore. Immediately after making a profession of religion, I left home for New York, and had a week's passage. During this time, my private duties were much interrupted, and I felt the effect of it upon my spiritual state, until about one year since. In this last year, the dealings of Providence have,

I humbly hope, restored my soul.—Had I not joined the church when I did, I fear the duty would have been neglected, perhaps for life. The privileges of a visible standing in the church, impose obligations which do not operate so powerfully out of it. Our father mentioned his conversation with you respecting your making a profession. If a certainty of your having passed from death unto life could be granted, I should wish you not to hesitate a moment; but as a trial of your faith is necessary, perhaps it is well to defer it for a season. But love to Christ and your own soul, demand a vigorous and watchful devotion to his service until the duty be made plain. It is always easy to depart from God, but more especially so when no open profession has been made; therefore, in postponing this act for a little while, do not, I entreat you, permit sloth or presumption to destroy and darken your evidences. You will excuse me, dear brother, for offering such advice in your present circumstances. It is dictated by love; and perhaps the experience of seven years may enable me to give you a few hints, which you will receive in kindness."

She renews her advice on the subject of secret prayer in the following extract:—"Do not allow yourself to be hurried when you go to converse with God; feel that time thus spent is the most profitable portion of each day, and be as constant in the evening, before nature is exhausted, as you are in the morning. First try 'to find Christ there,' and then let all your petitions be the simple expression of your wants, and not the repetition of familiar phrases. Expect the assistance of the Spirit, and wait, as it were, for his inditings. I have found much profit from this course, and from the reflection that as 'my times are in God's hands,' if I am faithful to this duty, he will prosper my other labors.

"Do not, I entreat you, take for your standard any Christian that ever lived; but go to the pure oracles of truth for guidance—ask yourself continually, 'how would my divine Master conduct under these circumstances?'"

Respecting some seasons of prayer, with this brother, while he was at home in vacation, she thus writes:—"You cannot, more than myself, desire to be again engaged in my chamber as formerly. Those were to me delightful moments, and I may truly say, furnished me more heartfelt enjoyment than I ever before experienced. I told mamma, at the close of your first day's visit at home, that it had been the happiest day of my life. Oh! if we are both God's children, we may anticipate an eternity of happiness similar to that, though far more pure, and transcending our highest conceptions. Let us be faithful. Setting aside duty and obligation, there is no true elevation of character without the control of Christian principle. To live a holy life is never easy, or I should say, is never attainable by the indolent; though some circumstances are more favorable than others. College life must be a tempting one; but it may prove as the refiner's fire and fuller's soap, through the grace of Him who giveth us 'strength equal to our day,' when we seek it.

"How do you enjoy your religious feelings now, my dear brother—or, I should rather inquire, what is the bent of your spiritual mind? If your closet is a pleasant resort, I need not inquire further, for it is the avenue to Christian faithfulness and joy. If we are fellow travellers on the road to heaven, it is important that we should occasionally exchange a word of recognition and inquiry."

Miss Huntington delighted to cherish hope, on the basis of good evidence, for those who indulged hope for

themselves. And yet her solicitude that they should have the hope which "maketh not ashamed," kept her awake to whatever were their dangers of self-deception and of ruin. And when she feared, or "stood in doubt" of the dearest friends she had, as to their spiritual condition, she was most tenderly and solemnly faithful in her endeavors to lead them to self-examination and careful testing of their evidences. The following, with some other extracts, illustrates these remarks:

"Wednesday Morning.

"Dearest Brother:—Your last letters led us to fear that your religious hopes have become darkened. * * * * * I will write freely, for I am your sister in the flesh, and we are members of the same body. You will receive what I say in tenderness, I am confident. Oh! you can form no adequate conception of the agonized feelings into which I was thrown last evening, on your account. The view which I had of the holiness of God's character, of the evil of sin, and the obligations which we are under to serve our Creator, even were reward and punishment out of the question; the possibility that your heart was still alienated from him, and the dishonor which such a fact would cast upon religion; and my own insubmissiveness under it; all conspired to render me, for an hour, the most wretched being imaginable. My anguish of body and mind, were unequalled by any thing I ever before endured—not even by the view which in my early experience I had of the opposition of my own heart; for then my ideas of God's holiness and requirements were more limited than I trust they now are. Dear brother, I hope you may never be left to such depths of sorrow, unless they be necessary for your humiliation. I groaned in my spirit and could find no relief. After the most intense struggles, to no purpose, I was convinced

that I should never become composed alone; and I requested mamma to come up stairs and pray with me, which she did.

"I do not believe that you have yielded to the grosser temptations to which you have been exposed, but I fear that the commendations which have been bestowed upon your abilities, have become a snare to you, imperceptibly leading you to be too much engrossed by worldly pursuits; curtailing your seasons of retirement, and producing a self-exaltation and desire of human praise, which are incompatible with the meekness of the gospel. Alas! what is the applauding breath of mortals, that we should sacrifice for it our eternal concerns! Satan is a subtle foe; for by leading to the abuse of lawful pursuits, his artful policy most frequently ensnares our mind. He well knows, by his own history, and the snares which he has so successfully laid for others, that the native haughtiness of our hearts is the principle by which he can most effectually drag us down to his own inevitable doom. You are now at the most critical point of your life. This fallen and murderous foe stands on one side, striving to delude you by the false glare of worldly honor and popularity; cherishing the pride of your heart, and striving to make you in all respects like himself, that you may be the companion of his misery;—while on the other hand stands the gracious Saviour, who has paid the price of your redemption from the galling chains of sin and satan; presenting to you the simplicity of his gospel, which can purify the affections, elevate the soul, give true dignity to the understanding, make the subjects of it 'kings and priests' before the throne of God, where the happy intelligences become more and more like Him who is the source of all wisdom, and knowledge, and purity, and felicity. 'Choose you this day whom ye will serve,'—there is no neutral spot; it must be God or mam-

mon. And what have you professed solemnly before many witnesses? What language is conveyed to you through the symbols of your Saviour's love? What would be the effects of your apostacy?

"Beloved brother, what more shall I say? Perhaps you will be surprised at the strain of my remarks; but be not offended. I have written very plainly, but with feelings of tenderness which I cannot express. I beg you to write me by the first mail after the receipt of this. I shall wait anxiously for a reply. Write ingenuously and with entire freedom. I believe that you love me; and I love you too much for my own comfort. The last was, with me, a happy year; a year of spiritual gladness. My hopes respecting you, contributed not a little to my joy. This year opens upon me with less tranquillity; perhaps I am to be made acquainted with my own heart. If so, it will be a profitable period. The arrows of the Almighty are dipped in love; and they will make my heavenly rest more sweet. 'The will of the Lord be done.' Do not fail of writing immediately."

The tenor of letters subsequent to these, indicates relief to the anxious feelings of Miss Huntington, respecting this brother. Through divine goodness, and in answer to prayer, she was permitted to rejoice in seeing his soul restored, and found much comfort and satisfaction in him; and more especially in anticipating his entrance on the work of the gospel ministry.

"June 29.

"It is true, my dear P., as you observe, that genuine piety relies solely on an almighty Saviour; this is the essence of grace, while holiness of life is the only evidence of our sincerity in this act of faith. The ways of

wisdom are the only ways of pleasantness. Let us adore the mercy which we hope has led us into them. Oh! that we may constantly manifest our gratitude by unwavering obedience; by a deportment which shall prove us to be decided Christians, and not half-way, worldly minded and weak followers of Him, who made no reservations when he offered up his life for our souls. He is a 'complete Saviour,' and therefore should the redeemed sinner rejoice at all times; and the stronger our faith, the purer will be our works, 'as faith without works is dead.' I have of late felt more the preciousness of my Saviour, and I endeavor to cherish a simplicity of reliance, esteeming it the most effectual means of growth in grace.

"Dear brother, how much I love you; the sweet intercourse which we have recently enjoyed, afforded me the pleasure for which I have often thirsted and prayed. Oh! there is nothing which so binds heart to heart, as that love which draws the soul to God."

The letter from which the following extract is made, was apparently written at a time when this brother was in the experience of some of those spiritual trials and dangers which soon or late attend every Christian.

"I mourn over your unhappiness; yet, if it gives you a deeper acquaintance with your heart, and leads to a simple and faithful reliance on your Saviour, it will not be a lost season to you. Live near the throne of grace, dear brother, and pursue undeviatingly the path of duty, and you will find peace. Even 'the righteous are scarcely saved.' If you are the subject of God's grace, you will have to strive against 'spiritual wickedness in high places;' but if you are faithful, the strength of Christ will be your constant assistance."

"Norwich, Nov. 13.

"Though absent from each other, I trust we have met at the throne of grace frequently. Every morning, and Saturday evenings, we have engaged to unite for each other and our dear brothers. Let us not, my beloved P——, live below our privileges. Inward corruptions are sore evils, but *faith* can triumph over these. Therefore, let us rejoice together in Christ Jesus. He has given his life freely for us, and will he leave us after such an act of mercy? He is honored by our cheerful reliance on his rich grace. Let us live near the throne, and we shall be supplied with every needed grace. I think you would find it profitable to keep some devotional work in your closet, and read a few pages in it at your seasons of retirement. I have found the practice useful to myself. To-morrow I am going to commence Baxter's Saint's Rest. Time speeds along—it is eight weeks since I saw you! Soon our end will come, and all sublunary things will appear in their true light. Let us endeavor to regard them now as we shall then do, and the world, and our evil hearts will have less control."

"Monday, Sept. 21.

"I hope that during the busy scenes of Commencement, your communion with God was not interrupted, for I know how difficult it is to retrace the ground which has been lost. In your present situation I should think you possessed facilities for spiritual improvement, if faithfully used. In one particular you have opportunity to exhibit the Christian character, which I doubt not you will consider."

"Monday Eve.

"Your good letter, my beloved brother, I may truly say, afforded me more heartfelt pleasure than any previous

one which I ever received, either from yourself, or any other person. The expression in your last, 'I have, with the assistance of God, determined to devote myself to the Gospel Ministry,' preceded as it was by earnest desires after holiness, was indeed like sweet music to my soul. You have been borne upon my feeble prayers, with more energy and constancy, than any other dear ones, from the peculiar temptations of your constitution and circumstances. Since I first began to pray for you, it has been my earnest petition that you might be an ambassador for Christ; until you requested that I would not ask any thing definitely for you. The last time, however, that I approached the throne of grace previous to the arrival of your letter, I did once more, in submission, supplicate that you might preach the gospel. Dear brother, it is a 'good work;' and for a young man in these days, the best and most important. May God abundantly prepare you to become 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.'"

Miss Huntington's correspondence with this brother, was rich in various other counsels, adapted to his case like those from which we have already quoted. Among the subjects were the following: Engagement in Sabbath school instruction, as a means of usefulness to others and to himself—The dangers of entrance into the circles of the gay and thoughtless—The importance of decision of Christian character—Activity and efficiency in the service of Christ—Commitment of his way to God in faith—Prayer for unconverted relatives—Christian influence upon others.

For the purpose of obtaining the means to prosecute his professional studies, and also for the benefit to be derived to his own character, he went to Natchez, Mississippi, to engage in the labors of a private tutor in

a family. The interest with which Miss Huntington followed him to that distant country, appears in the next extracts from her correspondence.

"I had two or three seasons of weeping after the arrival of your letter to E——, for which I blamed myself. Yet no one but an all-seeing God, can know, how for a year or two past, your interests have been interwoven with the fibres of my heart. I do not think that our own dear mother, whose death was your life, could feel more deeply for you than I do. But I will leave this strain, and endeavor to anticipate the time, when, if we are both faithful, no sorrow will mingle itself with our joy, and no anxiety disturb the calmness and fervor of our love. I regret that your religious society is so limited; and as we are all prone to extremes, I think you have need of some prayerfulness and watchfulness in reference to the degree of attention to be bestowed upon it. It is extremely difficult to preserve the middle course, which is the only safe one. And again I would refer all to the throne of grace; for I have so much confidence in the blessings promised to the improvement of this means of salvation, that it appears to me the infallible key to all consistency of conduct, and all usefulness. It was purchased by a Saviour's blood, and its efficacy is ensured by unerring truth.

"I enjoy the hour appropriated to our concert on Saturday evening, exceedingly; more so, I think, than any other.

"I am far from undervaluing literary attainments, but yet fully believe that a high standard of holy living is the most eminent means of usefulness. God thus vindicates the wisdom which cometh from above. How little we think of those years which were passed in acknowledged alienation of heart from our Maker."

"Every cloudless evening in which I am called out, my eye turns towards the 'North Star.' It was a sweet reflection to me that you took the pains to look for it while you were penning your letter. Often notice it, my beloved brother, and whenever you do, send a petition to the throne of the Eternal, for our mutual steadfastness in the path of wisdom; and I will do the same. Were I to sit down, with no occupation, I should dwell with you in imagination too intensely, and it is doubtless best that constant employment should interfere with the reveries of a naturally roving mind."

"Christmas Evening.

"I think of you every day with the most tender affection, particularly in my retired moments, when I trust we hold a communion more endearing than earthly relation can furnish. I delight to dwell upon the thought that you and I, dear brother, may take sweet counsel together in a heaven of purity and love. Washed and sanctified, perhaps we may be united in performing embassies of love for our adorable Redeemer."

"What a privilege is prayer! Oh! I would not be deprived of it, for worlds, and how could I ever esteem it lightly, or use it unfaithfully? Within a few days, more particularly, I have taken great delight in conversing with God, and realizing his constant presence. The world seems nothing worth, except as a field of service and sacrifice for Him. Oh! my brother, let us be faithful during our little *span*. It is but a short period that we shall have for labor. Will you not resolve with me to be wholly for Christ. I feel willing to give you up to the good of the people where you are, if it be consistent with the purposes of God. You would require the qualifications of a Missionary to labor there, and if you possess

any of the spirit, do encourage it. It is greatly wanting. Fields are white to the harvest, but where are the reapers? I trust we shall see you and hear you preach, yet; and I pray that you may win many souls to the truth; and gain for yourself a glorious crown.

"It is delightful to think of the Millennium; but still more of Heaven, where hearts and voices will praise Him in sweet harmony. Then, my brother, we will join our voices in melodious strains, and bless our Redeemer, not only for what we have ourselves received, but for what he hath done for those we love, in bringing them all into his blessed family."

"We have sympathised tenderly in your trials, and of late I have been scarcely able to speak of you without tears. The dreary visions of a cold grave in Mississippi have haunted my mind. Would that the next letter we receive could contain the cheering intelligence that you are just embarking for the north. Why should you linger? Your health and the urgency of your friends here, furnish a sufficient reason to your employers there. When I think of the spiritual benefit resulting from your trials, I rejoice in them."

The hopes of Miss Huntington that she might see this brother a minister of the gospel, in the design of Providence were not to be answered. In consequence, remotely, of an injury which he received previous to his departure for Mississippi, his health finally failed, so that he was compelled to relinquish his professional studies. At length his disease assumed such a character as to shut him up at home—his father's house—where his sister devoted herself exclusively to the care of him, for his few remaining days. Death at length finished the disappointment of her expectations of his entrance on the

ministry of the gospel on earth; while she and her friends rejoiced in hope that he was only transferred to higher and holier services "in the presence of God." The following extract from a letter to her sister shew the family as they were watching around his dying bed, and entering upon the days of mourning. After giving many particular and affecting details of his last days, she thus describes the scene at his dying hour.

"The soul was fast preparing to leave its tabernacle below, to dwell where the Lamb himself should feed him. After prayers, all assembled in the chamber—breakfast was forgotten—and the morning was spent in witnessing the ravages of death upon that loved form—until a quarter before eleven, when the spirit was released. His struggles were severe, though the physicians thought he was insensible to pain. At one time his whole frame quivered, every fibre being affected in a way that I never beheld before. The room was filled with sympathizing relatives and friends, our dear minister, and the two physicians. Mamma expressed a wish that some of the promises of the gospel might be repeated; and her request was kindly regarded by Mr. Dickinson, who also prayed. After which papa made a most affecting prayer, alluding to the circumstances of his birth, and commending his dying child to God, and giving up all his children once more to Him. He then made another prayer for *you*, especially. It was an impressive scene to all present, and very touching. For a few moments after 'that languishing head was at rest,' I felt somewhat like David, who arose and washed himself, and his countenance was no more sad. I rejoiced for *him*. The physicians, with our kind neighbor, Mr. R., performed the last sad offices to the precious one; after which his lifeless form was very dear to us, until it was consigned to its narrow house. Our *first*

mournful pleasure in the morning, and the *last* at night, was to visit the lovely remains, which now seemed almost like an angel's dwelling. Our hearts were knit together by uncommon ties. We had no cares or preparation to distract our minds, and during the whole of that week, we could sit down together and talk of the sainted spirit who had gone to mingle its celestial sympathies with its angel mother and its blessed Saviour."

CHAPTER III.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE — VIEWS OF CHRISTIAN DUTY AND HABITS OF LIFE — SENTIMENTS ON MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.

The loss of the private journals of the subject of this memoir, at the time of her shipwreck, on her passage from Beyroot to Smyrna, has probably deprived us of much which would be interesting, as recording her Christian experience. Her correspondence, however, previous to the time of her decision upon going on a mission to Syria, contains many passages in which, in the free disclosures of her heart to some of her friends, may be seen the depth and strength of her feelings as an experimental Christian, and what was the preparation she was making for future usefulness. A few selections of this character will constitute the present chapter. To these will be added some of her thoughts on miscellaneous subjects.

Trust in God.—"Every future day of my life I desire to leave willingly and cheerfully in the hands of God's providence, and to be entirely resigned, should he see fit to frustrate all my expectations. I feel peculiarly this evening, the precariousness of all things earthly, and the danger of placing too much dependance upon them. But I do not think that we are forbidden to indulge pleasant hopes of the future."

"Do not be impatient and distrustful respecting the

future. God *will* provide. Sometimes I resolve only to ask for wisdom *to-day;* and leave the morrow entirely. If I live to see another day, and in the possession of my faculties, I will again present myself as a suppliant. God is not a hard master."

Anxiety for the future.—"I am not surprised that you suffer from anxiety respecting the future; for we are restless beings, ever reaching forward; and if we have any steps to take, cannot but feel solicitude respecting them. Yet the Christian has a delightful resort in every emergency, and no good thing which God has promised, shall fail those who 'walk uprightly.' There is the point. Promises are conditional, and if we fulfil our part they will never fail."

Religious enjoyment.—"You inquire, my dear sister, respecting my religious feelings. I have had considerable enjoyment since you went away, arising from the reflection, that I had entered the service of the best of beings, and that I should be permitted to glorify him. Life has appeared to me short and uncertain and insignificant. Heaven has seemed to me worth any sacrifice."

"I expected to be very unhappy after you left, and I never restrained my feelings so much, under any circumstances, as I did at your leaving. But all the remainder of that week, I enjoyed my religious exercises beyond any thing I have experienced before, since my first joys. Prayer and the word of God were my delight; and I rejoiced to consider myself as engaged in the service of God. I still feel very differently from what I have done for some time past; though the peace of mind to which absence from company and the quiet of my own room have contributed, has been, in some degree, interrupted by the distractions of the world and its cares."

Satisfaction in employment.—"I am happy and cheerful in the attempted discharge of duty; and have no time to cultivate morbid sensibility. And at night, when I lay my weary head upon the pillow of repose, my rest is rendered doubly sweet by a busy day."

Retirement.—"I anticipate much pleasure from a visit to you next winter. I am sick of dissipation, tired of idle words. 'When shall I fly away and be at rest?'"

Being of God.—"I was this morning contemplating the BEING OF GOD. For a moment I felt bewildered with the incomprehensibility of the subject, and all finite things appeared unworthy of a thought. But I soon felt that these were more suited to the strength of our minds than the secret things which belong to God only; and I felt that I ought to be grateful to him, that my attention was divided between things real and spiritual; or rather things earthly and heavenly. We could not bear an uninterrupted meditation of these great subjects; we should soon be in ——'s case. Our minds are prone to speculate, and sometimes unprofitably."

Contentment.—"I have been thinking, to-day, of the text, 'Godliness with contentment is great gain.' It does not say riches, or honor, or pleasure with contentment, but '*godliness*.' Let us live for God's glory, rise above trifles as far as possible, (and all things merely worldly are trifles,) and exercise strong faith. 'Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous; and again I say, rejoice.'"

Habits of thought respecting Christ.—"I am sensible that I do not regard Christ as much as I ought; and I wish you would pray for me, that he may be more clearly revealed to my soul."

Conflict.—"I go on as usual, struggling against sin and perplexities, endeavoring to fix my thoughts as Moses did, 'upon the recompense of the reward;' reward 'of grace, not of debt.'"

Spiritual darkness.—To her sister, following a visit, she writes:—"Added to the grief of our separation, I experienced the continuance of the hiding of His face, 'who sticketh closer than a brother.' During the close of your visit, and for a few days after, I could not get near to God in prayer. Sins of childhood and youth rose like mountains before me. I feel brighter now."

Consciousness of rectitude.—In reference to a subject of some perplexity, she thus writes:—"I have proceeded, if I know my own heart, in the fear of God, with constant prayer, in reference to every step. Acquitted by God and my own conscience, it is useless for me to be disturbed by the opinions of others. Suffice it to say, I am now happier than I had been for many months previous. My friends seem very dear; God very merciful, and heaven delightfully pure and happy. My mind is unclouded with distrust or discontent. I feel that the trials I have suffered were disciplinary, and I hope salutary; that the command to 'seek first the kingdom of God,' with the annexed promise, comprises all our duty, and all our pleasure."

Means of happiness.—"All our years would be happier, if we could make the service of God continually our supreme delight, our meat and our drink. Trials we must have, for our Master had them."

Self-indulgence.—"At our preparatory lecture, last evening, I was much struck with the 27th hymn—

'Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptation knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.'

"Shame upon the Christian who would prefer his own ease to the honor and service of his Saviour. And yet this is too much the case with us all. My earnest petition is, 'Deliver me from *self*.'"

Depression of spirits.—"I hope you will be cheerful. What does depression effect? nothing but sorrow; it cannot alter our condition. Every situation has its trials. Do not think too much about the past. I cannot bear it. I am obliged to forget the past in present occupation. If our anxiety remedied any thing, it would be wise to indulge it; but as it operates contrarywise, it seems the part of good sense and Christian fortitude, to rise above it. I know it is easy to comment upon this subject, but I do it for my own benefit partly, and hope to practise accordingly."

"Last night I awoke, and lay thinking upon the *dark* side of everything; but this morning I feel better. It is sinful to indulge in such feelings. I think we ought to pray for a cheerful spirit. Confinement and solitude are extremely injurious to mind and body. Activity and social enjoyment are imperative duties. It is necessary also, 'to go out of ourselves;' for me it is absolutely so."

"I hope you will try not to think too much. Keep your mind cheerful. Look upon your mercies, and feel that your pecuniary gifts are for your present health and enjoyment. Use them liberally as such. It is God's will that you should do so. He will provide for the future."

"Your letter gave me both pleasure and pain. I beg you will not, as Mr. Cecil says, permit your 'feelings to take away half of your life.' I know that I am not the

person to recommend fortitude, and the usual prosing in regard to its exercise I would avoid. But we know that anxiety does not lessen the evil of any thing. I do believe that your covenant God will clearly reveal his designs towards you. Dr. Scott seems, throughout life, to have manifested great confidence in God, as the source of all temporal good. When I live near to God, it seems like being in a father's house and under his constant care and provision, and there I feel no anxiety; for I am not called to take thought for food and raiment, for my Father knoweth that I have need of all these things. God hath in his hands all hearts, and he turneth them whithersoever he will. He hath in his hands the hearts of all your parish, and he loves you and yours. His tender pity watches over you, and all things will work together for your good."

"If I had not been in an unusually happy frame when your last came, I should have been much depressed at your allusion to the dark side of the picture, in regard to our country, as it often fills me with apprehension. Since then, I have had some desponding hours, which I was expecting would follow my season of enjoyment. But I am beginning to revive again. I suppose that it is wisely permitted that some should fix their eyes upon the difficulties to be overcome, in making 'the paths straight,' and others be cheered with the bright scenes which will eventually be realized. Or rather that we should individually, participate in Zion's hopes and fears, pursuing our pilgrim path in alternate 'strength and weakness, joy and wo.'"

Influence of thankfulness and cheerfulness.—"When is your thanksgiving? Do you recollect that our ancestors, after appointing a number of fasts, in the midst of their perplexities resolved that they would appoint a day of

thanksgiving, to acknowledge their mercies, as well as deplore their misfortunes, and it seemed to be accepted. Do, my dear S., strive to keep from despondency, and enjoy with your husband and children, the domestic blessings which surround you. It may prove a permanent injury to your children, if the sunshine of a mother's face, which often furnishes such delightful associations, is clouded by depressed feelings. Once, since my return home, when an unconscious shade passed over my face, E. came to me and scrutinized my countenance with much intenseness, and I was led to feel that children notice the expression very readily, and their own is moulded by that of others with whom they associate constantly."

Spirit of adoption.—"I have thought much, within a few days, of the relation which exists between God as a father, and his children. While we live near to him, we dwell in our Father's house; are nourished and supplied by a tender parent, whose hand we can view in all our concerns. This is a delightful part of my experience, to feel that I am acting for God, and that he is employing and supplying me,—privileges purchased by a Saviour's blood, and manifested by the Holy Ghost."

"When I look upon God as a tender father, I can cheerfully trust all to him, without one anxious doubt. Time seems short, and of no moment comparatively; and I know that God loves me and mine better than I do, and he will better dispose of our concerns."

Growth in grace.—"I think one preventive to our growth in grace, arises from our esteeming it a burden to take up the cross of Christ. But it is a privilege that he permits us to approach him in any way. What greater obligations can be imposed on us to ensure our faithful-

ness, than to have been created and redeemed by the Being who claims our service! Oh! let us pray for a subdued heart."

Frame of mind in prayer.—"I was gratified, this morning, to find my heart and my supplications first drawn forth towards the kingdom of God, while personal interests seemed secondary in my view. To God's grace be all the glory."

Benefits of spiritual trials.—"Any event which draws God's children to himself, is auspicious. I have been thinking, lately, that afflictions should not be termed mysterious. As sinners, we should expect them, and regard them as the principal means which God uses to discipline the soul and make it meet for heaven. We cannot make progress without them. They are an evidence that mercy hovers over us."

Living above the world.—"Time, as ever, with me, is upon rapid wing, and every day is filled with care. I try to keep my eyes upon invisible things, and to feel about worldly things as Mr. Cecil recommends,—like a man transacting business in the rain. But I have an opposing principle in my members."

Review of Christian acquaintanceship.—To an esteemed Christian friend, she writes:—"I can assure you I often retrace the scenes of our past intercourse, which from their transient nature, seem almost like the dream of the morning. But I trust their record is on high, and that their moral influence was for our benefit. While participating in your prayers and in your conversation, I felt the strong tie of Christian sympathy; and our intercourse having been exclusively of a spiritual nature, the

seal of Heaven seems to have impressed it; testifying that it is destined to a more delightful renewal in the courts above. Blessed thought!"

Deceitfulness of the heart.—"You speak of the deceitfulness of the heart. I think much of it, and am constantly afraid that I should not endure the test. But our strength must always be in Christ. The more we exalt him, the more vigorous will be our Christian course."

Communion with God.—"The communion of saints is precious. But how much more so, communion with God. Here we are assured, that whenever our thoughts dwell upon him, his own are fixed on us. His perfections ever afford a subject of unmingled pleasure, for our contemplation. I hope that you have had much of his presence the last year; for then I may know that happiness has been your portion. I have enjoyed of late, much of the presence of God, and find my sweetest satisfaction in communion with him. There is on earth nothing that appears attractive. It is not a melancholy sensation, for I can see God in all things, however minute; and they seem tending to his glory. I do not think that any event, however limited its influence may appear, fails to accomplish some purpose for the glory of God. In perusing the Bible, we see that the most casual circumstances were thus overruled. Could we preserve a constant and vivid sense of this truth, we should realize the solemnity of our situation. Our worldly-mindedness would be checked, and we should be less anxious for the future."

Permanence of things spiritual and heavenly.—"What changes are wrought in the views and feelings, and sometimes in the character, by the lapse of years. Were my hopes centered here, methinks I should be the victim of

melancholy retrospections. But thanks to my Almighty Friend, I have entered a path, the footsteps of which become more sure, and the prospects more animating, every hour I live. Yes, that faith which grasps immortality, is continually becoming a more absorbing reality; and earth, with its trifling toys and airy bubbles, seems scarce worth a thought. Oh! the transcendency of that grace which can transform our earth-born, degraded, worthless nature, for the participation of the pleasures which flow at 'God's right hand.' It is the knowledge of a crucified Saviour, conveyed to the benighted and diseased soul by the Holy Spirit, which enkindles that flame of happiness, destined to interminable and augmenting brightness. It has no origin in fallen man, but comes directly from the Source of all."

Anxiety respecting public interests.—"Do you not tremble for our country? My heart sickens with apprehension. A crisis seems to be approaching; and statesmen as well as Christians seem to fear. The whole earth seems to 'reel to and fro like a drunken man.' Personal interests seem to dwindle to insignificance in the contrast. I never perused newspapers with such eagerness as I do now, and I find subject matter enough for prayer; and oh! for a wrestling spirit!"

Heaven.—"I am trying to learn that earthly hopes and dependencies have no permanence; and whenever I part with Christian friends, I console myself with the anticipation of time and opportunity in heaven."

"I am overwhelmed with cares and burdens, because I am pleased to undertake considerable. But the burdens and cares of this life will make heaven sweet. There, dear S., we shall unite, without separation. Let us live for this end, and be happy."

"I do love to think of heaven. I seem to feel a spirit within me that says, there is unmingled happiness in store for the immortal mind. Oh! how soon, if faithful, shall we find ourselves upon those happy shores, disembodied, disenthralled, and holding converse with angels, with Christ, with our departed ones!"

Fleeting nature of earthly things.—"While I write, the balmy air breathes upon me through the window which overlooks the garden, and B. is mowing the grass in the adjoining lane. 'In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down and withereth.' How true of life! Events long anticipated follow in quick succession, and in the retrospect appear so trifling, as to excite our astonishment that we regarded them as so important. Some one has said that the reason of our disappointment in future worldly good, is, that our hearts are greater than the world, and cannot be filled with it; but that God is greater than our hearts and has prepared joys, which as they are incomprehensible, will never disappoint. I only wish that thoughts of rest in heaven might so affect me as to lead me to overlook all earthly trial and suffering."

A thought in Broadway.—"New York seems pleasant to me, and quite like home. In Broadway it seems as if people were hurrying to eternity, as fast as possible. Each one seems intent upon something, nobody can tell what; as though it were the last day of existence. And I hurry on, in the same apparently selfish manner."

Occupation.—"I was delighted to hear of your Sabbath evening efforts. Life seems worth just nothing, without some such occupation. What once appeared to me the acme of felicity, in anticipation, seems now like straws, scarce worth a thought."

Effect of a revival.—"A revival is a discriminating season. It shows who are for the Lord. It has been a profitable season to me; I hope a re-conversion. Never did sin appear so heinous, and Christ so essential and precious. Yet, although sins, general and particular, have humbled me to the dust, I go not mourning—I have a complete Saviour, and I can lift up my head with joy."

Holiness in the Church.—"I am every day more impressed with the conviction that holiness in the church will do more for its prosperity than any thing else. We look around and expect to see converts multiplied, but our own hearts must first be purified and our deportment rectified."

Faith.—"Let us cultivate faith; it is the grace which the present state of the church requires. Have you seen some remarks of Dr. Griffin upon 'the prayer of faith?' the substance of which is this—that believing prayer rests upon the general readiness of God to answer; while that presumptive expectation of particular blessings, is nothing but hope resting upon the prayer of faith which we suppose ourselves to have offered. The first confides in God's word, the last in our own efforts. I was pleased with them."

Love.—"Religion shines purer and brighter in the exercise of love, than in highly wrought experiences."

Expenditures of Christian benevolence.—"I am more than ever confirmed in my opinion that the amount which Christians bestow in charity should not be prescribed. Dr. Alexander, in his missionary sermon says, 'Let every one follow the suggestings and promptings of his own benevolent feelings, and "as he purposeth in his heart,

so let him give; for the Lord loveth a cheerful giver." The temple of God was reared of old by free-will offerings, and the spiritual temple must now rise in the same way. They will be blessed indeed, to whom shall be granted such love to Christ and such benevolence to men that they will cheerfully offer, not merely a part, but the whole of what they possess, for the furtherance of the Redeemer's kingdom.' Doubtless many disapproved of the poor widow's bestowing her whole living, and we know that Mary's costly sacrifice elicited blame. Surely unless a new spirit pervade the church, benevolent operations must cease, for many of them are greatly involved."

A critical case.—"You would think from —— ——'s conversation that she was a lively Christian. There is no point of religious experience or interest upon which she is not eloquent. And yet she loves the world dearly."

Selfishness.—"It is useful to go abroad occasionally; but if we fix our thoughts, habitually, upon the interests of Christ's kingdom, which are occupying the heavenly world, we cannot be 'selfish;' and for myself, I do not wish to be in any place where these are not the predominant subjects. Did you ever notice particularly, that in the Lord's prayer, the petitions relative to his kingdom, are placed before our own individual wants? Would it not be profitable to follow this arrangement in our closet duties, and thus in our prayers 'seek first the kingdom of God?' and possibly it might have an effect to weaken our attachment to the things of the world, and to our private interests."

Denial of self.—"It is a mistaken idea that self-denial for Christ can be practiced without inconvenience, and without a consciousness, in the very act, that self-love is

mortified. Yet I believe the difficulties of self-denial are more in anticipation, than in reality; or rather that they are diminished, as we advance in the path; like the staff which was presented to the 'pilgrim Good Intent,' when ascending the hill, the thorns of which, as soon as he had courage to grasp it, crushed beneath his hand. When once the Christian will permit the honor of God and the salvation of souls to take that place in his heart which his own interests have occupied, he will not be obliged to ask the question so frequently, 'how much shall I do for thee, my Saviour?' You will think this a favorite subject with me, and I acknowledge it is, because the money now 'so necessarily' employed for temporal good, is wanted to furnish the bread of life and robes of righteousness to immortal souls."

Simplicity and plainness.—"It appears to me that now is the most favorable time for the church to fix the principle of simplicity and plainness, because the prevailing fashion in dress and furniture rather favors it. Our most genteel ladies now dress as the Methodists have been wont to do; and I cannot but observe that God's children can now do *for the fashion*, what they could not be prevailed upon formerly to do *for Christ*. In throwing off the trammels of Satan, we must not wait till the whole church will consent to join us; nor even until we can be perfectly consistent ourselves. In our most solemn moments, when eternal things seem most real, we must decide the question of duty, and then make a gradual, but sure inroad upon the dominion of pride. If Christians would deliberately weigh the motives which bind them to the imperfect standard of past years, they would find them to have no basis in the primitive church of our Saviour. And although I would not encourage violent measures; yet, if we are upon the confines of a new era, when moral and

intellectual influence is to supersede that which is sensual, great and striking changes will be witnessed."

Doubts.—"I cannot say that for several years, I have had any serious religious doubts, because my mind has been almost continually fixed upon the prosperity of Christ's kingdom. Still I am distrustful of my heart, and I might be placed in circumstances which would call forth unexpected evidences of an unsanctified nature."

Dress.—"I do not approve of prescribing retrenchments. It must be a free-will offering. The Tract on Dress, was written by Mrs. ——, of New York, an eccentric woman. There is danger of an envious temper mingling with other feelings, but I fear not to say that my own views have been drawn from a source, which leads me to think they are the fruit of the Spirit. It is a sense of eternal realities which has stamped vanity and vexation upon all these trifles; and upon them seems written in letters of blood, 'the price of souls.'"

Troubles.—"I have been thinking that every body has something to give trouble, either great or small—some source of anxiety—so that we may as well be satisfied, and reflect, 'if it were not this, it would be something else.' We are apt, too, to imagine that our evil is the most peculiar and trying. Now it seems to me that no one has exactly the kind of solicitude which I feel for the poor Mohegans, because if present efforts fail, they will not be there, to experience benefit from any future ones. Yet many would doubtless exclaim, 'Dear me! if I had nothing more than poor Indians to trouble me, I should be happy.' I know that if they did not weigh upon my mind as they do, I should be heart-sick about ——. I believe Miss Hannah More, or Mrs. Sherwood says, we

have only to choose between evils, in this life. Trouble we must have, but we may sometimes take our choice of it."

Dangers of the Church.—"I have lately thought much of the present dangers of the church. The accession of numbers is calculated to induce security; and its activity, pride. Unless the standard of self-denial be raised, those who flock into it, from the ranks of the wealthy and the young, will cause the separating wall to be demolished. Let the days of Constantine be remembered. This is the first experiment which the church, as a body, ever made for the conversion of the world; and it would not be strange if self-exaltation should make it necessary to purify and humble her through the fire. I only mention these reflections as occasion for prayer, not of discouragement. I wish that some minister would preach upon the present dangers of the church. Daniel, 4th chapter, 28—37 verses would be a good text."

Ministerial deportment.—"A minister, if he preserves his dignity, can hardly be too accessible. Sympathetic benevolence is the very essence of piety, and is all-powerful in its influence. Who can withstand mercy and gentleness?"

Writings of Jane Taylor.—"I agree fully with Mrs. C. in regard to Jane Taylor's writings. She is so natural and simple. Have you seen 'Display,' a tale by her, which is truly experimental. She does not give, like Mrs. Sherwood, such importance to personal beauty, in her heroines. All Mrs. Sherwood's are conspicuous for that, while Miss Taylor attaches but little importance to it, and seldom gives a novelist's description of beauty. As young people themselves attach so much value to it, to the neglect of other graces, I have admired the manner in

which Miss Taylor treats the subject. Still I am a great admirer of Mrs. Sherwood."

Quiet usefulness.—"A well regulated mind will never form plans which require the agitation of hurry in their execution. I am anxious to fill up life with usefulness, that God may be honored, and my fellow creatures not be the worse for my existence, and by curtailing my own wants, in the pursuance of a systematic plan, I try to avoid that bustling course which is so uncomfortable to surrounding persons, and distracting to one's self. I know of no better preparation for life or for death. From the midst of usefulness, I wish to be called to the reward which is 'of grace, not of debt.'"

Spiritual trial.—"When certain cords of my wayward heart are touched, I cannot easily check their vibrations, and no one but myself is aware how much I have suffered from their continuance, in many a secret hour. But it was all right, my dear sister, that I should suffer when you left. I knew that my heart had wandered from the Creator to the creature, and I might have expected that my punishment would be found in the very instrument in which I rested."

Gossip.—"Our winter has passed in an even tenor, with but few family incidents to relate. I have lately increased my aversion to what may be called epistolary gossip; for there are those residing here, who transport the most trivial circumstances, which are re-echoed from distant places to ourselves. But I know that you have no relish for such entertainments."

Side-board ornaments.—"I have taken pains to adorn the side-board with flowers—ornaments which the God of

nature has provided to our hands, without expense or anxiety. I believe you will not think me visionary when I say that in the Millennium, *his works* will be admired more than those of art—nor call it very improperly odd, if I try to turn our thoughts from the last, to the contemplation of his glorious works."

Expensive churches.—"I have been for some time decidedly of the opinion, that while Christ's last command remains unfulfilled, splendid churches are not an acceptable offering to him. The temple of Solomon has probably been a criterion, while it seems to have been forgotten that its magnificence was typical."

Activity in duty as an antidote to affliction.—"I very much fear, my dear ——, that you are exhausting the energies of your immortal soul, in the retrospection of past sorrows and enjoyments. You will forgive my plainness, but I cannot forbear urging you to change the current of your thoughts, and seek from the exercise of disinterested benevolence that enjoyment which has been denied from other sources. I believe that I can in no way evince the sincerity of my affection so strongly, as by striving to withdraw you from the contemplation of the past, and to lead you to resolve upon the cheerful, and persevering, and soul exalting service of Him, who has a perfect right to dispose of all your concerns. Do not tempt him to take from you still other, and it may be, dearer blessings than you have already forfeited. Our lot is not cast beneath the enervating influence of Italian skies, or the luxurious gales of Eastern climes; but we are free born American women; formed for higher pursuits and nobler purposes—for the exercise of mental energy, vigor in action, and elevation of soul. Far be it from me to despise or lightly speak of the gentle

graces and yielding affections of our sex; but I do feel that no woman in this favored land, need pine and die for want of objects to interest and absorb the faculties of her soul. The precepts of our holy religion, drawn out in the daily practice of life, can make a heaven below; and how numerous are the streams of mercy which we can augment, if we but throw our whole hearts into the service of Him, whose love surpasses all that earth has to bestow. It is ungrateful, it is unsafe, to brood over the sorrows and disappointments of life, clinging to broken reeds and broken cisterns—while the mind is left to lose its vigor, and become unfit for the plain, important, and every day duties of life. Think, ——, how brief is our temporal existence, and how short the season of service and of trial, to be rewarded by an eternity of perfect bliss. Is our Saviour a hard master, when he assures us that the greater our afflictions here, if sanctified, the more intense will be our joy hereafter? Oh look into the Bible, and become imbued with its spirit, and you will despise, you will be ashamed of the selfishness which concentrates your affections, your sympathies, to any thing merely earthly. Do not be displeased, my dear friend, it is because I love you,—love your soul as an imperishable existence, destined to a far more exalted sphere than this nich of time, that I write thus plainly."

Writing for the public.—"In regard to writing for the public,—I feel somewhat indisposed to it at present. I have come to the conclusion, that the world is so full of writers, my pen is not needed. Perhaps my field is to labor and pray with my 'hands under my wings.' Ezekiel, i. 6."

Influence of commerce on morals.—"The remarks which I made to you respecting commerce, I would not make to

every one, for I consider it very important that Christians should not expose themselves to the imputation of an unsound judgment, from those who have no reflection; yet my opinion, however erroneous, still favors my own argument. Uncle Trumbull, who dined with us on Saturday, says that the Parisian trade is a curse to our country, converting the costume of our ladies into the attire of profligates. He spoke very respectfully of Mr. —— ——, but said that he was doing injury by his business. This is the opinion of a man of the world, and evidently given without acrimony."

Excitement.—"The old fashioned quietude of domestic life, in this region at least, seems much interrupted by the bustle and excitement of the present day. Do you not think that it is injurious to the character to live upon excitement? I think if I had any superintendence of girls, I should strive to have it avoided in their education. It produces an artificial stimulus, which sooner or later must end in reaction, leaving the character tame and spiritless. Fixed principles of action, having their foundation in truth, will warm and animate the soul sufficiently, and give permanent vivacity and cheerfulness, instead of being lost by effervescence. Excitement, however, is the order of the day, and I do not consider myself free from its injurious influence."

Affectionate manners in ministers.—"How much ministers and religious teachers gain by a tender style. I hope, dear brother, you will never withhold the pungent doctrines of the gospel; but I do hope you will cultivate that affectionate solemnity which accomplishes much more than harshness. A minister preaches by his looks, his attitudes, and his tones; out of the pulpit and in it, as well as by what he says. Oh! I do long to see *love*

the prominent, all pervading characteristic of every Christian."

Obligations of the children of God.—"There is no stopping place for the churches, and we should rejoice in this. How indolent we are, how ungrateful, that we are not willing to serve our Master during a short life, when we hope to enjoy him forever! I was thinking, this morning, that I had commenced an eternal existence, to be consummated in heaven, and that every moment of life had an influence upon that existence beyond the veil. Oh for a constant sense of duty and obligation. These fluctuating natures bring us into bondage."

Pure and undefiled religion.—"I have recently thought much of the words—'pure and undefiled religion, before God and the Father, is this; to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.' In the more public, benevolent labors, there is room for much that may mar the purity of religion; and though we should give all our goods to feed those who are temporally and spiritually destitute, it would not satisfy our Maker or our own consciences, in that 'honest hour,' except the humble and gentle virtues predominate. In looking back upon my own life, and observing also, the minuter shades of character in others, who have much zeal, I see a great deal which cannot be called 'pure and undefiled;' which is not charity in its legitimate sense. I know there are many who err in withholding themselves from active effort, and I would not for worlds throw an obstacle in their way, to keep them back from duty. But I think those who are constitutionally and from principle too, inclined to go forward in public acts, should be careful to maintain a close walk with God, since nothing can be a substitute for this.

'These things we should do, and not leave the other undone.' These thoughts have dwelt upon my mind with so much force, in reference to myself particularly, that I was constrained to inscribe them here, although you may perhaps say, they are not very new. They are *old*, indeed, as the word of God."

Family self-complacency.—"If the numerous 'Huntingtons' are *useful* in their generation, it is of little consequence whether they are conspicuous. The applause of the world is but a breath, and valueless on many accounts. In the first place, the standard is very imperfect; adulation also, is often insincere; and our vanity attaches even more to what is said than was meant."

Delight in the scenes of Spring.—"You doubtless partake with us in the peculiar beauties of nature, at this season. Every tree, capable of blossoming, is robed in luxuriant dress, and bespeaks the boundless benevolence of our God. What heart can fail to respond to the voice of nature."

Christian disinterestedness, contrasted with the spirit of the world.—"I find that my wants are few, and the world appears very trifling. 'A hoarding spirit,' you cannot detest, my dear brother, more than myself, and I have reason to believe, that it is the farthest possible from my nature. I am naturally profuse, and I never coveted wealth. But I find that I can do for Christ and for our dear father, what no other motives could induce. When I think of my perishing fellow men—and that is almost every moment—I consider no sacrifice too great to save them. I feel willing 'to be sacrificed to the world, and to have the world sacrificed to me.' To 'think of things lovely, honest, (or beautiful,) and of good report,' is perfectly

consistent with entire simplicity of character and habits. If we take the whole of our Saviour's doctrine, we shall find that much greater separation from the world and distinctness of practice, are requisite in his disciples. The shades of difference between them and the world are too faint, too blended, to hasten the millennial day. Against our trifling gratifications, and multiplied personal wants, and pride, and vanity, and love of things temporal, we must throw into the scale the everlasting destiny of numerous immortal souls; and if we can contemplate the balance unmoved, we have strong reason to doubt the reality of our love to God."

On the day of annual fast and prayer for colleges.—(February, 1832.*) "I have been meditating on the probable aspect which the several colleges of our country present, this evening. I have imagined myself passing from room to room among the hundreds who are congregated within their walls, or listening to the secret cries of some fervent spirit for his unregenerate room-mate. I have imagined, too, that these pious intercessors, feeling themselves sustained by the united efforts of individuals and churches, throughout the land, redouble their earnest entreaties, and in the exercise of invigorated faith, already behold the fulfillment of their wishes. Yet my imagination stops not here. In some of these institutions, I see a few, who but yesterday, perhaps, were reckless of the future, now exhibiting an uneasiness which they can scarcely define, yet indicating that the Spirit of God, this day invoked, has touched their hearts. I have indulged the thought, too, that possibly there will be, upon an average, *one* conversion at least, to every individual who

* An extract from an article which Miss H. wrote for the Religious Messenger.

has cheerfully and conscientiously devoted this day to its appropriate duties. Precious reward.

"In addition to the prominent subjects of prayer—the immediate descent of the Holy Spirit—three important considerations have dwelt upon my mind, as affording ground for humiliation and fasting. The first of these is, the neglect of the Bible as a Class book, in the majority of our colleges. The second, is the misimprovement of those superior advantages by many who enjoy them, while others are panting to possess them;—and the third, the diversity of theological opinions which divide and weaken the strength of the true Israel of God. * * * Above all, let us not forget to implore the teaching and peaceful influences of the Spirit, to enable those who control these institutions to see eye to eye, in reference to the truth which is communicated through the volume of inspiration. There certainly must be *one simple meaning* conveyed by unerring Wisdom in his revelation to fallen man. That meaning he is willing to disclose and will disclose, if it is sought with an upright mind. In consequence of such diversity of sentiment, infidelity finds a ready apology in the minds of unregenerate youth, forgetting, as they do, that to his own master, every intelligent being must stand or fall. Christian brethren and sisters! with the close of this day, our responsibilities towards the objects of our devotion do not terminate, but are greatly heightened. Let us receive a fresh impulse from the return of this anniversary, and at least one day in each week, carry to our closets the varied and extensive wants of our literary institutions."

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNIES — DECEASE OF FRIENDS — SYMPATHY WITH MOURNERS.

Miss Huntington's journies were confined principally to such as were necessary in visiting her relatives and acquaintance; and were therefore generally short, and furnished few incidents which would be of special interest in a memoir. A few will be noticed in the present chapter, as exhibiting her social character, and showing how she was accustomed to mingle in general society. Something is also to be learned of the taste and mental habits, by observing how an individual appears abroad, and in intercourse with intelligent and respectable strangers. And of the strength of Christian character, there is probably no surer evidence than this, that it "cannot be hid," even when amidst the companies and throngs into which the Christian is thrown, while travelling.

The following are very brief passages relative to a journey into Massachusetts, in which she visited Andover, at one of those anniversary seasons, when so many devoted and distinguished Christians are customarily assembled. In the course of this journey, also, she visited Boston, and the house where she spent some of her "school-girl days."

"We passed Stafford Springs, and stopped a moment at the boarding-house there. My thoughts flew back to the time when my beloved mother, with fond solicitude, carried me to those waters. I was but three years old at the last visit; and I sorrowed to think how much of that pride of heart still remained with me, which, at that tender age, subjected me to the appellation of 'Madame Buonaparte,' from a lady whom I saw there."

"Andover.

"The moon is shedding her mild and peaceful beams upon me as I write. How sweetly Andover hill appears at this moment! I imagine you and your sweet babes, calmly reposing upon your pillows. May guardian angels attend you, for 'so he giveth his beloved sleep.' Good night, dear sister; when the toils and solicitudes of life are over, may we be prepared to meet in those 'sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,' which 'stand dressed in living green.'"

"The events of Anniversary week were too interesting to affect me indifferently; and the intervals of ease with which I was favored, enabled me to appreciate the opportunities afforded me for an acquaintance with many persons of whom I have often heard."

"Norwich, Nov. 7.

"My visit in Boston forcibly impressed me with the mutability of earthly things,—what changes nine years had produced! The voice of strangers resounded in the apartments once occupied by those whom we loved and honored. I said, 'where are they?' and echo answered, 'where are they?' The laughing and joyous school-mate had become the woman and the mother. Time is a

faithful laborer, and a monitor to the most thoughtless. To the Christian, however, its flight is cheering.

'T'will waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea.'

"I was absent six weeks, and met a most hearty welcome. Papa is unwilling to spare me for any thing but to go and see you. My late visit furnishes me matter for much pleasant and solid reflection. I rejoice that I was permitted to make it. Have you seen an account of Dr. Payson's last moments, with the letter which he wrote to his sister? Oh! that his death may be sanctified to the church. His 'last end' might be that of every Christian, if preceded by such a life. My thoughts never dwelt so much upon any similar event. The church is one; may her strength and beauty be enhanced, rather than diminished, by this pruning of her branches. Dr. B. says the period of the Millennium rests with Christians: what an incitement to holiness and action."

The following is a sketch of a journey which she took with her second brother into Maine, and thence to the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

"Norwich, July 26.

"My dear Sister:—After we had given you the last look of affectionate adieu, and turned from your peaceful dwelling, my heart and eyes overflowed with tender emotions, and for some minutes we pursued our way in silence. I told E. I could not talk immediately, and whenever my imagination pictured the little group at Wiscasset, I felt a weight at my heart. We reached Brunswick just before one, and proceeded to president A.'s. We dined, visited the colleges, took tea, and left

at seven, with a very pleasant impression of Brunswick. We reached Portland about eleven, passed a comfortable night, and found ourselves in the stage at five next morning, with a party from Boston. We became exceedingly attached to them; they were our companions eight days—Having occupied the stage coaches almost exclusively for so long a time—ascended Mounts Washington and Holyoke together—and formed a majority at the social board three times a day for more than a week—our intercourse bore the character of endeared friendship, and we could not entrench ourselves in indifference. I cannot but indulge the belief that our journey is to result in the salvation of some soul.

"I early discovered to them my own religious views, and had free conversations with some of the company.

"The first night after leaving Portland, was spent at Conway. The next day our ride was one of intense interest. I rode upon the outside of the stage-coach, which is much practised by ladies on that magnificent route. For a long time before we reached them, the mountains of New Hampshire appeared in the blue distance, to our admiring gaze; but when we were actually among them, it was truly a scene of peculiar interest. The drivers, who are familiar with every object, instead of hurrying us along, gave us every opportunity to view the scenery, and we rode or walked, just as it suited us. At the Willey House we all left the coach, and examined the melancholy spot, rendered desolate by the direct agency of Heaven. The affecting events connected with it were deeply impressed upon my imagination, by viewing the interior of the desolated mansion, and the courses of the destructive avalanches, which swept a family into eternity. Again, we walked through the celebrated Notch.

"The scenery of the White Hills, my dear sister, surpasses description; to be realized, it must be seen. You may try to imagine the effect produced by wending one's way around lofty ridges, which appear impassable, before you reach them, until you find yourself within an amphitheatre of mountains, more bold and towering than any you ever saw.

"But few ladies have ever reached the summit of the highest land in North America, east of the Rocky Mountains. Yet, as I remarked to one of the gentlemen, I had not resolved to attempt it from ambitious motives. I wished to see the wonderful works of God, and I should undertake it, looking to Him for support and protection. The top of the mountain is nine and a half miles from Crawford's, five of which are accomplished in riding, and the remainder on foot. We set out, half of the party in a waggon, and the other on horses. I was the only female equestrian. When we dismounted, we were each furnished with a long palmer-staff; and with our two guides, father and son, making twelve in all, we commenced our ascent in Indian file, presenting a picturesque scene for an artist's pencil. But oh, the toilsomeness of the ascent! I thought I had exerted myself before, but every former effort dwindled to a point, in comparison. We crossed the Amonoosuck seven times, which rises from the Lake of the Clouds, high upon the range, and empties into the Connecticut. The Saco rises within a few yards of the same, and empties into the Atlantic. This we crossed twenty times, before reaching the mountains. Our guide frequently regaled us with water fresh from the fountain; and after reaching a recess in the rocks, called 'the kitchen,' we took our lunch. The wind began to blow violently, and a portion of our party concluded to remain behind, with one of the guides. I exchanged my hat for a calash, with one of the ladies,

and proceeded. Our path now lay over shelving, precipitous, and broken rocks, which appeared to form an almost perpendicular ascent, and the summit seemed to fly from our approach. At length we completed the arduous attempt, and we found ourselves surrounded by 'a sea of mountains,'—an illimitable extent of undulating surface, with no definiteness of prospect, but mountain billows of mountains. I could have staid there many days; but there is no shelter; the wind blew violently, and the clouds soon threatened to envelop us. I remained but five minutes, while others who reached the summit sooner, were there fifteen. The grandeur of the view surpasses description. I had not time to collect my thoughts, but I felt like a pigmy. We returned to Crawford's in just twelve hours from our departure; more than eleven of which were spent in climbing. Before we left Crawford's, his two little girls repeated to me a hymn, which I had given them to learn. We dined the next day at Haverhill, and spent the Sabbath at Hanover. President A. had furnished us with letters of introduction, of which we made no use until after Sabbath, when we called at Dr. M.'s.—I had anticipated an unpleasant Sabbath; but from some cause, every one in the house seemed to be under restraint. There was no loud talking or jesting. E. and myself determined to set an example, and spent most of the time in our rooms. We went to meeting all day, and so did each of the party. We had received an addition to our number of a wealthy Episcopal family from New York, who were polite, serious, affable people, and with our Unitarian friends, heard two sermons from Mr. P., on the day of grace being past; and on the sovereignty of God; bona fide Calvinism.

"Dr. M. called in the morning, and we took a hasty view of the colleges. My associations with the Mohegans, rendered it doubly interesting. With old Dr. Wheelock,

and Earl Dartmouth, whose portraits adorn the walls, I felt a strong sympathy, because they loved the Indians.

"Monday noon found us at Brattleborough; and Tuesday noon at Northampton; and the afternoon, on the top of Mt. Holyoke. Here, after a trifling effort, we spent an hour or two most delightfully; and the view,—oh! it is exquisite; more beautiful than Mt. Washington. In a clear atmosphere, thirty steeples may be counted. I can describe it in no way so forcibly, as by *a family of villages*, with the beautiful Connecticut sweeping gracefully among them. I do not believe the whole earth presents a lovelier scene.

* * * * * *

"The hour of parting came. All our life and buoyancy were fled. We had been silent for nearly an hour. Our Boston party were to leave for home at 2 o'clock the next morning. My heart was full, and I was obliged to retire, and give vent to my feelings. I awoke when they left, and heard the last rumbling of the carriage wheels as they died upon my ear. We should probably meet no more until the last great day! This intercourse of entire strangers for eight successive days, had not been in vain! It was a link in the chain of events, that eternity would disclose in its relations.

* * * * * *

"Northampton is a delightful spot. Amherst and Hadley we could only see at a distance. The New York party accompanied us to Springfield, where we visited the Armory, on Wednesday afternoon."

The following letter to one of the ladies of the party in the excursion to the White Mountains, gives her account of the conclusion of the journey; and exhibits the strength and liveliness of Miss Huntington's interest, as a Christian, in the spiritual welfare of her travelling acquaintances. It

also shows how entirely practicable it is, to unite the utmost fidelity in presenting religious truth and duty, with the most perfect delicacy and propriety.

"Norwich, Sept. 7.

"My dear Mrs. A.:—You will perhaps be surprised to receive a letter from me, as I made no promise to that effect when we parted; but I am very desirous to hear from you, and begin to fear I shall not have this pleasure, unless I bring you in debt. After my return home, I accidentally heard of you at Saratoga, by some Norwich friends who were there, but did not see you. From this circumstance, I have been led to fear that your son was more unwell, making it necessary for you to set out immediately upon another journey. Will you not permit me to hear from you very soon, with particulars of your recent tour, of your son's health, and of all which you think I should be gratified to know. By a letter from Mr. W. to brother, written the day after his arrival in Boston, we were informed of your progress after our separation at Northampton. I awoke at 2 o'clock, and heard the familiar sounds which accompany the departure of passengers; and was just forming the resolution that I would rise, wrap myself in a cloak, and seat myself at our parlor window, that, unobserved, I might witness your exit; when I heard the rumbling of the carriage, as it moved from the door. The darkness and solitude of night did not diminish the desolate feeling which stole over me, as the last sounds of the stage coach died upon my ear, and I thought we should never all meet on earth. The next morning all things looked cheerless and forsaken, and we were not sorry to hear the signal for our own departure, which took place at ten o'clock.

"We reached Springfield at noon, where, to our regret, we learned that no stage left for Norwich until

Friday. We visited the Armory that afternoon, and the next morning took an extra for 'Home, sweet Home'—to me, the dearest spot on earth! My father's house possesses a charm with which my imagination could never invest any other place. You may easily believe we found a most cordial welcome; particularly from my mother, of whose loss of sight you heard me speak. After we became settled in the quiet of home-born pleasures, and I began to reflect seriously upon the events of our mountain excursion, I felt assured that an overruling Providence had exerted some special agency in them. It could not be a mere accident, that we were drawn together for so many days, once entire strangers, but now endeared friends. For myself, possessed of naturally strong affections, I may say that I shall ever retain a lively recollection of those interesting scenes, and that among the friends of my fleeting years, those of White Mountain memory will hold an important place. Eternity will develop all the features of that interesting journey, and their influence upon the future destiny of each.

"I am aware, my dear madam, that our views upon an important subject are dissimilar; and perhaps you will deem it strange that I touch upon it; yet I cannot hesitate, for my principles and feelings always impel me to remind my friends—those whom I love, especially—that we are fellow-travellers to a region of more intense interest than any earthly spot can boast. How often, during our rides, did I cherish the ardent wish, that we might all be prepared to meet, where separation is unknown. And, excuse me if I add, that the prayer has unceasingly risen, that the same Almighty Saviour upon whom all my hopes rest, may be the chosen portion of each of my companions. If it is idolatry to exalt to the throne of my heart this great 'High Priest of my profession,' yet I fear not to appear with these principles

before the tribunal of Jehovah. Since God has apparently owned the efforts of that portion of professing Christians who maintain these views, is it not safe, my dear friend, to make it a subject of earnest prayer, that, if the natural heart be so utterly destitute of merit as to require a divine expiation for sin, we may be enabled fully to believe in so essential a truth. This religion is one eminently calculated, in its very nature, to produce a peace of mind wholly independent of earthly joys. Yea, it becomes more vigorous, as sublunary pleasures disappoint and lose their influence. When the idols of this world are snatched from our hearts, they become more purified for the residence of Immanuel, through the 'Comforter' which he promised at his ascension.

"I will not apologise, my dear madam, for this introduction of a subject which holds the first place in my thoughts; for the recollection of your amiable deportment forbids me to cherish the apprehension, that you will be displeased.

"One word I must indulge myself in adding, to my young friend B., a hope that he will join that immense company of youthful soldiers, who are now enlisting under the banner of the Great Captain. In casting my eye over a Boston paper, I noticed his name among the recipients of prizes at the High School, which, but for our journey together, would have been overlooked or unheeded.

"And now I must say adieu! with the request that I may soon hear from you; a favor to which I think I may lay claim. Your excellent husband I shall always remember; to whom, with your son, present my kind regards; also to any of our friends whom you may see. Accept the assurance of the respect and love of yours, &c."

The decease of one of the party, nearly at the date of

the preceding letter, is thus noticed, in writing to her sister.

"Norwich, Sept. 19.

"Mr. P., one of our associates at Mt. Washington, of whom I wrote, is no more! he died with fever a week or two since. I cannot realize it. He was only twenty-four years of age; and his wife twenty-two. I had just written to them on the subject of religion, which letter did not reach them till after his death. The prominent idea upon which I insisted was the shortness of time!"

The following extract, at one point of another journey, exhibits her love for beautiful and sublime scenery.

"Bennington, Vt., Oct. 22.

"I have enjoyed my visit very much. The mountain breezes are very salubrious. The beauty of the scenery exceeds any thing of the kind which I ever saw. The Autumn tints of the foliage are much richer and more variegated than with us; and as the lofty mountains are covered to the summit, they present the appearance of immense flower gardens; rendered more striking by dark spots of evergreen alternately presenting themselves. One of the highest of these mountains, called Mount Anthony, rises directly behind Mr. H.'s residence, containing a marble quarry, and a cave of some celebrity, the interior of which I should visit at a more favorable season. We have thought a great deal of C., our old domestic, who was taken prisoner here, in the revolutionary war. He was among the party of Hessians who were bought by the British for 'six pound ten.' We have seen and handled Col. Baum's sword, which was taken from his wounded person at 'the battle of Bennington,' and of which C. had so much to relate."

Of an excursion to New York she thus writes :—

"March 21.

"Notwithstanding a strong head-wind, there was scarce any sickness on board the boat. I spent most of the day on deck, inhaling the free sea-breeze. Our passengers were agreeable. Among them was Mrs. ——, mourning for the loss of the infant whose birth was so splendidly commemorated. She is a pretty woman, simple in her manners; but, alas! that relief from sorrow should be sought in the perusal of a novel! As we sat around the stove at midnight, in the ladies' cabin, I had a favorable opportunity to say a few words in behalf of the rationality of true religion; and especially of its support in trial."

In connection with the foregoing extract, as indicating her views of the true sources of consolation in affliction, and her habits of thought respecting the bereavements of Providence; it may be proper to add a few extracts from Miss Huntington's letters on the death of friends.

On hearing, during her absence from home, of the death of that most intimate of her friends, whom, as has been already remarked, she regarded as having been the instrument of her conversion, she thus writes:—"By letters from home last evening, my dear cousin, the intelligence of your recent affliction reached me. I am left alone to-day, and my thoughts refuse every subject of contemplation, but what relates to my dear Eliza, and her lovely infant. To relieve my feelings, I have taken my pen, and I presume no apology is necessary for this expression of my sympathy for you. I imagine you sitting lonely and disconsolate, no less grieved, than if the dear child had been your own. How your heart must bleed! I could weep with you. While your thoughts are fixed on earth, all things present must appear dark and cheer-

less. But if you raise the eye of faith to a purer scene, how lovely is the prospect! Behold the angelic mother, striking anew her harp of praise, while she hails her sweet offspring 'born again above.' Their melodious voices unite in the song of redeeming love.

"If we contrast the heavenly state of these dear departed ones, with their earthly career, even had they been spared for the highest temporal happiness, we must rejoice in their release. The mother contending with the depravity of her own heart, would often have mourned over the alienation of her child from God; and like others, struggling with sin and disappointment, would have found life at best but a weary pilgrimage. The dear infant too must have followed the same beaten path, and discovered that all is vanity. True, we should be cheered by their existence; our path might be brightened by their presence; but 'tis only selfishness that would have retained them here, or would recal them now. Whenever I think of Eliza with natural feelings only, I experience the most intense regret that God has taken her; but I strive to check such thoughts and to rejoice for her.

"I think of you, and pray for you, and I hope that you find in your trial a peaceful resting place in God. It is in affliction that the Christian may peculiarly glorify his Saviour before the world. Perhaps at this time you may be the means of impressing upon some individual the importance and reality of true faith.

"I could easily fill my paper, but your Bible will furnish you more profitable reading. To that and the riches of God's grace I commend you."

Of another, who not many months before her decease, had entered upon the Christian life, she writes thus:—"I heard from C. respecting F——'s death. I rejoice to hear of her peaceful exit, and delight to anticipate a meet-

ing in heaven. Her death must be a deep affliction to her idolizing husband and friends. May it be sanctified! I have desired so much to become a disembodied spirit, and my thoughts have dwelt so much upon the invisible world, of late, that I cannot but rejoice for those who forsake their clay. But now I wish to live for the sake of others."

The following was written shortly after the decease of her grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Lanman:—"Grandmama's sickness and death made demands upon my time, which were cheerfully met, as I esteem it an honor to have contributed any portion of labor to the comfort and memory of one so highly honored of God. It was a privilege to be with her the last day of her life, and to behold her peaceful exit. She used often in health to express much solicitude respecting the externals of her death; and in this respect, as well as in more important things, God was very gracious. She died while lying in a natural posture upon her side, and closed her own eyes; softly breathing her last, like an infant. Her remains, too, were lovely; and the sweet smile upon her features seemed an earnest of her angelic rest in heaven. She was a shining light; and her grand-children have, by her death, a weight of responsibility resting upon them. May we be enabled to honor her memory by a regard to those principles which were the ornament of her life."

The following extracts relate to the decease and character of the Rev. Alfred Mitchell, her much esteemed pastor:—"Your friend and brother, and our beloved minister, has gone to the world of spirits, to join the Master whom he has served so faithfully. While I write it, I can hardly believe what my pen records. And yet it is really so: for with my own eyes, I beheld his spirit

struggling to free itself from its diseased tabernacle. About five P. M., yesterday, the conflict ceased; and I trust he has found a joyful welcome in the regions of blessedness; happy in the consciousness of being forever relieved from the clogs of sinful flesh. Though I was a mere child when your father* was taken from us, yet that afflictive scene is brought forcibly to mind, by this event. Eighteen years have rolled away—peaceful, happy years—and we now require another bereavement.

"I have felt very tenderly, I do assure you, at the departure of my spiritual father. I have grown up under his ministry, and have often fed upon the truth which he has delivered. I shall rejoice to meet him in heaven. My last interview with him was very endearing and gratifying."

The following indicates the deep share she had in the sensation felt throughout the churches of New England, at the death of Rev. Mr. Cornelius :—

"Norwich, Feb. 14.

"Before this arrives, you will probably hear of the sudden death of our dear Mr. Cornelius; an event which occasions us many tender recollections—casts a shade over many pleasant associations—and more than all, makes a wide breach in the church of Christ. Dear Mrs. C., how does she support it!

> 'One there is above *all* others,
> Well deserves the name of friend,'

and he can, and will, I trust, sustain her. 'Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of.' It is sweet to feel, from the heart, that God is an infinitely wise and benevolent Sovereign, and although he gives no account of his designs

* Rev. Asahel Hooker.

to us, faith assures us of the perfection of his government. Why do we ever distrust that love which has clothed divinity in humanity, and furnished us a perpetual High Priest in heaven? There stands our Representative, the surety for our everlasting welfare; and as long as he there remains, we know, for a certainty, that all things will work together for good, to his adopted ones."

She subsequently visited Mrs. C. in New York, and thus describes her feelings:—"My visit to Mrs. C. was one of tender interest, and it has left a pensive impression upon my mind. There is something sublime and heavenly in the sorrow of an enlightened but chastened Christian. In conversing with such an one you seem to have stepped out of the usual ferment of human scenes, to hold communion with elevated and invisible realities." "As we passed through the entry to the street door, I said, 'Your house is a pleasant one.' She replied, 'It is a sacred spot to me. Here I have witnessed precious scenes, —my husband ripened fast for heaven during the few months we were here together.' I went to see her three times. She told me much, very much, that was interesting, of her dear husband, and permitted me to peruse some letters respecting him from Boston and Hartford. I went around the house with her, and saw his study, desk, books, &c. just as he left them. It was like communing with the invisible world."

The following is a note written in sympathy with a mother, then recently deprived of a beloved child, by death:—

"New York, April 18.

"Dear Mrs. W.—Since hearing of the deep affliction with which you have been visited, my sympathy has been frequently excited towards you, and I feel constrained to

express the same with my pen. I know, from sad yet sweet experience, that it is some alleviation of our grief to find that our sorrows are shared by others, although the only true and permanent consolation can be derived from Christ Jesus. I trust we both can testify how precious his friendship is at such an hour of anguish. Never, till the departure of my dear brother, did I know how to feel for the afflicted. Now I can enter into the sanctuary of their grief, and my heart seems to vibrate in unison with every chord of theirs. I know that the tie which binds a mother to her child is peculiar, and can be realized only by those who sustain this relation;—yet the kind of maternal watchfulness which I had been called to exercise towards that brother, greatly increased the strength of my regard, and added to the poignancy of my sorrow."

Thus did she improve the departures of those whom she knew or loved, for the quickening of her own spirit, and in sending forward her thoughts, aided her own preparation to enter upon the scenes of eternity.

CHAPTER V.

INTEREST IN REVIVALS OF RELIGION — IN BENEVOLENT OPERATIONS — IN THE CONVERSION OF DISTANT RELATIVES AND ACQUAINTANCES.

Miss Huntington, after her hopeful conversion, was ever thoughtful of the prosperity of religion in the place of her residence, and wherever her friends resided. And with the enlargement of heart which marks the devoted Christian, she rejoiced in revivals of religion wherever they occurred. Her anxiety respecting its prosperity in Norwich was habitual, when there was not a revival in actual progress. When such seasons did occur, they were to her times of intense interest—of lively anxiety—but also of solemn and elevated joy. She prayed much for the blessings of the Spirit on those around her; encouraged others to do the same; watched for answers to prayer, and for the first evidences of divine influence on the hearts of Christians and the unconverted; interested herself in the cases of the thoughtless and careless, as well as of awakened and converted persons; and entered into the "joy of the angels of God in heaven, over one sinner that repenteth," with a liveliness of gratitude rarely surpassed. Her letters to her friends abounded in details of the interesting scenes and events passing; and indicated that she was a rich sharer in the spiritual benefit of such seasons.

The same devoted piety which inclined her to pray for

the influences of the Holy Spirit in revivals of religion, also led her to take a steady and fervent interest in the advancement of the kingdom of Christ every where. The seasons of concert in prayer among Christians, for missions, Sabbath schools, revivals in colleges, and other specific objects, on which in late years Christians have been "agreed together," always received her careful observance. In promoting all the great systems of Christian benevolence in operation for spreading the gospel in our dark and ruined world, she bore an active, and often a leading part with her Christian friends. No one entered with more liveliness into the spirit of the anniversaries of the various benevolent associations, or felt higher satisfaction at the evidences of their increasing prosperity. She also engaged with others in efforts for the spiritual good of places in the region of Norwich, destitute of religious privileges, and was active among her Christian associates in raising the means for furnishing the destitute. She was for some time engaged with several of her friends, in a "Charity Warehouse," where were sold various articles, and to which she devoted some of the products of her skill, in painting and drawing. The profits of this were devoted to some of the benevolent objects of the day. Respecting this enterprise, she had afterwards, however, some scruples. She said to a friend that she had given up the Warehouse, in which were sold sweet-meats, &c., for she could not consistently teach her Sabbath scholars self-denial, while she was instrumental in furnishing temptations to self-indulgence. She also was concerned with ladies of the church to which she belonged, in fitting up a "Missionary Room," where they used to meet for prayer and labors of benevolence. There was a ceaseless, untiring spirit of love to souls and to the kingdom of her Lord and Redeemer, in her heart, united with ingenuity in devising, and enterprise in executing

benevolent plans, which seemed to bear her onward from day to day and from year to year; making efforts herself, and endeavoring to enlist the hearts and the hands of her friends around her. Her spirit is well illustrated in the following sentences in one of her letters:—"What a blessed work, to be the messenger of glad tidings to a guilty world! I have more than once, of late, wished myself a young minister. The triumphs of divine grace, and the presages of millennial glory, sometimes induce such overpowering impulses in my soul, that I want to burst the confines of my sex, and go forth a public ambassador for Christ. To check such feelings, which should not be deliberately indulged, requires an effort."

She deeply felt, whatever in any way embarrassed, or was liable to bring into reproach the efforts of Christian benevolence, as the following judicious remarks on an agent indicate:—"Mr. C. pleased us, but he was injudicious, Monday evening, in pronouncing a wo upon those whose motives in giving were not purely Christian. Mr. G. had just spoken in favor of the object, and as usual with him, acknowledged his deficiency, in one particular; and though Mr. C. meant well, his denunciation was ill-timed and prejudicial to his object. If I had time and room, I would explain more fully. 'Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves.' I have thought much of late, upon the importance of the exhibition of tenderness and affection, by Christians and ministers. If we can draw the hearts of people towards us, we increase our influence. 'God is love.' Severity and harshness are carnal weapons. A recollection of our own native obstinacy and rebellion, is calculated to make us merciful to others."

Miss Huntington entered with much spirit into the condition and necessities of the Greeks, as appears from

the following account of efforts in Norwich on their behalf:—"Should my letter be in any respect, â lâ Grec, you must not be surprised; for 'know you hereby,' that for the past week, my fingers have been almost constantly employed in the service of Peloponesian damsels. The new Masonic Hall has presented a scene upon which you would have liked to take a peep, and would probably have done so, had you been here. One hundred and fifty females were collected on one day, and groups of various numbers and appearance have presented themselves there on other days. The work is now nearly completed, and a generous donation will be made by Norwich."

The sentiments of the following paragraph, in relation to charity funds, will probably be appreciated as just:—"Do you not think that it is more consistent with the spirit of the gospel to trust, from year to year, in Him who has all in his hands? Is it not conforming to worldly principles, to accumulate large funds? I do not assert, but only propose a query. When you speak to people respecting the embarrassments of the society, they reply, 'why do they not use the money which they have, and when that is gone, we will furnish more.' And these are not opposers, but hearty friends. There is no doubt that a spirit of benevolence will increase; and as Christians become more separate from the world, every succeeding year will furnish sufficient for its exigencies."

One great object in the arrangement of her expenditures seemed to be to appropriate the greatest amount of her income to the advancement of the kingdom of Christ. She was frugal and simple in her apparel, with an eye to greater ability to give liberally, and was generous in her donations. The little income which she received from a small legacy, was at times, if not invariably, devoted to

religious charities; and some silver plate, which came to her from the estate of her grandfather Huntington, was devoted to such objects. In these and other ways, was nurtured that strength of moral feeling and self-government, which enabled her to forsake many of the dearest earthly objects, that she might carry the knowledge of her Saviour to the degraded daughters of Arabia.

One of her plans to obtain means for doing good, appears in the following extract from a letter to her sister:—"I am intending, when you are located again, to have some opening, where, if I do not go to the West, I may obtain a small school, and give every dollar to the cause of benevolence. I must do something. Mary brought 'a costly offering' to the Saviour's feet, in token of her gratitude. I burn to show my love and gratitude; and I see not how I can be exempted from labor, with health, and youthful vigor, and freedom from domestic ties. Pray for me, that God will open a door of usefulness. We are trying to excite to some systematic effort, for our destitute regions—Long Society, Indians, &c., and I ask your prayers."

The following is from a letter to one who had been a scholar in her Sabbath school class, residing in another State, and shows the interest she felt in all who had been under her instruction:—"We miss you exceedingly in our little group, as each of the dear girls will testify. I love you all tenderly; and I am unable to express how ardently I desire to see you, without a single exception, safe within the enclosure of 'the Good Shepherd!' Not the form of one ever glides before me, or her image enters my mind, without a strong emotion of solicitude that God should sanctify you in early life for his service, and that you may be the happy instruments of hastening the millennial day. That you, my dear M., have been

'sealed to the day of redemption,' gives abundant joy to my heart, and my only wish for you now is, that you may not be satisfied with low attainments of Christian character; that you take no earthly being for a standard, but that Jesus Christ be your pattern in all things. What a precious visit was the one you made in Norwich! Surely, your parents have rejoiced that they consented to your stay. My respects await them. Every unpleasant feeling, but that of grief at your departure, seemed banished from my mind when you left; at the reflection that you were going to a home, where every thing would favor your spiritual improvement—not only within, but without the paternal roof. Much devotedness will be expected from you under such circumstances."

We have before seen the concern which Miss Huntington manifested for the spiritual safety of her brothers. She felt a lively interest also in the conversion of her more distant relatives and acquaintances. This was manifested in various ways; especially by making them the subject of her prayers, and endeavoring to enlist her Christian friends in the same object; proposing to them the consecration of stated seasons to this purpose. Scattered through her letters are found various passages which show her consciousness of the necessity of prayer, and the solicitude with which she watched for encouragements to the duty. A few extracts, from among many, illustrating these remarks, will be given.

"M—— and myself have set apart four o'clock every afternoon to pray for ——. We want to get courage to mention it to A——, that she may observe the same season."

Writing to one of a very dear family she says:—"I do not know that a single day has passed, since my return, that I have not commended each one of you to God."

The following was addressed to an aunt:—"I was much rejoiced to hear of the happy change in your son. We have great encouragement for prayer; and spiritual blessings are the best which can be bestowed. Sister and myself have for several years remembered the descendants of our honored grandfather Huntington, in concert, on Tuesday evenings; and it is peculiarly pleasant to us to be encouraged in the duty, by instances of conversion in any branch of the family. It is a privilege to be permitted to present the various cases of each family before the mercy seat. Would it be agreeable to you, my dear aunt, to join the concert; and to mention it to aunt R——, when you see her, and to your son? In grandmamma Lanman's family we have a similar concert on Thursdays.——It is indeed a day of blessings to the church, and if 'sinners cannot now sin at so cheap a rate as formerly,' surely professing Christians have much greater responsibilities. Let us bless God that they are waking from their slumbers, and ere long the church will 'put on her beautiful garments.'"

Respecting the children of her uncle, the Rev. Joshua Huntington, she thus writes:—"Mr. Wisner sent for S., that during J.'s vacation the children might once be together again; and we were desirous to have her go. Oh! that the Spirit which is hovering over several of the churches in Boston, might meet them upon the spot where we trust the prayer of faith was offered for them."

"I am glad you pray for J——, and M——, and G. Since the revival commenced, I have witnessed answers to prayers offered *years* since. Can it be that we shall all meet, a family in heaven?"

"Will you pray for uncle T——, Tuesday evenings? Have we not encouragement in our Tuesday concert? Nine grand-children, and a daughter with her husband, of our honored grandfather, have become pious, within the

last year! A—— and H—— R—— join the church about this time. Cousin M—— and J—— leave next week—the latter I believe thinks much of serious things; and brother —— requested me to pray particularly for the former, as he thought her impressed on Thursday evening by a sermon of Dr. Payson, from the text, 'To-day, if ye will hear his voice,' &c. I think a great deal of your children, and intended to have asked Mr. H. if they manifest any susceptibility on religious subjects. I want to hear them sing 'Hosanna,' in infancy."

"I should have mentioned in my last, that uncle's T.'s oldest daughter is a subject of the revival in Brooklyn—all grandpapa's female descendants of any maturity of age are now pious."

CHAPTER VI.

COMMENCEMENT AND PROGRESS OF HER INTEREST IN MISSIONS — EFFORTS AMONG THE MOHEGAN INDIANS.

The object of the present chapter is to give some extracts from the correspondence of Miss Huntington, which show the commencement and progress of missionary tendencies in her mind. To go back and see her first thoughts on the missionary service; and to follow her through successive years, to the time when divine Providence opened the door for her entrance upon it, indicates how great a change may take place on the subject, even in the mind of a Christian.

Writing to her sister, January 21, 1823, she says, "Mr. M. took some pains to convince me that I ought to be a missionary; but I told him I never had thought that my calling."

The subject, in the course of this year, was before the mind of a much esteemed cousin, and some interchange of views was passing among the relatives of the circle. She writes, September 10, "Grandmamma L. says she thinks that cousin —— might be as useful at home, as on missionary ground; and mamma does not appear pleased with her plan. I asked grandmamma why it should not be consistent for our friends to make sacrifices for the church, as well as for others."

October 3, 1824.—"Mr. Gridley, an agent of the American Board, preached here last Sabbath, and is to

return in the course of a week or two, to establish associations among us. He intends to go to Palestine, and I should think him well calculated for the situation. How missions increase in importance. It seems to me that all classes and ages should be excited to some effort for them. Children might do much, by devoting an hour or two in a week to employments for their aid. I intend that S. shall learn to do something in reference to the great object."

August 29, 1826.—"I have thought much, recently, upon the subject of missions. I never felt it a duty to go myself, to the heathen. But I do feel that I ought to make every exertion with my hands (my all) in their behalf. How much we might do by devoting an hour every day to some employment for them."—"We have not money, but we have time and strength, the talents which God has seen fit to bestow upon us, and for which we must account. The cry is 'more funds, and more shall be accomplished.' I hope God will enable me to fulfill the resolutions which I have recently made, respecting these duties. I shall be no less guilty than the possessor of thousands of gold and silver. It requires a stronger effort for the covetous man to bestow his wealth, than for the naturally active to put forth his strength and redeem his time."

February 28, 1827.—"I have become a subscriber to the Missionary Herald, the two last numbers of which are very interesting. Do you not think the missionary cause is constantly gaining ground? What a privilege to be engaged in it!"

August 27, 1827.—"At a recent Bible class, Mr. Mitchell remarked upon the costly sacrifice which Mary offered to our Saviour, in gratitude for the restoration of her brother Lazarus, as an example to those whom God had blessed in the conversion of their friends. It went to

my heart. I am deficient in gratitude and devotedness." This followed the conversion of one of her younger brothers.

September 8, 1828.—"I read, some time since, with much feeling, 'Missionary Paper, No. 9,'* and have re-perused it of late. I also read extracts from it at our Missionary Association. Have you read the tract entitled 'True Believer Bountiful?' It is a sermon of Mr. Clark's, one or two sections of which are introduced into the Missionary Paper, No. 9. I think the plan proposed in the Missionary Herald, which I have just received, is the best which has appeared, for the arrangement of annual meetings and collections."

November 1, P. M.—"I have put on my hat and habit to attend the Monthly Concert, but the rain makes me doubtful about my duty. If three or four only could meet, it would be pleasant to add even a little, to the cloud of incense which is rising every hour of the twenty-four. —— Evening. I have returned from the Ladies Meeting, where nine assembled; and I hope we were not wholly destitute of the spirit of the occasion. In the 'Recorder' a series of pieces is published adapted to the monthly concert. The last, entitled 'The Alternative,' is calculated to arouse a new set of feelings, in regard to the duty of Christians."

December 15, 1829, after being permitted to rejoice in the conversion of her second brother, she says, "I feel now as if I should rejoice to be a missionary to the heathen. We owe a thank-offering. Our dear father has appeared very happy in looking upon us all."

January 15, 1830.—"I regret to hear what you say of a deficiency of missionaries. I have thought, lately, that if individuals from what are called 'the first families,' of

* Published by the A. B. C. F. M.—title, "Something has been done during the last forty years," a tract of thrilling interest.

both sexes, were to consecrate themselves to the work, it would give a new impulse to the cause. Suppose for instance, a young lady or gentleman, from the midst of our pleasant circle, in Norwich, should go to the heathen; would not our monthly concerts have a deeper interest? If one who meets with us at the missionary room were to be transplanted to labor among pagan females, would not our hearts be inflamed with new zeal and self-denial? Could not every place furnish and support one missionary? Oh! the hundreds that are sinking into misery while I write. Are we not in danger of fixing our eyes upon the future prospects of the church, rather than upon the souls who are perishing every passing hour. It appears to me there is no time to be lost in consulting with pride, under the specious names of 'respectability, suitable conformity,' &c. It is with the present generation of heathen, our brothers and sisters and neighbors, whose cries ring in our ears, that we have to do. And certainly in regard to our own country, there is not a moment to spare, if 'prevention is better than cure.' Let the world, who certainly are the majority, spend their energies in holding up a little longer, the inventions which must one day be overthrown; but let not Christians sell the souls of their fellow men at so cheap a rate. Sacrifices must be *sacrifices;* they require a struggle with selfishness, of course. We must expect to feel them, and suffer for them. Have you not seen persons profess to keep a fast, and because they felt hungry, go and eat something? Christians must learn to attach a new meaning to such passages as these: 'My kingdom is not of this world.' 'Be not conformed to this world.' 'A peculiar people, zealous of good works,' &c."

At a time when she spent her Sabbaths in teaching a Sabbath school among the Mohegan Indians, to which she walked six miles, she writes, September 11, 1831,—"It is

astonishing what an effect is produced upon my social interests by an absence from our church every Sabbath. I scarcely know who are in town, or how the congregation look. Yet it is a self-denial which ought to be practised for the good of others. The missionaries give up every thing. I should like to go to the Washington Islands, mentioned by Mr. Stewart, where no Christian has been. But my path seems plainly marked out; and I wish, dear brother, you would pray that I may have grace to subordinate every duty to those filial ones which are now so important."

In October of this year, (1831,) it appears her mind had made such progress on the subject of missions, that she came to the conclusion expressed in the following extract:—"Our annual meeting of the Foreign Missionary Society was very interesting. I then made the resolution, that whenever my dear parents want me no longer, if unfettered as I am now, I shall devote myself personally to a mission among the heathen. So you may consider me henceforth *a missionary in heart;* and when circumstances favor, must be ready to resign me, unless God should put insurmountable obstacles in my way."

But it was not in reading missionary intelligence and reflection upon it, only, that Miss Huntington was cherishing the spirit of missions. As early as the year 1827, she had become interested in the condition and necessities of a remnant of the Mohegan Indians, living six miles from Norwich. In 1830, we find her concerned in the circulation of a subscription to build a church for them; and with a circle of Christian females, among whom she met for prayer each week, making the case of the Western tribes, threatened with dispersion, a subject of special prayer. In the summer of 1830, writing to one of her friends, she says, "Will you pray for a Sabbath school in

Mohegan, of which Miss B. and myself have the sole care, and to which we devote our Sabbaths." In September following, it appears from a letter to the same friend, that she was earnestly desirous to have a place of worship, and a preacher, provided for them; and asking prayers for the success of the object, she says, "it is a great weight upon my mind, and I never sympathized so feelingly with the missionaries abroad, as now."

Under date of October 25, 1830, she addressed a letter to Jeremiah Evarts, Esq. Corresponding Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, giving a brief review of the condition of the remnant of this tribe of Indians. She thus concludes her appeal in their behalf:—

"After such protracted neglect of their best interests, the Indians seem surprised at a renewal of effort, on the part of the whites, and can hardly believe that it is not dictated by some selfish principle, or destined soon to evaporate. They will speak, however, of the 'good meetings' and 'beautiful singing' which they had among them many years ago.

"Our Sabbath school is held in a house occupied by the relatives of Rev. Sampson Occum. His sister, Lucy Tantiquigeon, died last winter at the age of ninety-eight. Her children, grand-children, great-grand-children, and great-great-grand-children now dwell there, in one habitation. She left a sweet savour behind her; and her children, two of them at least, give evidence of piety. The Lord will bless these Indians, I fully believe, if suitable measures are taken by the agents of his will. Much interesting matter might be collected respecting the tribe. The history of Mr. Occum is identified with that of Dartmouth College, and some of his manuscripts are still accessible.

"If consistent with your engagements, respected Sir, may I hope soon to hear from you? If your communication should be in the form of counsel, it would gratify me much, as I presume you are no stranger to that intense interest in an object, which occupies one's waking and sleeping hours. I am the more solicitous respecting this, because I feel that now is the critical time for action; as the present efforts are laboriously sustained, in especial reference to more efficient ones. Should these fail, and the existing interest subside, I fear the set time to favor this interesting people would have passed away, and their blood forever rest in our skirts.

"We shall wait, Sir, until the receipt of your letter, before making any systematic arrangement to obtain funds for the support of a missionary; assuring you, however, that not an iota of the burden of that shall rest upon your Society.

"I might have mentioned, in speaking of Mr. Occum, that a volume of hymns, composed by him, is extant in some part of New England, as well as a few sermons—and also his picture, taken in England, when he preached before the king.

"In regard to the Society of which you are the organ, permit me to say, Sir, that it possesses a charm in my own estimation, altogether paramount to every other institution, and I can, therefore, with the utmost sincerity, present to you my earnest wishes for its success, and the assurance of my labors and prayers to the extent of my ability."

November 2.—"You inquire respecting my plans for Mohegan. Miss R. of Montville, and myself, have engaged to keep a weekly school for the Indian children, this winter, taking weeks alternately. We meet there, on horseback, to-morrow, to reconnoitre the ground; and expect to commence on Monday after Thanksgiving. I

have written to Mr. Evarts on the condition of the Indians, and our plans; and we hope that like those in the State of New York, they will be taken under the patronage of the American Board, if the funds are furnished by Connecticut. You know all the Indians are regarded by that body as a foreign nation. The corner stone of the church is to be laid soon. I feel my interest for them increase every hour."

Nov. 3.—"My tour among the Indians, yesterday, was interesting. It was necessary to take a guide; and you would have been quite amused to have seen the picture which I presented—a little Indian girl behind me upon the horse, and half a dozen other children following on foot, talking as fast as their tongues would go. I was perfectly delighted with my situation, which was as romantic as real life can be, to say nothing of my moral reflections. The Indians have a fine spot of 2,700 acres; and if suitably trained, might become a respectable, happy community. May the Holy Spirit bless them, as he has done the degraded Sandwich Islanders!"

In her letters to her Christian friends, she often requested a special employment of their prayers for the success of the enterprize.

The progress of her own endeavors, and those of her associate, in this labor of love, will be learned from an extract of a letter of December 4, 1830, written at Mohegan, to her former teacher and friend, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, as follows:—"You will perhaps be surprised, that as a Sabbath school teacher only, my letter is dated from this spot. I must therefore inform you that Mohegan is to be my home, every alternate week, through the winter. I had expected to spend the whole of the season here, and made arrangements to that effect; but the increased weakness of my mother's eyes, rendered it inconsistent for me to do it, without subjecting myself to the reproof contained in

Matthew xv. 5, 6. My present assistant in the Sabbath school is a lady of Montville, whose residence is five miles from this. We have established a weekly school, the labors of which we mutually share. To-day completes the first week's effort, with sixteen scholars, and four or five more are expected. We occupy a pleasant room at Fort-hill farm, upon the southern declivity of the eminence chosen for the church. I should like exceedingly to have a visit from you, my dear Madam, this moment, at my solitary but not gloomy fireside. It is because I am confident that you take a heartfelt interest in this remnant of Indians, that I write thus freely.

"The inquiry has been made of me, 'Do they seem grateful for these attentions?' My answer is this: 'We are but discharging, in some inadequate measure, our debt of gratitude to them; the obligation is on our part.' So oppressed have I recently been, with my own criminal neglect of them, that I can feel no self-complacency in my feeble efforts.

"The strong natural propensity of the Indians to the use of ardent spirit, is the most discouraging circumstance respecting them—yet, many of those who are addicted to it, can and do abstain; and at this day, a ray of hope beams through the cloud. Inebriates are not now esteemed hopeless. I have had free conversations with a few on the subject, who seem, for the time being, disposed to reform. As far as I can judge, they possess acute minds. May I hope for your constant prayers, especially in reference to this vice, and for the descent of the Holy Spirit."

Assigning to one of her brothers a reason for her engagement in this difficult and self-denying work, she remarks—"One especial inducement to my plan arises from my sense of God's mercy to my brothers. I have

virtually promised a thank-offering, and 'I am straitened' till I find some way of presenting it. When seeking your conversion, I resolved, that if God heard me and renewed the hearts of my brothers, I would devote myself wholly to him. When others have almost reproved me for self-denial, I have longed to tell them the secret impulse. But my own heart has accused me of broken vows, while others have said I was 'going too far.' Each Christian knows what passes between his soul and God, with which 'the stranger intermeddleth not.'"

The details of her labors, and method of spending her time, may be gathered from a letter, commenced Dec. 12, and journalized under several subsequent dates.

"Seated in my little missionary apartment, which serves for parlor, bed-room, kitchen, school-room, and *chapel*, I have composed myself to the sweet employment of answering your good and long letter. I have a school of eighteen or twenty, including four adults;—one man, two married women, and a 'squassise.'* They come at half past nine, and stay until four, having half an hour's intermission; and we carry on arithmetic, millinery, tailoring, &c., besides the ordinary avocations of a school. All these, with the government of untutored, untamed beings, nearly exhaust my powers, during the day; and at evening I have work to fit, and 'my profession' to study.—But I am quite satisfied. I came here for their benefit, and not to please myself. Our Sabbath school is nearly twice as large, embracing whites, and is kept up four hours of the Sabbath, besides an intermission. I leave home Sunday morning, and return the next Sunday evening, and Miss R. does the same, so we are both here on the Sabbath. From my windows I see New London Point, and Groton Monument. My circumstances and duties are altogether new, and I sometimes

* Unmarried Indian female.

think myself in a dream. Will you pray for God's Spirit to visit our school and this vicinity.

"I should like to ask Mr. —— if the Saviour had any regard to *his* 'station,' when he left his throne for a dwelling among our wretched race? Our rank is that of *Christians*, if we would follow him. The more I contemplate his character, the more I am confirmed in my views on the subject of self-denial. If a soul outweighs in value the whole world, are the petty distinctions of life, which are fostered by the same spirit that produced the rebellion in heaven, to be put in competition with it? All that elevation of character which is the result of Christian principles operating upon the mind and heart, ought to be cultivated in honor of Him, who is the source of all excellence. Every other preëminence over our fellow beings, my principles, to say nothing of my practice, condemn.

"Ten o'clock approaches, which is my hour for retiring. (I rise at five.) The 'school ma'am' begins to be weary. Once more, good night. I hope 'Orion's bands,' and 'the sweet influences of Pleiades,' are as bright and beautiful at W., as they are this evening in Mohegan."

17th. "I have just now returned from a visit to see a sick child and a dying man. The latter is a victim of intemperance. As he lay upon his bed, pale and emaciated, I felt a strong conviction that the Indians are really Israelites; so strikingly did the entire character of his face resemble that of the Jews, and especially the lineaments of our Saviour, as exhibited by painters—who have probably followed the national cast of countenance. I do not say much of my belief; but often when I am giving instruction to the children from God's word, the unbidden thought rushes upon me with force, that their progenitors are his peculiar people. Three of my scholars returned with me, voluntarily, as it was dusk—

two boys and a girl—ages seven, eight and nine. The new moon and stars were just appearing, and our conversation was very interesting and elevated. The Indians have acute minds. Moral and intellectual culture is all they want."

That Miss Huntington was endearing herself to those whose good she was seeking, in her missionary residence, besides the Indians, appears from the following extract.

"Tuesday Evening.

"Dear Mother:—On my arrival here, I found all my expectations realized. Mr. and Mrs. D. were impatiently waiting for me, and a happier couple, or happier countenances, I never beheld. The former had selected a hymn to show me, as expressive of his feelings—it is the 373d of the Village Hymns, which S. will read to you. I found also several pious females and young converts from Montville, with Miss R., and we held a little prayer meeting in our room. The meetings in the evening and on Sunday were very solemn. My duties here are delightful; and I should love to spend my life in seeking after those who 'are lost.'"

"Mohegan, Jan. 20, 1831.

"I thank you, dear sister, for your timely caution respecting pride. I said to a friend, the other day, that God takes care of that. If he calls his children to any service for him, he knows how to keep them low. I have had many trials in this undertaking. Not in my humble accommodations—these are nothing, they are voluntary—but in the indifference, coldness, and unkind remarks of some Christian friends. I have had much to remind me of the Saviour's declaration respecting 'a prophet in his own country.' By some I have been sustained and

encouraged, and have had the happiness to see others endeavoring to make amends for their past unfriendliness to the effort. But my constant occupation and fatigue, (the labor which was to have been divided, devolving upon me,) and consciousness of great inability, have left me little time to indulge in self-complacency—and should I even be called to more self-denying service, if I am a real child of God, I cannot but think I should have the evidence which St. Paul enjoyed of his renewed nature, a forgetfulness of past attainments, and a pressing towards future ones. You know we are all baptized into one Spirit.——There is one thing, however, which occasionally gives me some uneasiness—the fear that were I compelled to pursue a course, which I could voluntarily adopt, my deceitful heart would rebel—'God knoweth!' I trust my health will not suffer materially; though every energy, physical and mental, is requisite. When the weather permits, I walk, morning and evening, and I sit very little in school.

"I detected my own heart, a few evenings since rather unexpectedly. I had had some religious conversation with nearly every member of this family but the married daughter, who is about your age. I knew she respected the subject, but I rather shrunk from a personal application of it to her. She came into my room to spend an hour in the evening; and though the opportunity was favorable, I thought if I only performed my duty before the winter closed, it would be sufficient. But just before she was leaving, I made a direct appeal to her own case, and found her very tender—she wept much, and seemed disposed to prolong the conversation, and remarked that she had often wondered that Christians were so backward in their duty. The next morning she appeared solemn, and still more so since. In reflecting upon the subject, I saw my inconsistency, I did not consider that *delay*,

on my part, would endanger her soul, but I was only devising a course to satisfy my own conscience. Is not this the reason why religious conversation is often useless, because it is introduced in a languid manner, merely as a *duty*."

To the friend who had been her first coadjutor in this enterprize, but was providentially removed to a distant part of the country, she writes:—

"Norwich, Aug. 13, 1831.

"I must tell you what abundant cause we have for gratitude in reference to *our* mission, (I must still include *you.*) It is just one year since we commenced our labors, in that kitchen, under embarrassments which your memory will readily recall. Now, they have a chapel, a stated ministry, and the means for its support! One hundred dollars have been appropriated by the Domestic Missionary Society towards aiding them; which, with other contributions, enable us to answer the very moderate demands of Mr. W., who, with his wife, is highly calculated to be useful there.

"Now, my dear friend, why should we not come before God with confidence, and implore that gift, which of all others, he is most pleased to bestow? *the Holy Spirit;* without which every other blessing will become a curse. It is especially needed in this case, for the unfriendly whites are continually exciting the Indians to suspicion—instilling into their minds the idea that our efforts are only a speculation, and that all the expense is derived from their own pittance. On my return, I found that these surmises had gained influence, and diminished the congregation; but appearances are more favorable now. For so limited a field, it is an extremely difficult one to occupy. Untiring labors, I have no doubt, will

eventually, be crowned with success. Surely we have reason to take courage from what God has already done for them. *Do pray much for the Holy Spirit.*"

Not satisfied with laboring for the present supply of the spiritual wants of these people, Miss Huntington conceived the plan of seeking aid from the Legislature of Connecticut, and also from the Government of the United States. A petition to the former was drawn by her, and with accompanying signatures, was presented at the session in May, 1831. The object of the petition was to obtain the aid of the State, both to give them Christian instruction and a school. The application failed, however. In prosecution of the object on which her heart was so earnestly set, she addressed a letter to the Hon. Lewis Cass, then Secretary of War, to which department of the general government belongs the superintendence of Indian affairs. She also addressed a letter to her kinsman, Hon. Jabez W. Huntington, then a representative in Congress, from Connecticut, requesting such aid as it might be in his power to afford. The result of this effort was successful, in obtaining an appropriation of five hundred dollars towards erecting buildings, and four hundred dollars for the support of a teacher. The first sum was employed in building a house for the teacher, and the latter has been annually received and appropriated for his support. The church was built wholly with funds obtained in Norwich, through the exertions of Miss Huntington and her first coadjutor in this enterprize.

Not alone for this little remnant of a single Indian tribe, did Miss H. cherish a benevolent interest, but also for other tribes, especially those which were liable to suffer injustice at the hands of our country, as the following sentiments attest, addressed to one who had been a missionary to one of the South Western tribes:—"I have

thought much of the Choctaws, just setting out upon their march. May the God of Israel go with them! I now go and return to Mohegan on foot, upon the Sabbath; and in my fatigue, try to think of the great privations of other missionaries, and of our imprisoned brethren.* I do believe that an almighty power will arise for this peculiar people, and confound their enemies. If it should be found that the aborigines of this country are the lost tribes of Israel, how appropriate the predictions respecting them, particularly Ezekiel, 37th chapter, and Amos, 9th."

The following letter, addressed to Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, furnishes the continuance of the history of Miss Huntington's efforts on behalf of the Indians, and her farther views respecting them.

"Norwich, April 4, 1831.

"Dear Madam:—In consequence of various and pressing duties, arising from my desultory and changing life the past winter, I have permitted your kind and soothing letter to remain long unanswered—not because I did not prize it highly and receive it gratefully. It was truly a cordial to my feelings, and I thank you sincerely for it and the little books. The one by Mr. Gallaudet is already in the hands of an adult learner, who knew not that there was a Saviour, until I had the privilege of telling it to her; and who has for some time practised at least a temporary reformation, and manifested considerable tenderness of conscience. I have indeed found no deficiency of intellect among the Indian children, and among those adults only who have been debased by circumstances. My week-day duties at Mohegan have ceased; but my Sabbaths are spent with them, and will be so through the summer.

* Rev. Mr. Worcester and his associate, then in the Georgia penitentiary.

The Sabbath school increases in numbers and interest, and we are so happy as to obtain three pious teachers upon the ground, which with two others and a superintendent, from Norwich, will give it some importance. One of the Mohegan teachers is a lovely girl, of recent spiritual birth, belonging to a family of ten children, from whom we at first experienced opposition, ridicule, and actual persecution—now five of them are attached to the school. In the family at Fort Hill, where we resided, three conversions have occurred. At that place, regular religious services are sustained, Sabbath afternoons and Wednesday evenings. There is an increasing attention to the means of grace in the neighborhood, among whites and Indians, and tokens of mercy here and there among the former; while a powerful revival has existed in those parts of Montville which have been longer cultivated. The meeting-house is to be raised this week, and the week-day school resumed by a hired teacher, next week.

"These circumstances bring me to that part of your letter in which you make a proposition. I would not venture to dissent entirely from your maturer judgment; still I have been led to think, that as the number of the Mohegans is so small, and their property sufficient to support them virtuously, and especially as the means of grace and advantages of education are to be furnished them by the benevolence of others, it is desirable that they should be kept together and become an object for permanent efforts to ameliorate their condition upon their own territory. I feel likewise some repugnance to their being servants to those who have treated them so cruelly. I fully concur with you in the opinion that they require motives to perseverance in goodness. Of this I have had abundant testimony in my intercourse with them; it has led me to make continued exertion for their benefit, and this fact is urging their friends here to the determination, that

a missionary must speedily be obtained to occupy the house.

"You will perceive that, whether intentionally or not, I have deferred a reply to your letter until I could answer your kind question, 'What can I do to serve you?' The meeting-house will probably be dedicated in the course of a few weeks, and if your ready pen will furnish us a hymn for the occasion, it will be truly gratifying.

"When we first became acquainted with our interesting charge, they could not raise a note in singing; now, no book is so attractive to them as a hymn book; they readily catch the air of a tune. We have formed also a temperance society. In our peregrinations upon Mohegan ground, we found a very defaced picture of Mr. Occum, taken while he was in England, in clerical robes. I brought it home and placed it in the care of Col. John Trumbull, who has obtained from Miss M—, a benevolent lady in New York, two hundred and fifty lithographic prints of the same, which are to be sold for the benefit of the tribe. It is necessarily a rough sketch, from so imperfect a copy, but is nevertheless of some value to the virtuoso and the philanthropist. I am waiting for an opportunity to send one as a present to yourself and Mr. and Mrs. W., and also a little package for sale in Hartford, if you would take the trouble of them. The subscription to the church is not quite completed, and considerable remains to be done in regard to a missionary and school. It is hoped our legislature will aid somewhat.

"I trust we have your constant prayers, for without the blessing of God our efforts are fruitless.

"At our anticipated Sabbath school celebration, next week, we expect to have the procession augmented by our Mohegan branch.

"My parents and friends kindly reciprocate your affectionate remembrance. The chain of affection to which

you allude, resembles almost all others of an earthly nature. They are most conspicuous for their broken links; but there is consolation in the thought, that every link which is of real value, will be reunited in a holier sphere, forming one long, bright, immortal chain, binding us to the throne of the Eternal. This reflection cheers me, as I become daily more impressed with the inconstancy of sublunary joys."

Miss Huntington, with the countenance of several of her Christian friends—among whom was the lady addressed in the last letter—had also a plan for the benefit of a remnant of the Pequod tribe of Indians.

From the extracts which follow, it appears that she had the satisfaction of seeing an advance of the importance of the Mohegan enterprize in the minds of others. "Your interesting communication was particularly acceptable, and I thank you for commencing the correspondence. In the little interview which we enjoyed, I felt a peculiar sympathy with you, which has been heightened by bearing you upon my heart, as I have since done, before God. You cannot tell how much satisfaction it gives me to reflect, that in that spot, where once I could scarcely find *one* who would feel with me for the poor Indians, there are now those who love to devise plans for the benefit of that once degraded community. Your plan I highly approve, and shall rejoice to aid in its accomplishment; and I should think it would be well to have it put in operation without any delay.

"I have just been perusing, in my closet, the 6th chapter of Galatians, to the 9th verse of which I would refer you and all who labor at Mohegan. Should your plan succeed, I will try to visit you some day when you are assembled. In accomplishing objects of this kind, I have usually found them to succeed better if I undertook them

with an expectation of success in my own mind, and an apparent courage in the view of others. Earnestness and confidence go a great way in gaining the co-operation of friends; and when exercised in dependence upon God, and gentleness towards our fellow beings, is perfectly right. Excuse my liberty in giving advice. I know you were sincere in asking it, and I should do wrong in withholding it. I beg your earnest prayers that we may be directed in selecting a child from the Pequods. He will be an interesting object to us, as we hope the Lord will convert and sanctify him as a chosen vessel. Let us pray that we may be so evidently guided in our choice, that the Spirit may whisper to us, 'Arise and anoint *him*, for *this is he*.' And like David, who was taken from the sheep-cote, may he prove a blessing to his nation."

It is proper here to remark that Miss Huntington's interest in this object knew no decrease, in the midst of her foreign missionary labors. Writing from Syria, to her first associate in labors among the Mohegans, she says,—"Miss Williams and myself often talk of Mohegan; and we have received many interesting letters from Mr. G. I shall not forget the scenes in old Lucy's kitchen, and beneath the hay-stack, in which you and I mingled. I trust we shall talk of them in heaven."

It may gratify the reader to know the present state of this little mission. The following extract of a letter recently received from Rev. Anson Gleason, the pastor and teacher stationed at Mohegan, answers inquiry on this point. After giving an account of the organization of the church, he observes:—"Since then, from time to time, others have been hopefully converted and united to our little fold; till upwards of forty have been enrolled—thirteen of whom are natives, three males and ten females. One native female has been excommunicated; two have departed this life in peace; two white sisters have also

died. * * * Our members generally are spiritual and active, both natives and whites, and live in much harmony and good feeling. Thus, dear brother, you see that the precious seed your sister sowed in tears, here on this hard soil, has come up and yielded a glorious harvest. The little school she left is very prosperous. There are now twenty native children who attend school, and are making good progress in useful studies. One little Indian girl is making rapid progress in the Latin Reader."

CHAPTER VII.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH HER FATHER AND FRIENDS RESPECTING THE FOREIGN MISSION SERVICE — ENGAGEMENT TO MR. SMITH — MARRIAGE — EMBARKATION.

The time had now arrived, in which Miss Huntington was to have the gratification of her long cherished wishes to serve her divine Lord, and promote the salvation of a dying world, by engaging in the foreign mission service. It appeared the design of Providence, that through the Rev. Eli Smith, of the American Mission at Beyroot, Syria, should be brought before her mind the subject of entering upon that good work, as the wife of a missionary. As it is instructive and interesting to see the movements of the mind and heart of a Christian like Miss Huntington, in contemplating such an important step; extracts will be given from her correspondence with her father and other friends on the subject.

"March, 1833.

"My honored and beloved Father:—I have taken my pen to address you on a subject which could not at present be discussed, in personal conversation, either by you or myself, with sufficient composure. It is one so momentous in its nature, that I almost tremble while I write;

and I would most tenderly and respectfully request you to suspend your judgment, and strive to control the strong affections of your heart, until you have deliberately and prayerfully considered the whole matter.

"You know, my dear father, that I have long regarded the missionary cause with deep interest; but how deep, no being but the God of missions, has known. My sincerity is now put to the test; and the question is to be decided, whether I will forsake home and country, to dwell as a laborer in that land which was the 'cradle of Christianity'—is contiguous to the scene of our Saviour's sufferings—and where he promised peculiar blessings upon those who should be made partakers of the same. Upon the single question, *whether I am willing to become a Missionary*, I have not now to decide; that has been long settled in my own mind. But it involves another; whether I will go in the way which Providence now seems to point out. This last depends upon the course which my feelings shall take towards the individual who has presented the inquiry,—*in case your approbation be obtained.*

"I could cover many pages in recording the circumstances which have contributed to inspire me with what I hope is a missionary spirit; but can only glance at the most prominent, to convince you, that at the age of thirty, and after twelve years' training in the school of Christ, my resolution is not hastily formed.

"From the first year of my Christian life, I began to feel the importance of sacrifices, to promote the cause of missions, on the part of those who remain at home. Supposing myself unqualified, by education and habits, for active service abroad, the continually deepening views which I received were confined to labors at home; until the time that Rev. Mr. Temple addressed our Auxiliary, more than three years since; when they assumed a definite

form. Never shall I forget the impression made upon me by his appeals! I seemed pressed down with such a weight of obligation, and sense of past delinquency, that I almost wished the dust might cover me, and oblivion throw its veil over my unpardonable indifference. It was an epoch in my Christian course. I consecrated myself anew to my Saviour's cause, and I hope was accepted in so doing.

"It was not long after this that the Valley of the Mississippi became an object of interest; and to this field, I devoted myself in heart, by regulating my expenses and habits, in view of a residence there for two years as a teacher. These arrangements were providentially diverted from their original design, and were brought into requisition at Mohegan, where were reflected in miniature, some of the lights and shades of more extended missionary operations.

"But there is still another period to which I look back with feelings of intense and sacred interest.—The desires which I had cherished were like a smothered flame in my breast, which every missionary meeting, and every monthly concert, seemed to rekindle and cause to rise higher and higher. Often have I returned from the concert of prayer completely exhausted with the exercises of my soul, and burning with desire, to lay myself upon the altar of sacrifice, as the only assurance that I was doing *all* which I *could* do, for that cause which brought the Saviour from his throne.—The period to which I refer was the last missionary meeting but one, which was held at Dr. Strong's church: when with perfect calmness I made, and after reaching home, *recorded*, a solemn resolution, to this effect;—*that whenever my parents could spare me, if I were as much at liberty as then, I would devote myself to the work of a foreign missionary, and hold myself ready to go forth in such capacity as Providence should point out.* From that time, until recently, I have felt almost

assured that I should find my grave in a distant land. During my illness last summer, my hopes received a check; and fearing that my constitution was injured, I almost relinquished the expectations which I had indulged. I was cast into the valley of humiliation, too, where I felt that God regarded me as he did his servant David, when he *accepted* the *desire* which prompted him to build a temple to his honor; but chose another thus to perpetuate his glory. The sudden death of my brother had a tendency to deepen my humility—if, through grace, I may give it that appellation—and this winter I have had such exercises as I never knew before. I have sought to concentrate my feelings and desires within the narrow but not unimportant circle of home engagements.

"In retracing my past views, which led me to ask for an assimilation of soul with prophets, apostles, and martyrs, I feared that the incense had been touched with unhallowed fire. I determined to devote myself exclusively to the performance of filial and other relative duties, and 'in honor to prefer' all others to myself; and this I wished to do without arrogating to myself any merit, as though it were a condescension. I have felt myself under a cloud, but I have not lost my anchor; and my whole spirit was more like that of a little child, than any thing which I had before experienced. I was willing to relinquish the cherished object of my heart, the missionary cause, and to be and do, whatever God required, small as it might appear.

"In this attitude the important question now in agitation found me—in a better state I think, to decide coolly and judiciously, than in those days of greater excitement to which I have alluded. Now a field seems opened before me, more desirable than any other upon a foreign soil, with a fellow-laborer whose previous knowledge of the station, and other qualifications, give him a high rank

in this department. But I dare not, and shall not indulge my prepossessions in his favor, except I have not merely your consent, but your cheerful approval. This has already been bestowed by my dear mother, and other near friends, without any solicitation on my part.

"And now, my dear father, to you, who are the *earthly* idol of my heart, is submitted the sole responsibility of deciding this interesting question, interwoven with the concerns of eternity. Were I invited to unite my destiny with a merchant, whose business called us to the shores of the Mediterranean, I think you would not hesitate to resign me, and would feel that you and my mother would be kindly provided with every attention. Will not He who has required, as a test of discipleship, that all should be willing to forsake father, and mother, and children for him, be true to his own promise? Although it has been my delight to contribute to your and mamma's happiness, (and I had anticipated with great satisfaction, the privilege of smoothing your declining paths,) yet in the ordinary course of nature, a few years, at best, would terminate these duties. Should I leave you for a home in a foreign clime, I know that I shall suffer intensely and perhaps often, with an aching heart and yearnings of the tenderest affection towards you. Yet I feel impelled to venture upon these and other trials, *if I may go with your blessing.* I want, my dear father, that you should *enjoy the satisfaction of giving me up, as it were, voluntarily,* to this work, in the spirit with which you renewed the dedication of all your children to God, in that hour when the spirit of *one* was hovering near the gate of heaven. I have thought constantly of *that act,* within a few days, and said to myself, 'Will my dear father stand the test which was involved in that committal?' Will it not afford you consolation, though it be associated with sorrow, to reflect that you have one child safely lodged in

the tabernacle on high, and another in the outer court of that tabernacle—which missionary ground seems to resemble? I shall wait your answer with intense interest. Should you surrender me to the Saviour, and to that work which I covet, I should like to add a few lines to this, and forward it to New York and Vermont.

"May that blessing which maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow thereto, be yours, kindest and best of parents! If I leave you, the blessing will be yours in a double sense; if I stay, I may not be able to shield you from the stings of 'sorrow,' should God see fit to send them."

"My dear Brothers and Sisters:—Our beloved father, with his accustomed tenderness and prudence, has taken the foregoing letter into serious and deliberate consideration; and he requests that each one of his children will first give his individual and unbiassed opinion, before the result of his own final decision is known. As I cannot enjoy the privilege of personal intercourse with you, at present, I must add something which you will wish to know respecting this case.

"In the first place, I must speak of the friend who has presented this subject to us. It is the Rev. Eli Smith, who has been a missionary in western Asia for six or seven years; and since his return, last year, has published the travels of Mr. Dwight and himself in Armenia.

"In addition to what I have said to our dear father, I will mention other reasons, which lead me to the conclusion, that this matter bears the impress of the finger of God. In retracing my life from childhood to the present time, I see much which appears like a measure of training for this purpose, so far as human influences operate; although the work appears so solemn and important, that it seems to me little short of entire holiness is sufficient for it; and that God's abounding grace can alone suffice. You

know I have always cultivated a spirit of enterprize, which mamma's influence has tended to increase; and her disregard of those trifling things which many women esteem so highly, has insensibly led me to value the stronger points of character more. That I should have been preserved from forming any connections which should involve me in the ordinary circumstances of life, and that these should have appeared to me so insipid—or perhaps I had better say unsatisfying—does not seem to me an accident merely.

"In years that are past, when my dear brothers were strangers to God, and I used to agonize before him in their behalf, I pledged myself in case of their conversion, to bring 'an offering very costly' and lay it at my Saviour's feet, as an expression of my gratitude; and often since my prayers were heard, have I inquired of myself, 'where is it?' That touching scene in the dying chamber of our dear P., when those three brothers' heads were together bent before their God, seems now like a token, let down from heaven itself, to remind me of my promise.

"These thoughts, and many others which I cannot now relate, might seem like the stirrings of an ardent temperament, wrought up to a state of enthusiasm by some sudden event, were it not that they have been dwelt upon, and recorded too, before this time, for my own private benefit.

"In going to a foreign land, I should not be neglecting benevolent labors at home; for these are now reduced to so much system, that each one knows his place, and there are many idle hands which could well be spared or act as substitutes. I have been hedged up of late, and my circle of duties continually narrowing, until my field is circumscribed by the walls of my father's house. And even here my labors are more limited and less important than

might be supposed. The social character of our inhabitants, with our numerous circle of relatives, very happily tends to occupy a large proportion of our dear mother's sympathies and to obviate her privations. Their kind attentions are so generously bestowed, that days have sometimes passed, in which I have not had five minutes conversation with her; and she has noticed, as well as myself, how almost invariably I have been interrupted, whenever I have taken a book to read aloud. That my presence contributes greatly to the happiness of my dear parents, their affection, which becomes every day more endearing and precious, will not allow me to deny; and yet I do feel, that should they 'not grudgingly or of necessity,' but with cheerfulness, surrender me to Christ, he will make all grace 'to abound' towards them; and that they will never for a moment regret the sacrifice. I can see also a way in which every attention will be furnished them.

"Do not think that I have not seriously contemplated the darker shades in the picture of a missionary life; though I acknowledge that the train of my thoughts is more in accordance with the following sentiments, contained in an address of Mr. Smith's, on the trials of the missionary, (and who could enter upon the work without such prepossessions?) than with the forbidding features. He says, 'your satisfaction will be unalloyed and ennobling, in feeling that you have thrown yourself into a position perfectly congruous to all your true relations to time and eternity; by selecting an employment that sinks to their deserved rank of trifles, the affairs of the body and of time, by neglecting them; and exalts to their proper magnitude, the affairs of the soul and of eternity, by looking to them for its objects and its pleasures.' Yet I do not forget, that the life of a missionary is usually short; and that even before I reach the field of labor, I

may find a watery grave. Should I arrive there, my prevailing impression is, that I shall live but a few years, and that those few may accomplish but little for the benefit of those immediately around me. But if only a 'cup bearer' to him who seeks my aid, by helping him to work successfully, I should not go in vain. And if our church in surrendering for the first time one of her children to this blessed cause; and our Sabbath school, and particularly my circle of friends, should feel themselves more identified with the cause of missions, by my means, the sacrifice would be worth making. The more I have to give up, the more valuable will be the offering which I am permitted to make.

"Hitherto I have looked at the work with an ardent desire to be permitted the *privilege* of engaging in it; now, while it seems as desirable as ever, the leadings of Providence and the coincidences which accompany the present event, lead me to feel that God not only permits, but is *calling* me to leave all and follow him. And when I wonder at his condescension in choosing so feeble an agent, whose insignificance and depravity deserved nothing but his contempt and wrath, I am consoled with the assurance, that if in Christ Jesus I am worthy to inherit a crown of immortal glory; through the same infinite love, I may be permitted to sympathise in his labors and his sufferings here.

"May God graciously lift upon us all the favor of his countenance, and be a light to our feet at this critical period!"

On receiving replies to the foregoing, she again writes:

"March 14, 1833.

"My ever dear Father:—After having perused the letter of my brothers and sisters, before God, and having

implored the aid of the Spirit in the guidance of my pen, I have seated myself to ask for your final decision in this case, in which my feelings are now more tenderly and deeply interested, than when I addressed you nearly a fortnight since. You will readily perceive, from the perusal of the communication just received, that one object which our friends had in view, was to present the other side of the subject in such a light, as to bring my sincerity to the test, and to check all dangerous enthusiasm. For this I thank them.

"After assuring you, my dear father, that no change whatever is produced in my mind by the letter, I will proceed to review its contents from the beginning, for your satisfaction, theirs, and my own.

* * * * * *

"And now, my dear father, I have nothing to add to the inducements which I have already laid before you. Since the commencement of this important subject, I have indulged no impatience nor distrust. My feelings towards yourself and towards my heavenly Parent, have been increasingly consoling to me, as furnishing testimony that my hopes in his grace are not fallacious. In quietness and in confidence is my strength, 'and my foot standeth in an even place.' The prospect of heaven seems bright and cheering, and I feel that we shall all soon sit there together. Then, and not till then, will you and my other dear friends appreciate fully *all* the motives and the providences which seem to my mind to be urging me into the path, which possesses so many attractions in my eyes;

'The path in which the Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.'"

Miss Huntington had the satisfaction, soon after writing the foregoing letter, of receiving the consent of her father

to the proposals which had been under consideration. She then, with great satisfaction began her preparations to go forth to that work upon which her mind and heart had been so long and intently fixed. In pursuance of this object she visited her relatives in New York and Philadelphia. A few extracts from her letters written at this time, will show her frame of mind and the state of her heart, in anticipation of what was before her.

"New York, March 28, 1833.

"My beloved Parents:—From brother E. you have heard of my safe arrival here. Our passage was unusually calm and pleasant. Our cabin, through the night, was as quiet as a private apartment at home. The voice of our pilot broke upon the stillness of the night, and my thoughts immediately traced an analogy between him and our blessed Saviour, who, in his untiring love and watchfulness, 'never slumbereth nor sleepeth.' I thought I could add another stanza to that most beautiful hymn of Watts, commencing thus:

'Join all the glorious names,
Of wisdom, love and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore,
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.'

"I am going to see uncle Trumbull, to consult with him about taking some lessons in perspective, according to Mr. S.'s suggestion. I think of you, my dear parents, only as happy in the presence of Him, 'whose loving kindness is better than life.' That you will continue to enjoy his smiles, and that these will make your last days your best days, is the prayer and expectation of your grateful child."

"New York, April 1, 1833.

"I thank you, my dear brother, for your affectionate note. I have thought much of late upon the privilege enjoyed by those who are the offspring of the righteous. Dr. Griffin once remarked, in a sermon, that in this country, there was many an unbroken chain of pious ancestry, reaching from its first settlement down to the present time. Might we not find our own family forming one of the links, which will extend into the eternal world. How high then are our obligations."

"Philadelphia, April 11, 1833.

"My dear Parents:—From this city of brotherly love, I feel disposed to address you, although my letter may not be completed until after my return to New York. I left the latter place on Tuesday morning at half past six. I took cousin S. by surprise; though a cordial welcome from herself and kind husband were bestowed upon me. His country seat is a charming one, and were the weather a little warmer I should put my slight knowledge of perspective to the trial. Vessels of all sizes are to be seen every hour, passing up and down the Schuylkill, which forms the western boundary of the estate. The brilliancy of the verdure of the surrounding fields and graceful slopes, surpasses anything which I have ever seen. Having spent the last fortnight amid the brick walls and dust of New York, the opening of spring seems like a sudden transition; for the apricot trees are here in full blossom. The air is very bland, and the songsters of the grove seem more melodious than usual."

"I have made a short but satisfactory visit to West's painting of 'Christ healing the Sick;' and gazed with intense interest and heartfelt sympathy, upon the bronze statute of William Penn, whose left hand holds the treaty which he made with the Indians, and which makes

his memory so precious to me. We spent a half hour among the exotics of a distinguished florist, where I saw the most brilliant display of hyacinths that I ever met, of every shade and exceedingly double. The gardener loaded us with them. I only regret that I cannot convey them to Norwich, that their fragrance might greet the senses of my dear mother, as they do mine at this moment. I would not have failed of making this visit, and shall remember it with especial pleasure, when far away."

"New York, April 16, 1833.

"I left Philadelphia on Saturday. I formed an acquaintance with an interesting Quakeress, on board the boat, who appeared like a pious lady. When I parted with her, I took her hand and remarked, that I hoped we should meet in a better world. She replied with characteristic composure and plainness, but with bewitching gentleness, 'I hope so: I am pleased with thy countenance.' It was my first acquaintance with one of this sect, and I think it will give me satisfaction, when I have passed the 'river of death,' to recollect that with Christian affection I had shaken hands with a 'Friend.'"

"Last Sabbath was the communion in the Bowery church, where side by side with dear E——, we commemorated the love of that Saviour to whose work we are consecrated. I rejoice, dear father, that you have *his* presence. *He will not leave you comfortless, but will come unto you*, more graciously than ever. I trust I shall be with you on Saturday. Notwithstanding my enjoyment here, and elsewhere, I shall rejoice more than all, to be once more with you, in my quiet home. My love awaits each one of you."

"Norwich, April 23, 1833.

"Your gratifying letter, my dear sister, reached me in New York and was peculiarly acceptable. I thank you

for resigning me so cheerfully. Our dear father is in just that state of mind, respecting my departure, which I wished and expected him to acquire. In his letters to me while I was absent, he expressed unusual confidence in God, and enjoyment of his presence; and the day of my return, which was Saturday last, he very frankly acknowledged, in my presence, that his feelings had been wrong, but were now wholly changed.

"It is of the first importance that we all preserve a quiet spirit. I have been so unusually composed, since this event, that I dread more than any thing, a ruffled, excited state of feeling.

"I had a pleasant visit in New York and Philadelphia; though rejoiced to return, where I can walk more by faith, which it is very difficult to do in a tumultuous city. I hope we shall all be enabled to preserve our spirituality of mind; which is practicable, if we keep other things in their subordinate place. If any may take advantage of the precept, 'Take no thought for the morrow,' we who are in the ranks of our Saviour, avowedly, and sincerely I hope, may do so. 'For your Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things,' is a precious promise."

"May.

"What a lovely spring this is! All nature seems joyous, animate and inanimate. This little plain looks like a paradise, and I sometimes sing, with *pleasure*, rather than pain, Eve's lamentation,

'Must I leave thee, Paradise!
Thus leave thee, native soil,
These happy walks and shades?'

Yes, with joy I leave thee, that souls, whose value outweighs a world's delights, may become heirs of the 'sweet fields beyond the swelling flood.' It is a little after

sunrise now, and I have had a precious season in my closet, where my mind seemed to expand with the truth of God. How soon we shall know him in eternity! Let us quicken ourselves in the race set before us."

"Norwich, June 21, 1833.

"I am grateful to my dear friends for their kind interest, and their solicitude for my future happiness. But they must all be cautious, and myself too, about dwelling much upon those features in the case which are calculated to encourage too much sensibility. You recollect the reply of our Saviour to Peter, when he said, 'be it far from thee, Lord.' The work before us, is, as Mr. S. expresses it, one of inconceivable magnitude, and whatever has a tendency to weaken courage, must be regarded as our Saviour did the rebuke of his warm hearted disciple, as a temptation to be resisted. How precious is the thought that he who said, 'Lo, I am with you alway,' was a human, as well as a divine being.

"I think, dear sister, that some of the views which are entertained respecting missionary relinquishments and privations are a little imaginary. If we attempt to sum up the amount of real happiness enjoyed by those who remain at home, including all the anxieties and perplexities attendant upon almost every hour, what will be the result? Cast in the balance against those of the missionary, which are of a different nature perhaps, are we sure that the latter would preponderate? It is the testimony of all missionaries I have noticed, that their trials are not of the kind, which fill the anticipations of their friends. I am unwilling that my friends should cultivate in themselves, or myself, the feeling that I am *too valuable* for the sacrifice.

"Your prayers I prize. I ask their continuance, that my work may assume such an appearance in my eyes, as

to outweigh every minor consideration, and that the great realities of eternity may fill all our souls."

"Norwich, July 5, 1833.

"As soon as you had left the door yesterday, dear brother and sister, I retired to your vacant room, and there my heart seemed strengthened with the same hope which I felt would strengthen me in death; I felt that it was enduring as eternity. Glorious hope! what can a feeble human being do without it? Eternal things never seemed so real to me as they now do. Our circumstances as a family, for many years, have been of a teaching nature; and we should be dull indeed, had we learnt nothing. Although we have had trials, they are such as we would hardly exchange for those of most others; and our blessings certainly we would not relinquish for those which are only temporal. Let us be grateful and cheerful, and, as a wise man of Persia said, 'speak of our trials with a smile.'

"When you pray for me, ask that I may have more and more love for souls and for God's honor. This is the only feeling which can sustain a missionary; and bear away the spirit from selfishness."

"July 8, 1833.

"Mr. Dickinson preached yesterday morning from the words, 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth;' and in the afternoon from Malachi iii. 8. I have seldom had much enjoyment at the communion table, because I have usually been too exclusive and personal in my desires, looking for some especial token of the Saviour's love *for me*. I trust that yesterday I was enabled to throw off those shackles; and that hereafter, as then, it will be a season in which I shall feel my obligations to a dying world, and make some new surrender to my Master.

I felt yesterday that the church was in no immediate danger of apathy from having nothing to do. It will require a great effort for her to 'arise and shake herself from the dust,' and 'put on her beautiful garments,' and be 'comely as Jerusalem.' A few have already commenced the reformation, and ministers must lead the van; and all of us who feel interested must work hard, and pray much, and prepare to encounter obstacles. But let us go forward; for the Lord is on our side. 'Be wise as serpents and harmless as doves.' "

Soon after her marriage, Mrs. Smith with her husband left Norwich to make several final visits to relatives and friends; of which the following extracts furnish a brief account.

"Bennington, Vt., Aug. 10, 1833.

"My dear Parents:—I am very happy to be able to address you once more from this spot. Our visit at Northford was exceedingly pleasant and satisfactory, and the time passed almost unconsciously. I was gratified to see so many of Mr. Smith's numerous relatives, which, with my own, would make a *congregation* of no inconsiderable size; and with thanksgiving I may add, their united prayers would form a cloud of incense not to be found in every circle of similar number. May I not be unmindful of the privilege of having so many praying friends! On the Sabbath my husband preached a farewell discourse, and took leave of many of his friends. I could not refrain from mingling my tears with theirs upon the interesting occasion. Monday morning we bid a final adieu, the sorrows of which were somewhat alleviated by the possibility of meeting again, before our embarkation. It really threw around our aged parents a dignity which angels might admire, to see them thus

relinquish the object of their fond regard, to the cause which angels love, and angels serve. May the richest blessings of God's grace rest upon them, and upon you, my dear parents, who make the same cheerful surrender.

"Here we expect to remain until Wednesday next. You will naturally imagine that dear P. has been brought to mind, and that many tender associations are connected with him. There stands the rocking-chair which he occupied, and when I lie down upon the bed, I can almost imagine that I hear his steps in the adjoining chamber. But while that precious form moulders in the grave, the released spirit is in far higher and holier society above, from whence I would not recall him, if I could.

> 'There entertain him all ye saints above,
> In solemn troops and sweet societies
> That sing, and singing in your glory move,
> And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.'"

After having visited her only sister, for the last time, and bid her 'farewell,' on her return home she wrote as follows:—

"Norwich, Aug. 20, 1833.

"My very dear Sister:—Were not the prayers of our kind husbands answered, in reference to our parting? During family devotions, I felt as if I should dissolve in tears, and yet we separated with calmness. I long to know how you felt after we left. Many times during the day I closed my eyes, and said to myself, 'can it be that I shall behold those loved faces *no more*, until we meet in eternity?' While I write, the thought makes my heart sink, but I must not indulge it.

> 'Away, it is done, I will breathe not a sigh,
> But a smile shall spring up o'er the tear that would rise.'

"The recollection of our visit to you is very delightful. Indeed, the whole journey furnished as much unalloyed pleasure as earth often bestows. Our ride to Pittsfield was very pleasant, where we arrived some time before dark. The next morning we set out early, and called first in Canaan, at the house of Deacon Whiting, the father of one of the Missionaries at Beyroot, where we had a precious visit, and met together at the throne of grace. On Friday we went to Northampton. Next morning Mr. T. accompanied us to the grave of Brainerd. At 10 o'clock we left for Hartford, which we reached between eight and nine in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. W. were expecting us, and received us very cordially. Our visit to them was as delightful as the most solicitous kindness could make it. Mr. Smith preached in each of the churches his farewell. When we left the next morning, Mr. —— put into my hands a check upon the Merchants' Bank of New York, for $100, charging me to use it for our own comfort. He requested us to let them know when we were to sail, saying, 'though we are old folks, perhaps we shall have the courage to be with you;' and when he bade us adieu, he was so overcome, that he had to go into the dining-room and recover himself, before he could wait upon us to the stage coach. Such kindness we shall not soon forget; and will you pray that those feelings of personal interest may be transferred to the cause to which we are devoted. We return from our journey, laden with the rich experience of God's goodness. Our friends in Norwich are very kind and attentive."

On the morning of the 29th of August, 1833, came that hour which, more than all, may be expected to try the soul of a missionary; especially a *daughter* of

such tender and strong affections—the hour of bidding farewell to her father and her mother. The following letter, written the next day, best describes her feelings on that occasion. It is delightful still to see, how "the love of Christ constraineth" the devoted missionary, and with what sacred steadfastness it enables him to move on in the path of duty, even though it be in a sundering of the tenderest ties known on this side of heaven. In such an hour, how impressively is illustrated that promise of the Lord Jesus, "my grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

"Providence, Aug. 30, 1833.

"My dear Father :—Yesterday was to me a most painful season. For the first time in my life, I strove to drive your image from my thoughts; for so long as it was present there, in the last attitude in which I beheld you, waving your adieu, my tears flowed irresistibly. Yet I would not return to you. *It is a good work* which I have undertaken, and I feel happy in the thought that you would not recall me from it. Still nothing but the hopes of the gospel sustain me. Earth cannot furnish a motive sufficiently powerful to justify such a sacrifice. Yesterday these hopes were less operative—but this morning, I seem to feel in my bosom an answer to the prayers which, as I hope, are offered for me; and probably my renovated strength of body invigorates my mind. Tell all our dear friends to pray for our spiritual advancement, more than for any thing else. We have now begun our work, and need your prayers. The effects of these we shall feel continually; and our friends can in no way render us so happy, as in this kind office of suppliants at the mercy seat."

To her brother, who was a resident at her father's

house, and from whom she had parted forever, in this life, she wrote as follows:—

"Boston, Aug. 31.

"My dear Brother:—After leaving you all on Thursday, I felt for a little while as if you were dead; but since writing to you so freely, I have entirely lost this sad impression, and I can now, with some slight exceptions, think of you with my usual cheerfulness. In consequence of the delay of sailing, we do not feel hurried, and I doubt not all things will be kindly ordered, as they have been thus far. I have learned from past experience, that when I place my own concerns secondary to higher duties, God prospers them; but as sure as I give them the *first* place, they perplex me. This explains the sentiment inculcated by our Saviour, 'Seek first the kingdom of God—and *all other things shall be added.*'

"Sabbath evening.—I attended the Old South this morning, where Dr. Skinner is supplying the pulpit for a few weeks. It was communion season, and my thoughts were peculiarly interesting. When there fifteen years ago, I was not a guest at the Lord's table, but an alien from him."

"September 4.

"Although exceedingly anxious, my beloved father, to hear from home, I dreaded the effect of your letters upon my feelings; and when I read yours, with F.'s, and especially E.'s, I realized all I had anticipated, and more, of an overflowing of natural affection. Had not my husband been present, I should have given unrestrained indulgence to my sensibilities, and perhaps made myself sick. But I trust both my Saviour, and my husband, are willing that I should love such dear ones as I have left

behind, and weep at the remembrance of them. Oh! how gracious was our Redeemer, in assuming the nature of man! It is a comfort to me to think that his soul, more perfect in refined and tender emotions than any earthly being, was susceptible of acute suffering. Yet his principles never swerved; and so long as feeling is not indulged to the prejudice of duty, it is not indulged to a sinful excess. God forbid that I—a woman—should ever become a stoic! Let no one ask or expect it of a missionary, as an essential qualification. God often calls to his work those who possess the warmest affections, that his grace may be more triumphant; and brother H. says, that 'those who love Christ best, love also their friends most.' I do not intend, in my letters, to throw a gloss over any thing; but shall tell you of all that occurs; so that you may rely upon my integrity and candor, and not imagine that I am suffering what I wish to conceal. And yet I do not mean to complain."

The letters of Mrs. Smith which were written from this time to that of her embarkation, exhibit evidence of the intensity of her attachment to her friends and her country; and that her trials were severe, in parting with them for life. But they likewise show the source from whence she derived her comfort and strength; the predominance of her love to Christ and the work to which she had consecrated herself; and that she advanced, with firm step, in the path which she had entered. From these letters, the limits of the present chapter will admit the insertion of only the following passages.

"I hope, my dear cousin, that you do not forget to pray for me, as you would for yourself under similar circumstances. I need much more grace than I possess. Pray that I may be a good wife, an efficient associate, a kind

friend—that I may have bodily vigor, mental capacity for acquainting myself with the languages of the country to which I am going—and above all, a warm heart and an overcoming faith.

"In leaving forever this favored land, with home and affectionate friends, my mind involuntarily forms an estimate of its real value, similar, I think, to the views which I shall have upon a dying bed. The result of my reflections is this. Every thing really valuable here, rises in my estimation; while a multitude of things deemed quite essential, sink to insignificance. O that Christians so richly blessed would consent to throw off the shackles of the worldling, and give all their energy to the salvation of their fellow beings! The time must come when this will be the case. God forbid that his judgments should be necessary to accomplish it."

"Boston, Sept. 14, 1833.

"My thoughts have dwelt too much, dear brother and sister, upon those whom I have left behind. The separation from home and beloved ones, was far more trying than I anticipated. I wept nearly all the first day, at the remembrance of that little group which surrounded the stage coach, upon whom I had looked for the last time. The image of our dear father, waving his final adieu, rose continually before me, and my heart was dissolved in tenderness. To part with *him* was more painful than to separate from *all* my other friends. But I need not describe to you my emotions, you know them all, dear sister.

"My faith I trust is not weakened. Yet I pity a missionary who loves not his work, or whose dependence is any where but in God. Nothing but reliance upon Christ, and the courage derived in answer to prayer, can furnish any adequate support. Pray for us, dear friends, con-

tinually; thus it is in your power to make us happy. I seem to realize in my own soul, that my friends are remembering me. In the family of Mr. H., we have been welcome and happy. I had not much opportunity to converse with the dear friends at Andover, as it was the Sabbath. Through the papers, you will hear of the meeting in the evening. We were urged to stay to the anniversary; but we rather dreaded fatigue and excitement. I felt a great deal at parting with our friends there; they were associated with so many tender recollections. But I suppressed my emotions till my head seemed bound with cords, and my heart felt as if it would burst. We had a little season of social prayer on Monday morning. We still expect to sail on Wednesday. Occasionally my heart sinks, at the thought of taking a last look at the shores of my native land, and I know not how I shall sustain it. My only hope is in God. Do not fear that the attentions which I receive elate or injure me. If ever I felt myself 'less than the least of all,' it is now. Dear brother and sister, thanks for all your kindness. To you, and M., and F., and E., and C., I must now say, farewell. My heart and my prayers are with you. I love you too well for my comfort. I can sympathize with Martyn more than I expected. But if God gives me work to do for him, I shall be happy. Let all missionaries count the cost. I rejoice in the little preparation which I have had for the mission. Once more, farewell! I go cheerfully. God bless you!"

Her farewell letter to her father follows:

"Boston, Sept. 17, 1833.

"And now, my dear father, I take my pen for the last time, and address myself to you. Nature struggles hard, and I stop to wipe the tears which gather fast, and inter-

cept the traces of my pen. But I must not indulge myself in saying what is in my heart. God only knows those deep, *deep* fountains of feeling which he has created there. Your letters, and brother's, have been all received, and were more valuable than gold. They will often be read on our voyage. * * * * I have urged Dr. and Mrs. Wisner to go and see you. The former, particularly, has strong hold of my heart; I hope you will become acquainted with him.

* * * * * *

"And now, *must* I say—adieu?

'Friends, connections, happy country;
Can I—can I say farewell?'

"Dear father and mother, sisters and brothers, I forsake you for Christ. You all love Him; and your claim you joyfully relinquish. To him I commend you; at his feet I leave you, and there, this morning, have I cast myself with this plea, 'Lord, be merciful to me a sinner.' As such I hope to be borne through the labors and trials of life, and to the gate of heaven. There we meet to part no more. Till then—*Farewell.*"

"Saturday, 1 o'clock, P. M.

"My dear Mother:—We are now just upon the wing, and expect to sail this afternoon. Mr. Perkins has been brought from Andover, and though unable to sit up all the time, the physician thinks he can go on board the ship with perfect safety. We esteem it a remarkable interposition of Providence, that we should have been detained on Wednesday. For in addition to the mutual enjoyment of each other's society, it is thought important that Mr. P. should be with Mr. Smith, to gain information of the country to which he is going. I hope you will unite your grateful acknowledgments with ours, to the

gracious Disposer of all things. Mr. S. has just come in, and says they are all ready, and we go at half-past three, 'if the Lord will.' He sends a great deal of love to you all. Cousin S. will fill this sheet after we are gone. In parting from these kind friends, we feel as if we were going from home. The Lord bless and reward them an hundred fold!

"Dearest mother, this is one of my last acts, writing to you. May God be with you and my beloved father, brother, and all. I am well to-day, and go with cheerfulness. Our long detention makes us anxious to be gone. Another farewell from your most affectionate daughter,

SARAH."

In accordance with the intimation in the extract just quoted, the following account of the embarkation was communicated to Mrs. Huntington:

"SATURDAY, 5½ o'CLOCK, P. M.

"I have just returned, dear cousin, from the vessel in which your daughter sailed; and I thought it would be gratifying to you, to know how she appeared at the last. We went on board a few minutes before four o'clock. At four, religious exercises were commenced by singing the 533d hymn of Church Psalmody, 'Roll on, thou mighty ocean;' the tune, 'Missionary Hymn.' Dr. Jenks then made an appropriate prayer; not only for the missionaries, but their near friends. We then sang the Doxology in long metre; after which, friends were requested to go on shore. At half-past four, the vessel left the wharf; while those on shore sang, 'From Greenland's icy mountains.' Throughout the whole, cousin Sarah was perfectly calm and composed. A stranger would have supposed she was leaving home only for a short time. When I took leave of her, she sent a message to Mrs. H., and appeared per-

fectly calm. She remarked to Mr. H. she had been wonderfully supported through the day. Mr. Smith seemed quite overcome at parting with friends."

By the pilot boat, on its return, Mrs. Smith addressed a note to the family with whom her time had been spent in Boston, from which we extract the following:

"Brig George, 5 o'clock.

"Dear Friends:—The pilot has just informed us that he returns in an hour, and will take letters for us. I can only say, we are all well and happy; and very busy, as we are just 'going to house-keeping.' I have been duly appointed scribe pro tem., not because I am more talented than my companions, but more idle just now; though I mean to be very industrious, and every thing else that is good.

"I stood upon deck till I saw the waving of the last handkerchief, and Mr. E.'s white hat, as he stood alone upon the shrouds. You, dear Mr. and Mrs. H., I looked upon with a daughter's heart; you seemed to be representatives of my parents. Thanks for every expression of love from the members of your family.

"From first stepping on board, my heart has been stayed up with the Scripture which I repeated this morning—'For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life; nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers; nor things present, nor things to come; nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' * * * God's kingdom seems more glorious than any thing else; thanks to his grace. * * * Adieu, dear, *dear* friends. My heart feels what I cannot express."

CHAPTER VIII.

VOYAGE TO MALTA—ALEXANDRIA—ARRIVAL AT BEYROOT.

The company of missionaries to which Mrs. Smith was attached, landed at Malta on the 14th of November, after a prosperous voyage of fifty-four days. Mr. and Mrs. Smith sailed shortly for Alexandria, where they arrived on the 25th of December. From thence, on the 15th of January, they embarked for Beyroot, their destined station, which they reached on the 28th. Mrs. Smith kept a journal during these voyages, in which are recorded many interesting incidents. The scenes of the mighty ocean, sometimes peaceful and beautiful, and sometimes stormy and terrible, were new to her. She saw every thing with the eye of taste, and of one who adored and delighted to acknowledge God in all the works of his hands, and to praise him for his power, wisdom and goodness.

As it is the object of the remainder of this volume to delineate the character of Mrs. Smith as a missionary, rather than to give a history of her travels—selections with reference to this, will be given, from her journals and letters to her friends.

Atlantic Ocean, lat. 39° 9′, lon. 41° 26′,
October 4, 1833.

"My beloved Father:—I little thought that we should be in the middle of the ocean before I should have courage

to take my pen. But up to this very day, if I had kept a journal I could have recorded nothing but *sick*, *sick*, *sick*. Oh, this sea sickness! what language can I use to describe it! For the present I will dismiss it, and tell of my agreeable surprise on opening my writing-desk this afternoon, for the first time—for incidents are rare upon this wide waste of waters. I had forgotten the items which were deposited in my desk, and the first object which met my eye was the profile of my dear father, and on searching I found that of my own mother, and then those which are so striking of E. and P. My eye must have kindled with affection, for my heart glowed with pleasure, and it was unmingled, cheerful pleasure. I found also, several very nice pens, all prepared by E. for writing; and my husband having filled my inkstand, I herewith commence that correspondence, which is to be our only solace in our separation.

"October 5.—While in Boston, I had a great deal of despondency of mind and physical depression; but after so many detentions, was anxious to sail. And when the day actually arrived, I summoned all the courage of which I was capable, aided I fully believe by the grace of God. The 8th of Romans furnished me the spiritual strength which I needed, and I strove to turn away my thoughts from every personal consideration, and occupy them with God's glorious plans.

"As I was taking dinner to-day, a sweet little land bird, which had been hovering around the deck, perched in the window. Its size that of a robin, its plumage black and white. But it had not the calm and buoyant look of the sweet songsters among my native hills. It seemed wearied and ruffled, like some solitary wanderer. It was five hundred miles from its home, the Western Islands.

"October 14.—I have been reading again this morning your letters received in Boston, and over them shed many

tears of fond affection and gratitude. Your image is continually with me, and every night my imagination visits you.—For two Sabbaths we have been able to have religious exercises on deck, at 4 o'clock, P. M., and it is truly affecting to see these immortals, listening to that word which will either be the savor of life or of death; and which if disregarded, will justify God in their condemnation before the universe. It is a sublime and overwhelming thought, that whether successful or not in their labors, Christians are thus honoring the Divine Being in his dispensations of grace.

"October 15.—We have made the Western or Azore Islands, which were associated, not only with the geography of my early days, but with the feeble prayers of later years. As a portion of the Islands of the Western hemisphere, it has been my pleasure to remember them once a week in my closet at home, hundreds of miles distant from them. And here they lie stretched before me, inhabited only by ignorant and superstitious Portuguese, to whom you may suppose I now feel not wholly indifferent.

"On the 26th, we first beheld, to our great joy, the African coast; and on that day we passed through the Straits of Gibraltar. You can hardly imagine the nature of our feelings, when we found ourselves safely across the stormy Atlantic, and within the shores of the Mediterranean.

"The navigation of the Mediterranean possesses one advantage over the ocean; its surface soon regains smoothness after being disturbed; though like the Atlantic, 'the waves thereof mount up to heaven, and go down again to the depths, putting us at our wits end.' How exact the description in the 107th Psalm, of a life at sea, none but the experienced therein can imagine. I have read it over and over with admiration, since we embarked.

"I enjoyed much in the face of nature after we passed the Straits; and if my imagination does not deceive me, these Mediterranean skies have beauties peculiar to themselves. I will endeavor to give you some faint description of a sunrise scene which I beheld while standing alone upon the bow of the ship, as she plunged through the foaming waves.—A few dense but ragged clouds stretched along the eastern horizon, but not so closely as to obscure that first silver tinge of the water, only beheld in a sunrise at sea, and which suddenly strikes the eye, let it be watching ever so intently for the first beam of the glorious orb. As it rose on that morning, it presented the appearance of blocks of effulgent gold, varying their outline each moment, till at length one half of it appeared as if resting upon a pedestal, beside which lay a fragment of its glory in the form of a perfect square. The whole hemisphere seemed as it were to smile as its monarch ascended; and as I cast my eye towards the west, floating clouds of the most delicate vermilion hue, contrasted beautifully with the brilliant azure of the sky. I turned first one way and then another, and knew not where to fix my admiring gaze. Add to this an horizon of sixty miles in extent, within which our ship was a lonely traveller, upon a waste of waters, and you may form some little conception of my feelings, as I involuntarily and audibly exclaimed,

> 'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
> Almighty Father.——'

"November 12, 8 o'clock, A. M. In quarantine.—A new morning dawns upon me, and has afforded a beautiful sunrise. My imagination enters your bed-room, my dear parents, where the old clock, whose pendulum is not yet 'discontented,' will soon strike one, two, three. Perhaps, in your dreams, you are receiving a visit from

your absent daughter; if so, I hope it is of a cheering nature, as the reality would justify. For I do not feel myself to be very distant from you—not as much as I feared. 'We change our sky but not our minds.' I seem to have anticipated losing my identity, after reaching these foreign shores; but it is not so, and I hope you think of me as you think of your children in Bennington, and New York. My husband and myself took our usual walk on deck just as the sun was rising.

"Malta, Nov. 15, 1833.—Oh how it makes the Christian's heart ache to behold these poor Maltese. In Malta and Gozo, there are 123,000 inhabitants, most of them poor, ignorant, degraded beings, such as you never beheld. Some of the most miserable of our Indians will give you some idea of them, if you except drunkenness, which is however gaining upon them here; and add an incessant jargon, which, especially their 'cries,' resemble more the inarticulate sounds of brutes than of human beings. But it is more especially affecting to know, that they are subject to the dominion of a tyrannical priesthood, who may be found at every corner. Yesterday, while I was out, a procession was just entering St. Paul's church, on their return from the administration of the Viaticum to the dying, when numbers, old and young, through the streets dropped upon their knees. Like David I can say, 'Oh that my head were waters.'

"Mr. Temple says he shall leave Malta, and the house in which he has lived ten years, endeared to him also as the scene of afflictions, with almost as much tender feeling as in forsaking his country. The house is a large, airy building, containing a chapel, which serves also as a dining-room, and the printing establishment. It is all of stone, within and without, excepting the doors and window shutters. We have for our use three small contiguous rooms, where are our baskets, trunks, &c. Upon

these we turn a great iron key, every time we leave our apartments. As I pass to and from them, over these stone steps and floors, with a rusty key in my hand, and ascend by a private stairway to the terraced roof, in the gray of the morning, I sometimes imagine myself the secluded inmate of some ruined castle; more especially when, from the promenade, I overlook these ancient towers and battlements, founded in the chivalrous days of the knights of old.

"But you will be more desirous to hear of your daughter's health, than of the romance of her associations. I am happy to say, that I am much better than I have been for months before. The air and food of these regions seem favorable to me thus far."

"MALTA, Nov. 17.

"Dear Mrs. T.:—It would have given me great pleasure to have seen you and Mr. T. before our departure. Yet such demands had already been made upon my tenderest sensibilities, that I almost dreaded at the last, a repetition of parting scenes; and congratulated myself that my dearest friends were none of them present when we embarked. I am now quite relieved from those painful emotions; having left them, with my sea sickness, in the stormy Atlantic. My present composed and cheerful feelings seem to compare with the easy motion of a vessel before the wind, upon a smooth sea. I regard myself and my beloved friends as only *in God's world*, and composing one family, and all we have to do, is to serve him faithfully as affectionate children; and soon we shall be in our Father's house on high.

"My whole heart thanks you and other kind friends, for the praying circle which you formed. Be pleased to tell them so from me, with my warmest Christian love. Pray that we may be like our divine Master.—In approach-

ing the harbor of Valetta, we sailed along the northern side of the island, directly by 'St. Paul's bay,' 'the place where two seas met.' The Saturday evening that we lay in quarantine, in selecting a portion of Scripture for investigation, according to our usual practice, we chose the 27th of Acts; and when we came to the 26th verse, ('Howbeit we must be cast upon a certain island,') all involuntarily paused. As Mr. Smith has remarked, the Bible possesses more interest in these regions, and a livelier meaning."

"MALTA, Nov. 18.

"My dear Brother and Sister:—I think I never prized your love and your prayers as I now do, though I have ceased to indulge those painful emotions which followed our separation. I am happy and well as I ever have been, and perhaps more so. The novelty of every thing which I behold in this ancient spot, interests me exceedingly; at the same time my heart bleeds for its desolations. The Church Missionary, London, and Wesleyan Societies, all have their missionaries here, yet no access is obtained to the natives, if we except one school under the care of the Methodists. There are many hundreds of priests and monks, who are always to be seen moving through the streets, their countenances bearing none of the marks of pure, domestic joy. They appear even more dissatisfied than ever, as their influence is diminishing. It is to be hoped that another generation will be permitted to think for themselves, unshackled by Romanism."

"MALTA, Nov. 19.

"My dear Brother:—I thought and spoke of you many times while at sea, with tender commiseration, of the hardships you must have endured in voyages which you took. I made one descent into the forecastle, and was

quite willing to emerge from it. Yet when I saw the sailors surrounding their beef and bread upon the deck, I thought them happy. The despotic authority exercised at sea is often alluded to with disapprobation; but I am inclined to think that in the present state of mankind it is necessary. So much is at stake, that prompt obedience is all important, and can only be secured by a severe penalty. A sleepy watch or an unfaithful helmsman might cause the destruction of all on board. I always regard the man at the helm with feelings amounting to sublimity. His fixed, silent attention, with his eye now upon the compass, and now raised towards the swelling canvass, reminds me of Him whose unerring wisdom and faithfulness are guiding through her orbit, the planet on which we rest.

"Yesterday we received a call from Mr. and Mrs. Brownell, missionaries of the Wesleyan Society, who superintend a school of Maltese boys and girls. A few of them have begged for Testaments. These natives are an interesting people. They resemble our Indians; and the children in the streets, who are numerous indeed, remind me of my little flock at Mohegan, and call forth my sympathy from association. Some of the most respectable youths of both sexes, are quite graceful and attractive. The females have a peculiarly becoming dress, the most conspicuous of which is a black silk mantle, thrown over the head and reaching half way down the person. The streets are filled with vagrants, and you cannot knock at a door, without being assailed by some one asking your charity for himself or for the souls in purgatory; or go into a shop, without having one more at your elbow, asking to be employed in carrying home whatever you may buy. It is really painful to the feelings to appear so wholly regardless of them as is absolutely necessary. The city is so compact, being only a mile in length, you

would soon be recognized and very likely be followed by a mob whenever you appeared, if you should allow your sympathies to be called forth by their entreaties. Yesterday I passed along the principal market place, through which I could scarcely make my way; all were crying at once their several commodities and filling the street completely. The tongue of the Maltese is his weapon, both offensive and defensive, accompanied by various gesticulations. He seldom resorts to blows. Their manners are civil even to servility."

"November 25.—Yesterday morning, (Sabbath,) about ten o'clock, two detachments of soldiers passed the house, accompanied by bands of music, returning from the Chapel service—which is by a chaplain who preaches five sermons every Lord's day, to the several regiments of the garrison. The melody of the performance, which would have been fine on any other day, was almost destroyed by association. Had the seed of the gospel been dispensed in its simplicity, the birds of the air must have devoured it.

"This morning we rose between 4 and 5, and attended Mass in the church of St. Dominic, who was the author of the Inquisition. I had witnessed the same in our own country; but there I regarded it as only an error that was in an incipient state. Here this absurd religion is, with few exceptions, the religion of all; and as I entered the dimly-lighted spot, and remained there nearly an hour, a succession of varied feelings pervaded my mind. The first, was a rush of excited sensibility, causing my eyes to overflow; the next, of indignation towards the priests at the several altars, whose mummeries were purchased with the money of those who, kneeling promiscuously upon the cold stone floor, with nothing to support their persons, were chanting their prayers in the Latin tongue. Directly

behind us, one old man was repeating his paters and aves with the Rosary. But the last and strongest feeling which I had, was that of compassion; and as I passed a row of kneeling women, enwrapped in their black hoods, I could hardly refrain from stretching forth my hands to them, as I mentally exclaimed, 'Precious sisters! let me lead you to my Saviour who is all sufficient, not only to save but to purify.' But alas! it is not for me to break their chains. Yet I can and did once, if no more, plead earnestly to God for them. How did my whole soul most gratefully rejoice before the mercy seat, that I had from infancy been taught to know the one Mediator. Dear friends! this subject has not been too highly colored in the representations of those who have returned to tell our happy countrymen the sad tale of abominations in Satan's own seat. The eyes affect the heart, and no descriptions can make you feel as you would do, were you to be in the midst of them. God forbid that dear America should become a victim too! Could her favored children realize how small a portion of the work of evangelizing the nations has been done, and that the great adversary is still the god of this world, they would indulge in no feelings of self-complacency, or of mutual congratulation at the 'great things' now in operation. There is encouragement enough to animate them in going forward, but it must be in 'the patience of hope.'

"December 7.—About 4 o'clock this afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Hallock, and Signor Carabet, with their families, bid a final adieu to Malta. It has been a day of bustle and a day of interest. Just before they left, I stepped in to bid Mrs. Carabet and the family, good bye. The bishop was in the cellar, arranging something, and I went down to see him. I said to him, 'God bless you, may we meet in heaven.' He lifted up his hands and eyes, and said, 'Jesus Christ.' He can

speak but a few words of English, and this remark was very precious. After this, they came over to Mrs. T.'s and we knelt together in our apartment, while Mr. Smith made a parting prayer. Then all left for the ship, but myself. I locked the doors, and remained alone in that large and desolate house until my husband came back. I was never happier; yet I thought of you all, as my footsteps reverberated among those lonely walls, 4,000 miles from my home. The door was surrounded with beggars, who were rapping incessantly; but I heeded them not."

"MALTA, Nov. 29.

"I often think, my dear cousin, how your heart would be affected by what I see and hear in this dark but interesting portion of the world. Could we hold spiritual intercourse, how would I each day convey to your quiet chamber some affecting tale from this land of dearth, which would give energy to the prayers which you delight to offer before the mercy seat. You can form no adequate conception of the difference which exists between our own country and this. The natural dissimilarity is as great as possible; but the moral still more so. When Mr. Temple landed upon the shores of America, four years ago, he thought he had reached the land of integrity and uprightness.

"Dec. 2.—Mr. Temple says he retains more vivid and delightful impressions of his visit to Norwich, than of any place in America. I have not failed to inform him how much influence he had in making me a missionary; and have thought it quite singular that I should, in the outset of my missionary life, be thrown so directly and intimately into the bosom of his family, and should find my husband regarded so much as a brother by them. How little did I foresee this, when borne down by the

truths of Mr. Temple's appeals, four years ago! How affecting it is to trace the leadings of Providence.

"A few days since, I visited the House of Refuge. It is a flourishing institution, embracing 250 girls, all of whom looked cheerful and well, as they were most industriously employed in every variety of work. I was quite delighted with every thing I saw, till I entered the chapel, where I unexpectedly beheld at one end, pictures, crucifixes, confessionals, and all the apparatus of Romanism. My heart sickened at the sight; for if this error retains its influence over men, eternity, with its dread realities, must dissipate all that is fair and beautiful on earth. It is not uncharitable to assert, that the religion of these countries *is bad*. It is most justly described in the 5th verse of the 17th chapter of Revelation. Those few expressive words portray the whole system. The benevolence of the gospel which mourns over the woes of a deluded people, leads us to anticipate the fulfillment of the denunciation contained in the 10th verse of the next chapter:—'Alas! alas! that great city Babylon, that mighty city! for in one hour is thy judgment come.' The preparatory steps, however, will be long and tedious. The work which missions have to accomplish in these countries, is far more formidable than among pagans. therefore the church at home must not be disappointed if but little success attends our labors for a long time. Yet let her keep hold of the unfailing assurance alluded to above, 'in one hour is thy judgment come.'

"December 4.—One of the most interesting places which I have visited in Malta, is the palace of the Governor. After viewing the tapestry room, the hangings of which are exquisitely woven, we entered the armory, the walls of which are covered with the rusty armor of the ancient Knights, who formerly inhabited the island—suits of which were actually brought from Rhodes. Some

stand erect, at various distances from each other, through the centre of the apartment. It required no wayward imagination, amid such a scene, to carry one back to the days of the crusades, and to converse with the dead of past ages, who seemed as it were to surround us. As I looked upon those semblances of human beings, the questions arose involuntarily in my mind:—'What were the thoughts which found a receptacle in the head that was pressed by that helmet?' 'What were the feelings that fluttered in the heart which beat beneath that breast-plate?' 'Where is the immortal spirit of him whose weapon fell powerless against that impenetrable shield?' Religion and martial glory were the exciting causes of their prowess. All this has passed away as a dream of the morning; and somewhere in the invisible world, the beings who animated these panoplies are now in existence. My heart said, 'where?' and the walls seemed to echo, 'where?' Their religion is a sad inheritance to these islanders; their military genius has given them renown in the fortification of this isolated rock; but forbidden by the rules of their order the pure delights of domestic joy, no posterity exists to speak with filial admiration of their ancient glory. Inanimate bulwarks and mute images of stone, are all that remain of the far famed 'Knights of Malta!' Alas! though Satan may bestow upon his subjects 'the kingdoms of this world and all the glory of them,' it is but a poor reward.

"Dec. 8, Sabbath.—Pray for us, my dear parents, that our obedience and love may flow together in honor of Him who has called us to a service for which we feel inadequate. We desire to be more holy, and more and more devoted to our great work. We are entirely happy in our calling, and would not exchange it for any other. We ask for nothing but hearts warm with that be-

nevolence which sustained our blessed Master in these regions where

'He labored, and languished, and bled.'

"May God bless you, this night, my honored parents. It is 9 o'clock here, and I leave you for my bed. You are probably now listening to an afternoon discourse; though perhaps the snow and cold keep dear mother at home.

"Dec. 10th.—Mr. Schlienz, who superintends a mission press here, has been showing us some first lessons in drawing; and Mr. Smith has just remarked, that I had better inform my friends at home, that a knowledge of this art is quite an essential qualification for a missionary. To this I may add, that missionaries coming to the Mediterranean, need not lay aside any personal accomplishments or graces with the expectation of their being useless here. It is far otherwise. Externals have an important place in the regard of the inhabitants of these countries, and hospitality and politeness are very essential. The sincerity of plain American manners, falls far short of the suavity demanded by the habits of the East. I feel quite deficient in Malta; and in Turkey I must multiply my salams still more."

"Alexandria, Dec. 26.

"My dear Parents:—Having reached the territory of Mohammed Ali, I seat myself to give you a recital of our adventures since I closed my journal at Malta. After the first twenty-four hours, every vestige of sea-sickness left me, and returned not again during the passage, though we were exposed to incessant tossing. The fatigue and anxiety of our embarkation, together with a cold, threw my husband into a burning fever. I then became nurse in my turn. Our servant Ahmed proved an invaluable auxiliary to us. Without him we should have suffered

for necessary attentions. He was wholly devoted to our interests, and fought his way, with determined perseverance and dignity, through all the abuse which the Maltese ever bestow upon a Mohammedan. He is a tall, erect Arab, with eyes deeply set, which shoot forth the most penetrating glances in a direct line. He wears the loose Turkish trowsers; and a red cap, surmounted with a long, rich, blue silk tassel, in fashion like one upon the head of a figure in my picture of Anthony and Cleopatra, which now, as formerly, is the Egyptian official cap. A sliding door in our state-room, which opened upon the 'companion-way,' sufficiently to admit air, and sometimes our food, obliged us to see and hear almost every thing which took place between the servants and the steward. We were often not a little amused with what transpired behind the scenes. We furnished Ahmed with a towel upon which to wipe our utensils; while the others, relying upon the accommodations of a Maltese vessel, were put to such extremities, as to use our servant's shawl and stockings for a like purpose. This superior appendage of a *brown towel*, made him quite an object of envy, and they tried to beg it from him.

"I studied a little Arabic and Italian, and read aloud almost every day, though sometimes the foot of a person on deck, or a rope resting upon our sky-light, would cause me to stop in the middle of a sentence, and wait patiently for the return of the light. A fine wind bore us rapidly forward, and in six days we saw the coast of Egypt. It was towards evening that land was discovered, and as the harbor of Alexandria, in consequence of shoals of rocks, is difficult to navigate, the captain beat off to sea that night, with the prospect of a safe entrance in the morning, while we were all animated with the same expectation. But sad to relate, we had gone beyond our destined haven, and had now a head wind to carry us

thither. This was Thursday, and for the six following days, we did nothing but get a sight of land towards evening, just in time to beat off again at night! We felt ourselves to be in a trying situation. And it seemed as if 'patience would have her perfect work.' In consequence of the situation of our berth, whenever they tacked ship we were obliged to change the position of our heads from one end to the other, and the last night we did this five times. We summoned all our resolution, however, and I believe were not left to murmur against Providence, as we felt assured that our times were in the hand of our heavenly Father, who had thus far fulfilled all our desires. Yet we thought it proper to have an especial season of prayer for deliverance from our present perplexities, as we knew that our only hope was in God. A storm might overtake us, or our food might fail, and the captain was ignorant, timid and unprincipled. It was on the 24th, the day previous to our release, that we called mightily upon God, for his gracious interposition.

"On Christmas morning, the air was serene and mild, the bright rays of a genial sun illumined the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and after a pleasant sail of a few hours, the outlines of the coast again met our eye; while the shipping of the port, and 'Pompey's pillar' rising directly above, terminated the long disquietude of 'hope deferred.' At one o'clock we cast anchor in the harbor of Alexandria; and in an hour or two after, I stood upon the shore of this ancient land, where Moses dwelt for eighty years, and where the infant Saviour found a temporary abode.

"Dec. 27.—You are not aware how constantly I bear you in mind, wherever I am, and whatever I behold, as my

'Winged thoughts that flit to you,
A thousand in an hour,'—

will testify. Particularly when I find any thing that is gratifying to a virtuoso, does dear mother's antiquarian and classical spirit hover around me; and I cannot help wishing that she was with me, or at least that I could sit down with her in the evening, and recount to her listening ear my adventures.

"This day, Friday, is the Sabbath of the Mohammedan. Under our sleeping apartment, is a bazar of the Bedaween Arabs. This morning at day-break, just as the cry of the Muezzens was heard from the minarets of the several mosques, calling the devotees of the Prophet to the worship of Allah—which is repeated five times each day—the voice of one near us met our ears; which continued for nearly an hour, and probably proceeded from a Bedaween. While I pitied the poor deluded votary, I felt reproved by his self-denying fervor. I remarked to Mr. Smith, that when we look at the triumphs of this false religion, we cannot fail of being forcibly impressed with the influence which only one individual may acquire over his fellow beings. Had the missionary but half the zeal for God, which Mohammed exhibited for himself, with the aid of the Holy Spirit what might he not accomplish?

"We went to the spot where Parsons was buried, over which a marble slab, with an inscription, had been placed by our missionaries, when Mr. S. was here seven years ago. No vestige remains of it, however. They conducted us to an enclosure, with the pretence of showing us his tomb; but it was not there. The Superior, who had been in the convent four years, could tell us nothing of it; and we were obliged to leave, with the melancholy impression that his remains had met the fate of many others, whose bodies were left to repose among them. It seems that until lately the Protestants in Alexandria have had no place of burial, and the monks have

found it for their interest to disinter the dead, and after burning the relics, dispose of the same spot to new purchasers. How different the treatment which Abraham received from the children of Heth!

"Dec. 30.—Alas! my spirit sighs for the quiet of a Christian Sabbath. Pray for us, that in the midst of such unfavorable circumstances, we may not ourselves lose the impression of its sanctity. This is not an idle fear, when we reflect upon the moral as well as natural pliability of the constitution of man. I love to think of your privileges, and enjoyments, on these holy days; and I pray that you may improve them as you would do, could you behold mine.

"What a blessing, my dear parents, is the throne of grace to us, in our separation! Sometimes I realize it more than at others. This morning I felt as if distance was annihilated; and in commending you to God for the day, when it should dawn upon you, six hours and a half after, I almost imagined myself among you. I have great reason to be grateful that I am so well and cheerful in this remote land. Although you are ever in my thoughts, I have none of those painful longings which depress the spirits. I enjoy every thing, food, air, exercise, sleep, reading, writing, &c.

"Evening.—Mr. Smith and myself took a walk at sunset, the air being mild, and the clouds brilliant. The foliage of the distant grove of palm trees gave surpassing beauty to the scene. Unlike other trees, when viewed from a distance, their outline is distinct but graceful. Pompey's pillar, in its simple beauty, rose behind these elegant clusters. We stood upon a slight elevation, just as the sun dipped his last lines below the horizon; when a discharge of small guns, from the fleet in the harbor, was heard, followed by the evening tattoo. Immediately we perceived the flags of the minarets hoisted, and from a

small door on the south side towards Mecca, which opens into a gallery near the top, appeared the criers, whose voices we distinctly heard, as they resounded through the soft air of an Egyptian evening. The whole scene was impressive, yet affecting; while the contrast which was presented by the works of creation, and the moral darkness around us, brought forcibly to our minds those lines of Heber,

> 'Though every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile.'

"As we stood gazing upon the objects before us, we spoke of you, and thought you would like to know where we were closing this eventful year. We talked of its interesting features, alluding to the fact that one year ago *we* had never met.

"Jan. 1, 1834.—In the afternoon we went to the Greek convent. Mr. Bird had requested that some inquiries should be made there, preparatory to the erection of a slab to the memory of Parsons, whose remains and monument, I have told you had been removed. A part of us remained in the garden, while Mr. G. and Mr. S., with a Greek merchant for a dragoman, (interpreter,) had an interview with the Superior; who says he must apply to the Patriarch at Cairo, before any thing can be done. Should his ashes remain undiscovered by man, angels will watch over them; and with sublimer feelings, we may apply to him the lines, originally descriptive of an event widely different in its character,—

> 'We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
> But we left him alone in his glory.'

"Our visit to Alexandria has been one of much interest and pleasure. The weather has been favorable, the streets, which are usually muddy at this season, have been

dry, and we have found kind and attentive friends. I felt at home and at ease immediately, at Mr. G.'s. I have thought, my dear parents, when describing the characteristics of these countries, that you might think I was drawing a dark picture; too dark, perhaps. My husband says, that to avoid such an impression being made by his sermons in America, in preparing them for the press he modified some of his details. But having returned to these scenes of wretchedness, he thinks he ought to have placed them in a stronger light. What else but evil can be told, of the undisputed dominions of the enemy of God? How forcible is the language of that declaration of Scripture, in its application to this people;—'They are all gone out of the way; there is none that doeth good—no, NOT ONE.'

"We have made some efforts in the cause of temperance, by conversation and the distribution of publications among the English. May its influence be more widely felt in our mother country, and her dependencies. Will you pray for such a result, as her sons and daughters are scattered over the whole world. Although we have found many very kind friends in these countries, but three only have been Americans; Mr. and Mrs. Temple, and Mr. Hallock. My regard for England has increased by my intercourse with her children. Though many of their habits and feelings are different from ours, yet, when cast together among a people of strange language, there are feelings of sympathy existing between us, showing that we have had one origin.

"Jan. 5.—This morning Mr. Smith preached in the English chapel to a congregation not exceeding fifteen. Upon returning to our lodgings we read together a delightful sermon of Dr. Chalmers, and sung a hymn. In the afternoon we studied together the 2d chapter of Isaiah. Before dark we stepped into Mr. G.'s, agreeably

to their request, for devotional exercises; and after a cup of tea, we had prayer and singing, accompanied by a familiar exposition of the 4th chapter of Acts, by Mr. Smith. Previous to this, I gave Mrs. G. and her daughter, some account of the revival of religion in Norwich, four or five years since. Scenes like that are entirely unknown to most English people. To-morrow evening, we go there again to hold the monthly concert, which has never been established in Alexandria.

"I have been reading in the Missionary Herald for September, an article entitled 'Reforms effected by the Pasha of Egypt,' which gives quite too flattering an exhibition of his character and plans. His own aggrandizement, and not the welfare of his subjects, is the pivot upon which all his efforts turn. I have not heard a word in his favor since I came into Egypt. It is true he exercises a more liberal policy in reference to other nations, than is usual among Moslems; but he contrives to make all his plans so subordinate to his personal ambition, that no real benefit accrues to his people. He is not a rigid Mohammedan, though far removed from the religion of the Bible. That wise Ruler of mankind, who has all events under his control, may, and doubtless will, bring light out of darkness, even here; but 'his path is in the deep waters,' and his counsels are as yet hidden from our view. When next you kneel at the family altar, dear father, will you pray for Egypt?

"How precious is the word of God to us in this moral desert, on these Mediterranean shores! It is like the stream which followed the Israelites in their wanderings through the wilderness. With you, it spreads abroad, as a wide ocean, bearing all upon its bosom. May the abundant supply with which you are favored, have no effect to lessen its value in your eyes, or lead you to be unmindful of those who are thirsting for its refreshment. At this

hour, which is half past nine with us, thousands of my countrymen are enjoying the privileges of the sanctuary. Would that I possessed the assurance that not a heart forgets the perishing millions in the eastern world, whose Sabbaths are any thing but scenes of peace and joy. You, and the dear church of which I am still a member, are without doubt soon to surround the sacramental board. I can bring vividly before my imagination the appearance of that precious flock, among whom I have so often sat, and where now, 'had I the wings of a dove,' I would soon be found. Yet I would surely fly back again, to bear to this land of famine some of the crumbs which fall from your table.

"How necessary is it that missionaries should each day ask for the benevolence of Christ Jesus, when they are so exposed to encounter objects which excite their disgust. To this end I ask your prayers."

[To Mr. and Mrs. H., Charlestown.]

"ALEXANDRIA, JAN. 4, 1834.

"Dear Brother and Sister:—Since our affecting farewell interview on board the brig George, you have scarcely been from my mind a single day; and I have taken great satisfaction in commending you and your children, and the interesting flock in your house, to our covenant God. The paternal regard which you have cherished for my husband, from his early youth, gives you a twofold claim to my affection and gratitude, to say nothing of that sympathy towards me, which has excited in my own breast the confidence of a sister toward you. Wherever you reside, I trust God is your tabernacle; and that light and peace are in all your paths. Your children will not be permitted to forget us, while they are tenderly remembered by their uncle and aunt, far away beyond the wide ocean.

"'Egyptian darkness,' not natural but spiritual, broods over this land; and we are ready to exclaim, 'How long, O Lord, how long?' Nothing but hard, self-denying labor, on the part of evangelized nations, will overthrow the kingdom of Satan as it now exists in the world. Feeble prayers, and trifling efforts, will do nothing effectual. The struggle will be long and arduous; and who among our favored countrymen stand ready to encounter it, both at home and at the out-posts, and to die in the warfare; leaving others, who may come after them, to enjoy the triumphs of victory? Such as are ready to work for God as they work for themselves, and such only, are worthy to enter the lists.

"Our classical associations have been gratified by our visit to this land, once the seat of science and art; the relics of whose grandeur tell us what it has been. As we expect to live under the same government, it has been well for us to visit the dominions of the Pasha."

"Beyroot, Feb. 5.

"Dear Mrs. Temple:—It gives me the highest pleasure to be permitted the privilege of addressing you from this spot, so full of interest, after our wanderings over the great and wide sea. From Mr. Smith's letter to your excellent husband, you learned respecting our safe arrival at Alexandria; and how, like Tantalus, after making the coast of Egypt in seven days, we were, through the negligence and ignorance of our captain, beating about upon the sea seven days more, before the land-marks of our desired haven were sufficiently defined to attract him thither! The time which we spent in Alexandria, furnished us leisure for writing, and for satisfactory intercourse with the kind family of our Consul. Our hearts melted in view of the miserable condition of the oppressed subjects of Mohammed Ali, among whom some faithful

missionaries, besides those already employed there, ought to be located.

"On the 15th of January we sailed for Beyroot, in an Austrian trabacolo. On the 20th we planted our feet upon these sacred shores, and soon forgot all the troubles of the way, which had mingled with the mercies of eighteen weeks—the interval that had elapsed since we left our native land. I have not time to relate the sentiments which occupied my heart, upon my arrival at this interesting place, which in external attractions exceeds any that I ever beheld. Our brethren and sisters are all well, cheerful, harmonious, and much devoted to their field of labor. 'The harvest truly is great, but the laborers few.'"

CHAPTER IX.

ENTRANCE ON MISSIONARY LABORS — INTEREST IN THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A SCHOOL — HABITS AND MANNERS OF THE INHABITANTS — EXPERIENCE ON MISSIONARY GROUND — MONTHLY CONCERT — STUDIES — ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

We now find Mrs. Smith in her appointed field of missionary service, and entering, with all her heart, into the interesting scenes and circumstances of that land which she had so much desired to see. As she has been, so she will continue to be found the best historian of her own course of life and labors. In this capacity she will appear, commencing with the first letter to her parents, after arriving at her station.

"Beyroot, Feb. 5, 1834.

"After so long a time, my dear parents, I am permitted to address you from this interesting land, around which, I doubt not your thoughts have already hovered, while you have imagined it to be the dwelling place of your children. On the 28th of January, a day of uncommon beauty, we approached our destined home. I can hardly convey to you the feelings which pervaded my breast, as I looked upon it. The bird's eye view of Beyroot, at the foot of that far famed Lebanon, which is truly a 'goodly mountain,' riveted every affection of my heart, while its beauties commanded my attention. My husband had left unde-

scribed its natural features, leaving me to form my own impressions; and he remarked that even to himself it appeared more lovely than he before imagined.

"It occupies the northern side of a cape, called the 'Cape of Beyroot.' The city itself, which is enclosed by a wall, is small, and not particularly attractive or repulsive; but the environs, where the missionary house stands, and which occupies an extent of country several times larger than the city, present an enchanting prospect, even at this season of the year. The ground rises gently towards the south, and is covered with an uninterrupted succession of gardens, separated by hedge rows of the cactus, or prickly pear, and filled with mulberry trees, trained to a low growth. These are now stripped of their verdure; but the sycamore, the kharoob, and here and there a palm and cypress, diversify the landscape, while innumerable almond trees, in full blossom, enliven the scene, and place its beauties beyond description. The houses, which are of a bright yellow, tinged with brown, and very unique in their appearance, are scattered at equal distances over the gardens; and are perhaps as contiguous to each other as yours and Mr. C.'s. Some of the terraces of the houses are surmounted with low pointed columns, designed for the frame work of an awning; which give them a picturesque aspect, when viewed at a distance. Mount Lebanon, in all its grandeur, stretches from north to south; while the snowy ridges of its lofty eminences, and the numerous villages which occupy its declivities, give additional interest to the ever-varying appearance of its scenery. Among these villages, the one in which Asaad Shidiak lived and suffered, is distinctly perceptible from the neighboring terrace of an Armenian friend, Yacob Aga. It seems as if my eye would never tire in admiring what is spread out before me. I can truly say, that Beyroot pleases me more than any spot which I ever

saw, my own dear native town not excepted. 'There are no vicissitudes for the eternal beauties of nature,' said Madam de Genlis, when she revisited Versailles, after those revolutions which had overthrown palaces, marble columns, statues of bronze, &c. So have I often thought, since I came into Syria, which still retains those characteristics of 'the promised land,' that rendered it so attractive to the Israelites.

"We were most cordially welcomed by our friends, who seem quite happy and devoted to their work. This brings me to the moral aspect of the mission, which, though mentioned last, is not I trust last in my heart. I think I may say it is encouraging, much more so than either of us expected. We feel that a wide door of usefulness is opening before us, which will demand all our energies, and even more.

"The Arabs are extremely free and social in their habits. The trials of missionaries here, and perhaps in most eastern countries, are of a different character from those which are imagined by friends at home. They are not so much personal privations as moral perplexities, arising from the ignorance and deceit of a population destitute of that civil and religious freedom, furnished only by the diffusion of God's word. If our operations assume a more decided cast, we know not but we shall yet have the 'persecutions' which are promised among the blessings of 'an hundred fold,' to those who forsake home and country for Christ. If, as his servants, we should be thus identified with our Lord, may we have grace to endure this fellowship with his sufferings.

"The language of the country furnishes the most formidable difficulty to surmount. Mr. Smith says that Mr. Bird has become so familiar with it as to have as great a choice of expressions as in speaking our own language. He reads the Scriptures once a week to a

congregation of beggars, in his yard, after which he distributes bread to them. When I saw him in the midst of about sixty, the morning after our arrival, my thoughts immediately reverted to the Saviour's ministrations. You can hardly imagine, though you have often been informed of it, with what increased interest the Scriptures may be perused in this country, where they were written. I seem, in consequence of the unchanged habits of these people, to enter directly into the circumstances which are described in holy writ.—The best hours of every morning I devote to the Arabic, and the first hours of every evening to Italian. I have already, through necessity, attempted to stammer in both of these; and in the French likewise, with Mrs. C., the wife of our Consul. When opportunity presents, I am hoping to record some of my own views, and some general principles in regard to the missionary work, for the benefit of those who are preparing for it, and of those who aid in such preparations.

"I continue to be happy in my new situation, and most cheerfully adopt this country as my own, and hope to make my grave here. My dear husband, for the first day or two, was surrounded with old friends among the natives, who welcomed his return with great joy. He feels as if he had returned home.

"February 6.—It is a most lovely morning, and we are all occupied in preparing letters for America. My window looks directly upon Lebanon; and the summit of Gebel Sunneen, its loftiest peak, 10,000 feet in height, is covered with a brilliant mantle of snow. Would that you could share with me the glorious prospect. But though we may not mingle the expressions of our admiration here, 'there is a land of pure delight,' where ere long we hope to be reunited. Objects and interests more bright and conducive to our happiness, will there unite our tastes and feel-

ings, and we will therefore think most of our heavenly home.

"April 2.—On the 27th of March I had the privilege and enjoyment of receiving letters from my beloved country, among which were Nos. 1 and 2 from my dear father. These last, like diamonds among jewels, were selected and read first. I will not attempt to inform you how much I enjoyed in the reception of these tokens of affection, or how grateful I felt to my kind friends from whom they came. That page, my dear mother, from yourself, was not the least valued, I assure you. It was so characteristic, it brought you directly before me, and I had a more vivid impression of your affection than I have before had since we parted. I have thought of you a great deal, perhaps more than you have imagined.

"Not only the important moral and political features of this eastern country are associated with the expansiveness of your mind, but every landscape and every flower bring you to remembrance. Especially when studying the Arabic, your fondness for etymology is continually before me; and I think how much pleasure you would derive from a language, every word of which can be traced to its root. You have my constant prayers, and those of my husband, and I doubt not that we and our work have yours. I rejoice in your comfortable health, and in the kindness of your friends, and in all your family blessings. I am still with you in my dreams, and some of them are quite irrelevant to the calling of a missionary.

"I thank dear papa for his precious letters, and am most happy to hear that his health improves, and that he enjoys the light of God's countenance. In this I am not disappointed. In His house he will find that which is 'better than sons and daughters.' Please to give my love to the kind friends who meet with you for prayer, and tell them that I thank them most warmly for their remem-

brance of me. If there be a class of persons on earth who need the prayers of all, it is that of missionaries. When hearing Mr. Smith's farewell sermon, I thought that I felt the force of his arguments, but now I know them to be true. Pray most of all that we may abound in *love* towards those who are around us. They are ignorant, deceitful, ungrateful and unwholesome; and unless the Holy Spirit constantly excites us to the exercise of the most disinterested benevolence, we are in danger of despising them, and of exulting in our own superiority. Familiarity with their wretchedness, also has a tendency to diminish that warmth of sympathy with which we have been accustomed to regard those who are destitute of the gospel. I often think, when I am surrounded by these degraded women, 'Here are the very persons over whom my heart so yearned, when I was far away in my native land.'

"As I was walking before breakfast upon the terrace of Mr. Bird's house, I saw a group of females who had just returned from worshipping amid

> ——'the pomp that charms the eye,
> And rites adorned with gold.'

There is almost a moral certainty that after these, my sisters, have stepped beyond the boundaries of time, not a ray of comfort will ever beam upon them, through the endless duration of their existence. So overwhelming was the impression of that moment, that I felt I could not live long, should it continue. My husband joined me in my walk just then, and we talked over these affecting truths; and felt, as I hope we shall continue to do, that our very existence should be identified with them. But to feel and to act in view of these solemn truths, requires even greater efforts here than with you. I used to think that by a sort of magical influence, the heart would be

kept right on missionary ground; but I find it requires all my diligence.

"The most cheering intelligence which my letters contained, was the account of revivals in A. and B., and some indefinite allusion to the prospect of the same in Connecticut. I am more than ever convinced, that upon America depends, at present, through God, the prosperity of missions. Since coming to the Mediterranean, Mr. S. and myself have been led to think, that an enlistment for life, as a general thing, is quite essential to the permanence of this great enterprize. If I anticipated returning in seven years, I should be thinking more about that event, I fear, than I ought. Now I try to realize that this is my home for life; that here are all my interests. I do not wish to feel that I am a foreigner, but a denizen; and I hope to live, if it please God, to a good old age, among this people.

"Evening.—I have a favorite walk near this, on the sand which is washed upon the coast. Beyroot, you know, is a cape, and of course much exposed to the wind from the sea; and I sometimes fear that as the sand from the ocean gains gradually upon the gardens, it will eventually make them a desert. You may imagine that this would not furnish a very pleasant promenade; but it is so solid as to bear me upon its surface at this season of the year. It is diversified also with a variety of flowers and sweet scented herbs. I found to-day some most brilliant red flowers, in form like a double tulip, and about half as large; together with yellow and purple lupins. They are now in a tumbler beside me. I wandered quite down to the sea-side, perhaps a mile from the house, where I found natural caverns and artificial excavations; while the serf rose probably thirty feet in the air.

"Although this land has greatly degenerated since the days of that king who was a man after God's own heart;

yet in some fine mornings, when all nature has seemed to be revelling beneath the genial influence of this eastern sky, I could more than ever before unite with him in exclaiming:—'Praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise him in the heights; mountains and all hills; fruitful trees and all cedars; beasts and all cattle; creeping things and flying fowl.'

"Our school continues to prosper, and I love the children exceedingly. Do pray that God will bless this incipient step to enlighten the females of this country. You cannot conceive of their deplorable ignorance. I feel it more and more every day. Their energies are expended in 'outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and gold and pearls and costly array;' literally so. I close with one request, *that you will pray for a revival of religion in Beyroot.* It is now the centre of operations, and if the wide field around us is to be cultivated, this spot must send forth the laborers."

Mrs. Smith was desirous of enlisting the interest and efforts of some one of her female friends in America, in the instruction of native children at Beyroot. She had found a kindred spirit before leaving this country, in one who succeeded her in labors for the benefit of the Mohegans. To this friend she addressed a letter, a few months after her arrival at Beyroot, proposing to her that she should come and join her in this enterprize; and presenting her with an earnest yet affectionate argument for her engagement in the missionary service.

Mrs. Smith had the satisfaction, a few months before her final departure from Beyroot, of welcoming her friend, as an associate in the delightful employment of teaching a school of Arabian girls.

Of the habits and manners of the native inhabitants of Beyroot, Mrs. Smith was observant, as one who was

accustomed to study the condition of society; and amidst deep spiritual darkness, to note whatever was in the least degree pleasant or favorable.

"The inhabitants are exceedingly social in their habits, and courteous in their manners; they seldom fail to greet you in the street and elsewhere, with a smile and a compliment. They have a great taste for flowers, which are abundant. I am seldom without a nosegay, which has been presented by a friend, scholar, or servant; composed of carnations, geraniums, roses, &c. The manners of all are unusually graceful, and you will perhaps be surprised when I say, that in consequence of their regard to etiquette, this spot is quite a school of politeness."

In a letter to her sister, devoted to various topics, not belonging in her journal, some passages occur which will be in place at this stage of her history.

"You will wish to know in regard to my *spirits*. I am happy to say they have been very good; and with the exception of one deplorably sea-sick day upon the Atlantic, I have experienced none of those heart-rending feelings respecting what I had left, which I expected. With the exception of that time, I have never for a moment wished myself in my native land.

'Pleased I leave thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell.'

"In regard to external appearance, I pay about as much attention to it as at home, both during the week and on the Sabbath. In Beyroot we have some English society, and the etiquette of life must necessarily be preserved. Indeed, those questions which I supposed would be forever put to rest when I became a missionary, are

even more essential than ever; and temptations to pride and aristocracy are increased. What degree of conformity to style, and how much time may be conscientiously devoted to household cares, on the part of missionaries, are questions that require to be prayerfully considered by us; also how far we may indulge ourselves in the comforts and accommodations of life; for many are within our reach.

"The distinction between masters and servants here, resembles that which exists in all old countries, more than it does in America. The latter acknowledge the name, and readily take the place, of menials; though a kind of courtesy, even towards them, is demanded by the genius of the people; and if encouraged, they are very free in conversation. Their number can be multiplied with comparatively trifling expense, and as much cleansing of house and clothes obtained as is wished; but all this must be superintended, and much precious time consumed thereby; so that I have determined to keep as small an establishment as possible.

"My trials here are not such as I anticipated, or probably such as you imagined. I will endeavor to give you some idea of their nature, though you cannot perhaps fully appreciate them without experience; at least some of them. In the first place, there is a taking to pieces, if I may so speak, of all former habits and associations, and modes of action; and the constructing of new, which shall be adapted to the circumstances of a people totally diverse from those with whom we have been educated. This demolition and reconstruction, gives one an opportunity to study his own character and attainments, and to know in some measure how much more he has been indebted to factitious circumstances than he had imagined; and it is not a little calculated to produce humility and self-distrust.

"The difficulties and embarrassments of a new language, are by no means small. The mortification of not understanding, and of not being understood and appreciated in conversation, is a new trial; and after the desultory habits attendant upon a departure from one's country and voyages by sea, it requires severe discipline to bring the mind to study, and close application. This unavoidable irregularity operates unfavorably upon the spiritual feelings; interrupts communion with the soul and with its Author; and renders it necessary to 'keep the heart with all diligence.'

"There is nothing here to keep alive the religious sensibilities in the way of excitement; but every surrounding circumstance has an opposite tendency. Particularly difficult is it for one who knows not the language, to preserve a devoted zeal, as there are no opportunities for putting it forth in action; and while he daily sees multitudes who are perishing, he is in danger of heeding it not, because he has no power to help them. Moreover, the people are so social and free, that unless a check is given them, every moment of valuable time would be sacrificed. And this cannot be done without appearing, not only to them, but to one's self, deficient in that benevolence which swelled the breast in our native land, and drew our feet hither.

"As a circle of missionaries, we are harmonious and happy; but to preserve this, it is necessary to be watchful, and courteous; and not make prominent one's own concerns, friends, &c. Here too is nothing to excite, because there is a sameness in all our circumstances, our resources, &c.; and perhaps it is more difficult to exert an influence in a small circle, where all are ministers and ministers' wives. Mr. Smith says, that harmony has always characterized this mission; and I pray that it always may.

"Another thing which I might have mentioned in connection with our benevolent feelings, or rather the interruption of them; if the people were cleanly in their habits, it would be more pleasant to have them about our persons. I often think of the Saviour, surrounded as he was by a multitude of the lower classes—and you know his disciples sometimes objected to this. Mr. B. says, 'no doubt they were just such dirty beings as we see all the time.' In character and in taste, the females are like children; would that I could say, in comparative innocence also.

"I have suffered some alternations of feeling in my religious hopes since I left America; which I believe is not unusual with missionaries, before they have acquired the language of the people to whom they go. I can enter feelingly into St. Paul's opinion of himself, thus expressed, though I have scarcely any of his zeal, 'I am not meet to be called an apostle.' So sacred appears my calling, that I feel wholly unfit to sustain it; and I have not those clear views of the Saviour's love that I wish. Perhaps when I am able to speak of him to others, a livelier flame will be kindled in my own breast. Pray much for me, dear sister."

A deep sense of personal responsibility is exhibited in the following extract:—

"This is the day of the Monthly Concert, and according to the custom of this mission, a fast also with us. It was a solemn season. Dr. Dodge remarked, that in addition to the guilt of the church as a body, for which we should humble ourselves before God, our individual guilt called for the deepest abasement. 'If,' said he, 'we had been faithful servants of Christ from early childhood,

how many souls we might have aided in introducing into the kingdom of heaven. We had each of us been more or less associated with schools, academies, and colleges; and how many of our companions were now living in rebellion against their Maker, or had already commenced their long lamentation of wo, in the world of darkness, that might have been saved through our efforts? It was an overwhelming consideration to us all; and each heart feelingly and with tears, responded to the suggestion, that *personal* guilt in reference to the *souls of men*, rendered fasting an appropriate accompaniment to the duties of this interesting day. Since the meeting closed, in the solitude of retirement I have wept bitterly at the remembrance of my own sins; and in the light of the truth which emanates from the pages of inspiration, my heart seems now to be harder than the nether millstone. Oh! how we shall view this subject in eternity, when worldly snares and associations cease their blinding influence.

"Some parts of your letter affected me peculiarly. The scenes to which you allude of 1829—when so many of the descendants of our venerated grand-parent were found sitting at the fountain of salvation, from which he derived all his support—are indelibly imprinted upon my memory; but I knew not, until your letter informed me, that I was in any measure instrumental in leading you to the foot of the cross. Let all the glory be ascribed to Him who there bled for you. I beg you will not regard me, as missionaries are often regarded, too holy to need your prayers. Believe me, dear H., I never required them so much, and never, never felt my own deficiencies as I now do; and were it not for the feeble hold which my soul takes of a Saviour's mercy, I should sink down into despair and wo. Forget not this, at least on Tuesday evenings."

"Beyroot, May 20.

"Our warm weather has commenced earlier than usual here, and we have now your July heat. I bear it very well as yet. The abundant and brilliant foliage of this spot is a constant source of admiration to me. The lilac tree, or pride of India, is now in blossom, also the pomegranate. The latter mamma once had, but it was little more than a shrub. Here they are of the size of peach trees, and their bright scarlet blossoms, form a beautiful contrast with the rich green of the leaves. The kharoob fig tree and luxuriant grape vines, besides many other verdant productions, add beauty to the scene. The cactus is now in blossom, its flower a bright yellow. This latter lines every path, forming an arch and a pleasant shade, under which I pass every afternoon, as my donkey bears me to school.

"May 21.—It is ten months to-day, since my marriage; and the period has flown by with incredible swiftness. We commemorate the event on every returning month, by a concert of prayer with Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, our fellow passengers across the Atlantic, in behalf of the officers and crew of the brig George.

"May 22.—If you wish to know with what we are most occupied, it is Arabic. If you ask, 'what beside?' like the Indian in another case, I can say, a little more Arabic; and 'what else?' *a little more Arabic.* With Mrs. Bird's children, it is like their mother tongue; particularly with the youngest, who is about five years of age. She speaks it more readily than the English.

"May 28.—While it requires but a short time to enable one to transact ordinary business in this language, it is long before such a knowledge can be obtained as to make religious conversation intelligible and profitable. For this I am exceedingly anxious, as I long

to use my feeble talents in urging sinners to flee to the ark of safety; and I wish you would make it your constant prayer, that I may live to accomplish something in this way. In prayers that are offered for missionaries, I think the obstacles arising from the confusion of tongues, have been overlooked.

"This is the birth day of the king of England, and the flag of every Consul is waving in the breeze; among which the stars and stripes of our own happy country appear conspicuously, upon which I love to look. Every Sabbath they are to be seen likewise.

"June 11.—Mr. Smith and myself have just taken a walk 'by a well of water, at the time of the evening, ever the time that women go out to draw water,' where we found a group of 'damsels,' doubtless exhibiting the same appearance as those who performed the same offices thousands of years ago. We stopped and conversed with them a little, and they offered us drink from the 'pitcher,' or jar. I have seen in Syria some very beautiful women, whose noble features and richness of complexion, have led me to imagine how Sarah, Rebecca and Rachael looked. I have often, in my letters, alluded to the satisfaction which the Scriptures afford me 'in the unchangeable East,' as this country has been proverbially styled. Imagine with what peculiar feelings you would peruse them, if such localities as the banks of the Shetucket, the Falls, the Pine-tree, were mentioned, as the scenes of events which they described; or if the habits of the people, which are familiar to you, illustrated their truths. I was reading a few mornings since, with exquisite satisfaction, the excursion of Abraham's servant to obtain a wife for Isaac. The well, the damsels, the jewels, the camels, the provender, the act of Rebecca in veiling herself; all have a reality, and I can think just how they appeared.

"June 20.—From the public prints and other sources, you will doubtless hear of the present disturbances in Syria, and I fear you will suffer anxiety respecting us; but let not your hearts fail. 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people.' Moreover, Beyroot is a more quiet place than others in the country; and even should the commotions reach us, we are favorably situated for securing a refuge either in Mount Lebanon or on the sea.

"June 30.—I feel somewhat thoughtful, this afternoon, in consequence of having heard of the ready consent of the friends of a little girl, that I should take her, as I proposed, and train her. I am anxious to do it, and yet my experience and observation in reference to such a course, and my knowledge of the sinful heart of a child, lead me to think I am undertaking a great thing. I feel, too, that my example and my instruction will control her eternal destiny. May I have your unceasing prayers, that I may possess wisdom and patience, gentleness and decision, and never take a wrong step in reference to her."

CHAPTER X.

BHAMDOON — MOUNTAINEERS — DEATH OF MRS. THOMPSON — VISIT OF THE UNITED STATES' SHIP DELAWARE AT BEYROOT — JOURNEY TO SUNNEEN AND BAALBECK.

The intenseness of the heat during the summer, at Beyroot, renders it necessary for foreigners to remove for a few weeks to the country among the mountains. Mr. and Mrs. Smith took up their residence in the month of August, at Bhamdoon. She carried her love to Christ and to precious souls into the scenes of her temporary residence, and also in her journies; and devoted her thoughts and efforts to the great objects for which she had "left all."

"Mount Lebanon, July 15.—The warm weather had become so enervating in Beyroot, that Mr. S. and myself concluded to remove immediately to the mountains, where on Friday last we literally pitched our tent, and in this patriarchal dwelling I am now writing.

"This unusual heat is passing away, and the air is as elastic as that of the White Mountains, and the water as bright and refreshing. Indeed we are nearly as high as Mount Washington, and the sea is spread out before us to an immense extent; the sun sets in the water beyond the island of Cyprus, the outline of which we see, though it is more than a hundred miles distant.

"What an analogy exists between the moral and natural

features of an unevangelized nation? As we passed over Mount Lebanon, I told my husband that it required strong faith to believe that it would ever become a fruitful field.

"July 16.—We have taken some pleasant walks and rides around these mountains. There are but few shade trees in this village, but the grape vine is abundantly cultivated. It runs on the ground, upon the declivities of the mountains, and is now loaded with fruit, half grown, while 'watchmen' are to be seen, scattered singly over the vineyards, to prevent depredations. All the varieties of high mountain scenery are found here; irregular and bold summits, deep ravines, &c. The horizon, which the sea bounds, is so extensive, that the sun appears to set high up in the sky, and the sea and sky are almost blended. In the morning the clouds are to be seen resting upon it, like a mantle of snow, far below us, presenting a most singular appearance. Our tent occupies the site of an old threshing floor, and around it are several others, where they are now at work.

"July 17.—I have just been interrupted by a visit from a woman and her little boy, and presented with some raisins. In return I offered them food also. She is poor and asked me to visit her; on my promising to do so she kissed my hand. After I thought she had been here long enough, I told her that I wanted to write, and bid her 'go in peace,' which she did very cheerfully. I had asked her a few questions of a religious nature; but it is of little use for me, at present, to attempt any serious conversation, as I can go no farther than to inquire if they love God and Jesus Christ, if they think about them, &c., to all which they answer most confidently in the affirmative. I long to talk more with them on these great truths, but many months must first elapse. Pray for me, my beloved parents, that when I have the ability, I may also have the heart, to do this people good. I sometimes

fear that I shall find my heart treacherous, for now I am able to pray for them, and this duty I do not perform as faithfully as the case demands.

"Jerusalem, that still devoted city, we hear is almost in ruins. How striking is the providence of God towards these countries, once the cradle of Christianity, and toward his peculiar people, to whom belonged the adoption, and the covenant, and the promises, and the glory! An immense debt of sin seems still resting upon them, and they are receiving 'double' vengeance. Alas, the poor Jews! In the late tumult, Mrs. T. says, they have suffered peculiarly."

After having given in her journal some description of the Druses, residing at Bhamdoon, she writes:

"August 6.—The longer I remain at Bhamdoon, the more I feel interested in the mountaineers. Could faithful, consistent missionaries occupy these villages of the mountains, I doubt not that the united efforts of their preaching and example would be followed with a rich blessing, even in the overthrow of false religion and the introduction of the true."

Mrs. Smith entered with deep feelings into the reverses of the missions at Jerusalem. Among them was the death of Mrs. Thompson; of whose worth and excellence of character, she thus speaks:

"August 11.—Mrs. Thompson was a dear and valuable woman to us all, and we feel that our mission has indeed sustained a loss. She possessed a cultivated mind, a warm heart, and an animated manner. Her sensibilities were perhaps too lively for this climate; since nothing is more injurious here than excitement of feeling. Our

departed friend won the affection of all. Our servant remarked when he heard of her death, 'there is no one like her in Beyroot.' The propriety and fervor of her devotional exercises added greatly to the interest of our female meetings; and she was ever animated in devising means of usefulness, and in sharing the labors of the mission as far as her precarious health would permit. Her heart, as well as that of her husband, was much set upon the Jerusalem branch of our mission; and as she had from her own house furnished a liberal supply of books and school apparatus, she had formed strong expectations of doing good there in her favorite occupation. You will learn from other sources the trials which Mr. Thompson has experienced in his separation from his family, during the commotions in Judea and Jerusalem. God seems to be having a controversy with that spot, and calling us to look and consider, and admire his justice. Some might say that our dear sister had sacrificed her life for nought; but I trust that from her heavenly abode she looks down, with peculiar satisfaction, upon the last two years of her life on earth, in which her own preparation for eternal happiness has been more effectually advanced than it could possibly have been in any other circumstances; and she regrets not that her mortal part rests on Mount Zion. I consider the discipline of character to which a missionary is subjected in the trial of a final separation from his country, and in the subsequent events, as invaluable, and worth all the sacrifice which it involves; even though death be the immediate consequence, and not one dark mind enlightened through his influence. How little Mr. Thompson anticipated such a termination of his plans! Concerning the welfare of the Holy City, we cannot but exclaim once more, 'How long, O Lord, how long?' I know not but the answer will be found, in the spirit of it, in the 11th and 12th of

the sixth of Isaiah. At least it appears to me, that God is calling his people to look intently, and notice his reasons for thus avenging the iniquity of that chosen land.

"August 15.—Evening.—Since family prayers, at which a number were present, Mr. Smith was saying, that he wished some one more worthy and capable than himself was among the people, to dispense the bread of life to them, for he felt that the field was whitening. I reminded him of Moses and of Paul, who felt, almost to discouragement, their own weakness. He is preparing his journal, which he kept during our visit in Egypt and his journey in the Haurân, to send to the Missionary Rooms, and he requires undisturbed leisure for this.

"Sabbath, August 16.—A few days since, I called upon a very pretty woman who lives in a part of this house, and has been to prayers several times. Among other things she asked me, 'why in prayer we leaned forward and closed our eyes?' This must have impressed her strongly; as I recollected that she had before asked me the same question, when she called upon me, and which from my imperfect knowledge of the language, I did not then understand. I replied, that it was to enable us to withdraw our thoughts from surrounding objects and think of the great Being to whom we were speaking, and that this was our custom even in our closet duties. She seemed to approve of the practice and the motive. Her little girl, named Sade, comes here every day to be instructed. I told her the story of the creation and the fall, and a day or two after requested her to repeat it to me, which she did with great readiness and propriety; in better Arabic, of course, than mine. Mr. Smith has now an audience of half a dozen before the door, and one of them is reading the Scriptures aloud. It is a great favor that so many of the men and boys can read.

"Alas, our poor sisters! the curse rests emphatically

upon them. Among the Druse princesses, some, perhaps the majority, furnish an exception, and can read. Their sect is favorable to learning. Not so with the Maronites. I have one scholar from these last; but when I have asked the others who have been here if they wished to read, they have replied most absolutely in the negative; saying that it was for boys and not for them. I have heard several women acknowledge that they knew no more than the donkeys."

On the occasion of some new arrangements in the Jerusalem mission, Mrs. Smith thus expresses herself:— "These constant changes, connected as they are with the eternal welfare of souls and the honor of the Saviour's name, make me feel solemn. I look around upon my brethren and sisters, and my husband, and including myself, think we shall soon, yes, sooner than the same number in our own land, be in eternity; our work closed, our destiny sealed. Oh that we may prove faithful to our short trust!

"August 23.—Yesterday I inquired of one of my scholars respecting the absence of two others who are Maronites. She said their priest had told them it was 'harâm' or prohibited for them to come, and had sent them a paper which informed them that he should not allow them to come to the church if they came here. I little imagined an ecclesiastical dignitary would interfere with my half dozen scholars. I regret it, because the two little girls were uncommonly bright and affectionate. One of them I discovered walking upon a neighboring terrace to-day; and we exchanged salutations, by the usual mode of placing the hand upon the breast, while she looked wishfully towards me. Oh what an account must they have to render, who thus take away the key of knowledge from those of whom they profess to be the spiritual guides!

You can imagine the difference there is between the feelings of the Maronites and Greeks toward us, when I tell you that the Greek priest sends his own daughter to be taught by me—a pretty rosy cheeked girl.

"August 27.—A few days since, during my school hours, a woman called with an infant. I prepared some milk and water for the latter. It did not drink much of it, and after they were gone, I offered the remainder of it to a child five or six years of age, who stood by. She declined it; and my scholars told me it was 'harâm.' What, said I, does such a little girl fast from milk, &c.? 'Yes,' said they; 'all of us.' I looked upon the youthful group with mingled feelings of amazement and pity, not unmingled with admiration at their early self-denial and steadfastness. Surely, thought I, Satan has forestalled all that is valuable in human character, even in babes and sucklings; but a wiser and more benevolent Being will yet perfect his praise by them."

In the course of this month, Beyroot was visited by the United States' ship Delaware, Commodore Patterson. It was an interesting event to the inhabitants, and peculiarly to the American missionaries. Mrs. Smith entered into the spirit of the event and its attendant circumstances, with all the interest of an American and an ardent lover of her country; but still more as a Christian.

"August 29.—The flag of our country is just hoisted, indicating that the ship is near; and my husband is preparing to join Mr. Chasseaud in his consular visit to her commander.——This is an interesting day to me, for it is the anniversary of my last departure from the paternal roof. Oh, what a day that was! May I never behold such another! Its anguish was second only to that which rent my heart when the cold hand of death seized our

dear P. But let me speak of the goodness of God to me since—the supports of his grace, and my present cheerfulness and comfort. I was reading in course this morning, the 34th Exodus, and was deeply affected, with the 6th and 7th verses. I wish you would look at them, and I think you will say with me, that God has ever proclaimed himself to us as 'the Lord, merciful and gracious, long suffering and abundant in goodness and truth.' I cannot express my gratitude for the satisfaction which you have felt in giving me up; and for the health and spiritual blessings you have received since my departure.

"August 30.—I have just risen, my dear parents, from the perusal of a package of letters from home, and have no words to express to you all which I have felt while passing rapidly over the contents of each. My emotions were various, producing alternate tears and smiles. To hear of your temporal prosperity was a source of high satisfaction; but to hear of such a shower of spiritual blessings, excited in my breast, may I venture to say, joy such as angels feel when similar intelligence reaches their heavenly abode. But I have only glanced at your letters, because I am in momentary expectation of a visit from the Commodore of the Delaware and his family; by the return of whose ship to Mahon, where a frigate direct for America awaits her arrival, I am to forward this package. When I peruse them at my leisure, I shall live over again all those scenes so kindly and minutely detailed."

Commodore Patterson and a portion of his family and suite visited Jerusalem. On the Sabbath after their return, religious services were held on board his ship.

"September 10.—On Sabbath morning we went on board the Delaware at 10 o'clock, where Mr. S. preached from the words, 'Strive to enter in at the straight gate,'

&c. It was a most interesting and attentive audience. The numerous crew standing, formed two compact bodies each side of the speaker. Their clean and simple uniform, of white shirts and pantaloons, blue collars and cuffs, and a black handkerchief tied around the neck, and their fair complexions, contrasted strongly with the tawny skin and fantastic dress of those whom for a year we have been accustomed principally to see. Their instrumental and vocal music in tones familiar to our ears, was not a little refreshing. The Arabs crowded on board, and I suppose that in and around were more than a thousand souls. I was much pleased with the sobriety and attention of a row of boys, who stood in front of the older sailors. They are a kind of apprentices on board, and the most of them from the House of Refuge in New York. At present they have little to do except to attend school. Although my husband is no singer, I saw his lips moving with those of the choir, for he could not resist it. The appearance of the ship upon this coast is a happy occurrence. The natives have expressed great admiration of her, and consequently respect for her nation. The Commodore and his family and suite have left a pleasant impression upon all our hearts. He says that he came to Beyroot for our sakes. Commodore Patterson is a plain, unceremonious, agreeable American; Mrs. P. the same, and the daughters are intelligent, affable and polished. I love the manners of my countrywomen. The ladies of no land that I have seen compare with them, in that delicacy of feeling and refinement which are the ornament of a female. May they never be disposed to cast it from them. Mrs. P. sent me a few pounds of nice black tea, and a keg of crackers, before her departure. Their visit at Jerusalem seems to have been the means of saving the life of Mr. Nicolayson, whom they found sinking under a fever. Through the advice of the surgeon

of the ship he was raised from the borders of the grave, and by a singular Providence Dr. Dodge met the surgeon in the road as the former was proceeding with Mr. Thompson to Jerusalem, and obtained from him a knowledge of Mr. N.'s case and the manner in which he had treated it, so that he was enabled to go forward and aid in his convalescence.

"In Beyroot, one night I was awake during the sound of the midnight izan (the cry of the muezzen in the mosque, calling the followers of Mohammed to prayer.) It was a long, monotonous and dolorous shout; and in the half unconsciousness of broken slumbers, I did not recognize what it was, but it so went to my heart, that if it had not ceased, I should have burst into tears. Then there is the dull and dissonant vibration of the kettle drum, upon their festas, sometimes does not intermit its grating sounds for successive days and nights. You know not, my dear parents, how you would feel were you in the midst of a population where every sound that fell upon your ear, and every sight that met your eye, reminded you of Satan's despotic sway. When in my native land, the curling smoke, as it rose from the habitations at early morn, and the twinkling light which illuminated them at eve, excited pleasing associations; but here alas! it is not so. I cannot look upon the habitations around me and think, 'that rising column of yonder abode is an emblem of peace and of prayer from a family altar; or that glimmering taper attracts towards it a chaste circle of happy faces, enjoying the rational pleasures of social life.' When I think of your spiritual blessings, which seem to be multiplying upon you, I feel that I am emphatically in a 'dry and thirsty land, where there is no water.' It is this that forms the greatest trial and the greatest danger of missionaries, that they dwell where Satan's seat is.

"Monday morning, while the sky was richly studded

with stars, we rose to prepare for our return to the mountains. I love to gaze upon the spangled heavens, for it transports me directly to the dear home of my youth; and the sweet influences of Pleiades and the bands of Orion are the same as when I looked upon them from my own quiet chamber. This morning, Jupiter, before he melted away into the light of heaven, rested like a brilliant gem upon the forehead of Taurus, furnishing a beautiful appendage to the latter, as he reclined in dignity upon his etherial couch. Who can contemplate the starry firmament without some elevation of his moral feelings towards their glorious Author, or without spending one thought upon his own immortal destiny.

"Bhamdoon, Sept. 25.—Having recently returned from a journey of nine days to the top of Sunneen and the ruins of Baalbeck, I think you may be interested in an imperfect description, which is all that I can give, of the works of the great Creator, and his creature man. On Monday the 15th inst. we left Bhamdoon for the highest peak of Lebanon. It was a delightful day, and we were all in fine spirits. Many villages of the mountains met our eyes, the names of which we learned from our muleteers. Mr. B. often stopped to take observations, as he is preparing maps of the country. We met a company of Gipsies, who surrounded my donkey to examine me, and who looked precisely like our Indians. We passed also on that morning the ruins of a town upon one of the heights over which we rode. Our first resting place about mid-day was at a village called Corneille, where we dismounted and walked some distance into a valley to see a coal mine, which was discovered some years ago; and where fifty or sixty Arabs, under the superintendence of two Englishmen, are employed by the Pasha. The vein is about three feet in thickness. It is yet a matter of doubt whether it will repay the labor of

digging it, though the engineer seemed sanguine. Surely Englishmen are to be found everywhere. I little expected to find any in this obscure part of our journey. We ought to pray in reference to this very fact, for God can overrule it for good. I cannot tell you how pleasant yet how strange, are the sounds of my native tongue in this foreign land.

"16th.—Our ride on this day was diversified with grand and beautiful scenery; frequently carrying us upon the borders of lofty eminences, overlooking deep valleys, in the bottom of which were scattered the long black tents of the Bedaweens. About noon we reached a spot upon Sunneen, less than an hour from its highest peak, where we rested, while Mr. Bird went forward to see if it were practicable to attempt an excursion to the summit with our animals. After our tents were erected, Mr. B. and my husband proposed ascending the mountain, while I remained in the tent, and read the Missionary Herald. Just after sundown I stepped out of my tent, and going a few paces towards the west, upon the brink of a deep valley, one of the most sublime views met my eyes that I ever saw. A rich bed of superb white clouds, rolling together, and curling their tops in the air, in the most fantastic forms, filled the valley, occasionally breaking from each other sufficiently to discover to me the grandeur of the depth below. Beyond them stretched the glorious sea, its outline nearly obscured by the blending of its waters with the brilliant tints of the western sky. As I stood alone, gazing upon this almost unearthly scene, the distant voices of the mountaineers, pursuing their occupations upon the declivities below, came up through this magnificent array of mountain drapery, and produced a most singular effect upon my senses. I almost imagined myself to be the inhabitant of another sphere, stooping down to discover the pursuits of an inferior world, whose

occupants little imagined what glories were above them. But a brisk evening air hurried me back to my patriarchal habitation, and I was soon joined by my friends, who had enjoyed the same prospect from the top of Mount Lebanon. After prayers in Arabic, with the servants and muleteers, we separated each to his 'rural couch,' designing to set out upon our upward course an hour before light on the ensuing morning.

"On the 17th we rose at half past three and rode about half an hour up the mountain, when the path required me to join Mr. S. and Mr. B. on foot. After much fatigue, which reminded me of my Mount Washington excursion, we reached what we supposed to be the highest peak, at day break, where seating ourselves beneath the shelter of a rock, we breakfasted, that we might be in readiness to behold the glories of the rising sun. We soon discovered, however, that there was still a higher summit, which would intercept the eastern horizon; and after watching the full moon till she sank in the waters which bounded our western prospect, we sat out for the other peak. As usual among mountains, the distance deceived us, and what appeared but a few steps occupied so much time that Mr. B. arrived only in time to see the sun start suddenly from his hiding place behind Anti Lebanon. Mr. S. might have accomplished the same, but that he travelled slower on my account. Although I was deprived of this splendid sight, many interesting objects beside, sufficiently repaid me for my fatigue. On the west was the illimitable sea, with ranges of mountains varying in form and height. On the east, the nearest object was the beautiful valley of the Bukaa, separating Lebanon and Anti Lebanon, and probably forty miles in extent. Its perfectly level and diversified surface, with the Leontes winding through it, reminded me forcibly of the valley of the Connecticut, as it appears from Mount Holyoke.

I think it must have been once the bed of a lake, from its peculiar appearance and its fertility, which is like that of the rich alluvial soil of the Connecticut. Its northern extremity is bounded by the territory of Hamath. The noble range of Anti Lebanon was spread out before us, in its whole extent, embracing Mount Hermon, called by the natives 'Gebel Sheikh,' (old mountain.) It is higher than Sunneen, and one little spot of snow glistened in the sun-beams near the top of its majestic front, as we beheld it on this cloudless morning. I am sure if king David had been with us, he would have tuned his harp to the praise of its Author, whose wonderful works he so loved to sing. The 'little hills' below sat in such distinct outline upon the level valley, as to seem almost as if they might 'skip like lambs.' The Haurân, the region which Mr. S. and Dr. Dodge visited last spring, was visible; but what interested me most, was a faint view of the mountains of Galilee, in the blue distance. I leaned upon a rock and gazed with silent but deep emotion upon the land which my Saviour had trod; and my heart uttered the prayer, that the spirit which animated his breast, when he there dwelt in his humanity, might henceforth continually possess mine.

"This day, on which I attained the highest summit of Mt. Lebanon, was dear father's birthday, and recollections of him mingled themselves with the important events which gave interest to the period. At two o'clock, P. M. our tents were taken down, and we commenced our descent towards the valley of the Bukaa, and rested for the night at Ain Hazzeer. The view of Anti Lebanon was most glorious, from our encampment, and I pitied those who could dwell there unmindful of its Maker. One lone woman from a neighboring khan came to see me, wearing a charm upon her neck, which was as usual a picture of the Virgin. I tried to say something to impress her with serious things.

"18th.—As the sun is very powerful in the Bukaa, we rose before 3 o'clock for our ride. Our donkeys seemed delighted with the level path before them, which was unbroken by a single irregularity. I enjoyed it beyond any thing I ever experienced of the kind before. We formed a large, and what you would call in America, a grotesque group. We met many genuine Bedaweens on foot and upon donkeys and mules, with their long blankets trailing upon the ground, adding to the unique appearance of their dark visages, and streaming locks, which were almost blended with the gray of the morning. Although I am daily becoming familiar with the strange scenes of this country, yet some of them to this hour impress me with such romantic sensations as I have formerly experienced when reading works of fiction. This was one; but many of the associations were of a sacred character. The two noble ranges of Lebanon and Anti Lebanon bounded our prospect on either side, as we took an oblique course across the valley. The sun came forth from behind Anti Lebanon as a 'bridegroom cometh forth from his chamber.' Not long after his beams warmed the earth, we stopped near a stream of water and breakfasted upon the green sward As we pursued our journey, we met immense flocks of sheep, goats, and herds of cattle, and saw the black tents of the Bedaweens to whom they belonged; who, though they differ in character and wealth from Abraham, probably exhibit his mode of life, after he went out from his kindred. With my American habits, I should surely say, were I obliged to resort to their habitations, 'wo is me that I dwell in the tents of Kedar.' Says the spouse in Solomon's Song, 'I am black like the tents of Kedar.' But the most precious passage of Scripture, which these illustrations brought to our minds, was the promise concerning the two eldest sons of Ishmael, the progenitors of these Mohammedans, found in Isaiah

lx. 9. 'All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee, they shall come up with acceptance on mine altar, and I will glorify the house of my glory.'

"At 12 o'clock we reached the celebrated ruins of Baalbeck or Heliopolis, the irregular outline of which had been for several hours in sight. As we were much fatigued and exhausted with the rays of a tropical sun, we did not now stop to admire what we intended to examine at our leisure. We hastened beyond the walls of the city, to find an encampment, the location of which was of more consequence, because it was Friday noon, and we were to remain there until Monday,

"Baalbeck is abundantly supplied with streams of water, which nourish the greatest profusion of trees and shrubs; particularly the noble walnut, the fruit of which is like the large English walnut. At the ruins of an elegant fountain, which supplies one of these courses, we unloaded our animals, hoping to be in quiet possession of the spot, after a few hours; although numbers of men and boys were enjoying the delicious shade, upon the brilliant carpet of nature. Several Mohammedans, in direct violation of our Saviour's precepts, were publicly engaged in their devotions. I walked by them to discover more minutely their peculiarities, and the nearer I approached the more earnest they became. I cannot give you a very correct idea of it. They were upon their knees, and sometimes held their heads erect, and with closed eyes muttered their orisons; then bent forward and touched their foreheads to the ground, &c. &c. It was all deeply affecting, and perfectly absurd. Finding that the Sabbath was to be 'a feast to the Virgin,' and of course that this spot would be the scene of the sports of her votaries, it became necessary to seek for another retirement. After bathing our faces in the limpid stream which flowed near us, and gathering our fill of raspberries from its banks,

we dined upon the green grass, and the gentlemen separated, each to seek for another encampment. Before night we were quietly seated in our tents, beneath the rich shade of those very walnut trees which my husband had visited in his journey to the Haurân. The next morning, early, we proceeded to the ruins, and devoted the forenoon to their examination. And here I am tempted to lay aside my pen, since no description of mine can give you any adequate conception of those relics of past ages, whose foundations are supposed to have been in existence in the days of Solomon. This opinion is deduced from the fact that the peculiarity of their workmanship, resembles that of the subterranean columns at Jerusalem. As I gazed upon that part of the immense pile, I fully believed the supposition, and those old, defaced, but yet undilapidated stones, gave me much more satisfaction than all the Grecian taste and Roman and Saracenic magnificence, which form so much of the interest and variety of its superstructure. Whoever selected the location for this splendid building, discovered true taste, as it stands at the foot of Anti Lebanon, overlooking a rich tract of level land, beautifully diversified with foliage and streams of water. You may give full scope to all the romance and poetry of your imagination, and picture to yourself fluted columns, cornices, entablatures, tritons, sea gods, fishes, beasts, and birds, in alto and bas relief, some in a state of preservation, and others defaced by the hand of time and the curiosity of travellers; with fragments of exquisite elegance scattered all around, debased by the 'treading of cattle,' who actually find pasture within the walls of this magnificent temple. The pile consists of four divisions, severally called by travellers a palace, a portico, and two temples; the smallest of the latter being the 'temple of the sun,' which gives the name Heliopolis to the ruins. The palace is 410 feet

in length, and 383 in breadth, supported by arched passages, dark and dreary. The larger temple is 309 feet in length and 202 in breadth. The smaller one Mr. S. did not measure. In one part of the building is a perfect tower of Saracenic origin, entirely unique in its architectural character. The most imposing object is the remains of a colonade which once surrounded the larger temple. Six Corinthian pillars, the top of whose capitals is 130 feet from the ground, now existing in a state of entire preservation, made a powerful impression on my feelings. They fully answered all my ideas of ruined elegance. They seemed as it were to be invested with life; so touchingly, so instructively did they speak of the unknown past, of which neither history or tradition unfolds the tale. My eye lingered upon them to the last, untired and unsatisfied; till they faded from my view. In the afternoon we made the circuit of the city, and visited a quarry, from whence much of the stone of which the building is composed was probably taken. One entire stone, 60 feet long, 17 wide, and 13 thick, still attached to the quarry, hewn, in solitary grandeur seemed to speak volumes respecting the unfinished labors of finite man. Baalbeck is completely dilapidated. It is occupied by a few Moslems and Christians, whose small habitations are constructed of the relics. There is, beside, a mosque patched up with marble slabs, &c.; and a beautiful little marble temple, of Corinthian architecture, which has been used by the Greek church for a place of worship. Thus Satan in various ways has kept possession of the spot; though the idols of the temple have been cast down. Still those familiar lines of Watts were continually in my mind while there—

> 'Those ruins shall be built again,
> And all that dust shall rise,'

under another and more permanent dominion.

"But I am protracting my journal of this tour to an immoderate length; and must hasten to an end, or I shall never reach one. The next day, the Sabbath, we passed in our tents; having social worship in English, and reading, and conversation with the natives who came to gratify their curiosity by the sight of living wonders of the present age. A Moslem begged a Testament, which my husband gave to him, the first which he ever gave to a follower of the false prophet. With strange inconsistency a Catholic Christian endeavored to dissuade him from reading it! Do you wonder that the devotees of Mohammed have hitherto continued and multiplied, with such an influence around them? Pray for the extension of that pure light, beneath which their delusion shall wither and perish.

"On the 22d we rose immediately after midnight, to pursue our journey homewards. Nothing particularly interesting occurred, except that I witnessed the growing of cotton in the Bukaa, attended by females. The next day we reached Bhamdoon, having spent eight days, and taken twenty-five meals in our tents, and without having entered a single habitation, beside, during our whole journey. With invigorated health and grateful hearts we were happy to find ourselves at home again, in our rural mountain dwelling."

In her distant field of labor, Mrs. Smith received, with lively satisfaction, intelligence of the prosperity of religion among the Mohegan Indians. Writing to the missionary among them, she says:

"I was as much astonished as were the apostles often in the weakness of their faith, to hear of the revival in Mohegan. When shall we learn that our God is 'faithful to his promises, and faithful to his Son?' Remember me with Christian affection to the dear converts, and to all

the children of the school. May your cords still be lengthened. Pray do not take any thing for granted respecting my probable knowledge of affairs in your little parish, for my friends all say 'you will learn from Mr. G., &c., about Mohegan.' And now I will answer some of your questions. First, in respect to faith, hope, and charity, my experience of them is the same in kind, though I fear not in degree, as your own. I have been so whirled about for the last year, that I sometimes hardly know what my own feelings are. Of this, however, I am confident, that we and other missionaries have not been brought here for nothing; and although we may see scarcely a ray of light, beaming upon the long night of darkness that has obscured this spiritual firmament, others will; and its sound will yet go forth into all the earth. Nothing is lost in God's moral kingdom, though it may sometimes appear so; of course he is using us in some way. In one very important respect you have the advantage of us in your labors. You can speak the language of the people whom you desire to benefit. To acquire this is my leading object at present.—What a long and tedious process it is for the world to get back to its rightful Lord! How much angels must have to cause wonder and admiration, while they are employed in helping it forward! They must often stop to love and worship a being so holy, benevolent and wise as their great Leader. It will not be long, dear brother, before you and I shall know more about this matter than we now do.

"In the village upon the mountains, where we are spending the hot season, we have much to interest our feelings. The Christians of the Greek church, who are the majority of the population, are really friendly towards us, and we could not help loving them, even if we had not a spark of the Saviour's kindness in our breasts. They are industrious, cheerful, and independent, and I

often think what a happy community they would form, with a religion stripped of useless ceremonies—a religion of the heart rather than of the fingers; for one of the most distinguishing marks of their sect is their manner of making the sign of the cross. Could the females of Syria be educated and regenerated, the whole face of the country would change; even, as I said to an Arab a few days since, to the appearance of the houses and the roads. One of our little girls, whom I taught before going to the mountains, came to see me a day or two since, and talked incessantly about her love for the school, and the errors of the people here, saying that they 'cared not for Jesus Christ, but only for the Virgin Mary.'—I have not said a word about 'old Lucy.' Peace to her memory! she has at length got 'home,' I trust. I read her obituary in the paper."

"September 28.—You kindly inquire, my dear madam, whether I find the promise verified, 'Lo, I am with you alway.' Perhaps I cannot better answer the question than by telling you the reflections which I had this evening. Just before sundown, my husband stepped out to attend prayers at the Greek church; and as I closed the door for the purpose of securing a season for devotion during his absence, and turned back upon the solitude of our single apartment, my heart was filled with praise to God for all his gracious dealings with me during the past year. Expecting in a few days to leave Bhamdoon, I was led to adore the kind hand, that in addition to all my other mercies, had furnished me so pleasant and comfortable a home in this obscure mountain village; where I have renewed my strength, and now have vigorous health to re-engage in my labors at Beyroot.

"Monday, October 8.—This day, the season of the monthly concert, has for some time been appropriated to fasting and prayer at this station. While taking an early

walk this morning, I met two girls with baskets of grapes upon their shoulders, who as usual, invited me to partake of their contents. I declined, pleading as an excuse, that it was a fast with me, and they urged me no farther. It is not here as in America, where such an apology might be made the subject of ridicule among the unregenerate. On the contrary, the more peculiar are our habits and numerous our ceremonies, the more respect and influence we may acquire; for to be without religion is considered a great disgrace. Many regard us as irreligious, because we are so simple in our forms of worship and have so few appendages; and are often surprised when we tell them how many churches and priests exist in our native land. A servant woman of Mrs. Whiting, who has now lived long enough with her to love her and appreciate her principles, about a year and a half since remarked to some of the Arabs, that the people with whom she lived, did 'not lie, nor steal, nor quarrel, nor do any such things; but, poor creatures,' said she, 'they have no religion.' In contrasting the spiritual blessings of my country with the more than useless ceremonies of this, I often think of these lines of the inimitable Watts:

> 'Let strangers walk around
> The city where we dwell,' &c.

"In some important respects, the morals of this people are better than those of our own land. But the great destroyer need not be strenuous on the point here, for he has the entire mass of the inhabitants sufficiently enchained by a corrupt religion for all his purposes; and he reserves other temptations for those regions where he can employ them to blind the eyes of men against the clear light of truth. In this our mountain residence, my husband has had more than usual opportunity to give religious instruction by means of conversation, distribution of the Scriptures, and evening prayers in Arabic, in our

room. More or less of the villagers are always present upon the latter occasion. We feel assured that these 'mountain tops will yet shout to each other,' though we may not live to catch 'the flying joy' on earth.

"I have rejoiced, dear Mrs. F., in all the spiritual blessings of your own family, and in those of the church at large. In thinking of that garden of the Lord where my friends dwell, I sometimes compare our situation with that of our first parents who were driven out of paradise to till the earth, which they found covered with thorns and briars. Indeed, I think that had Isaiah seen, in vision, our happy land, with all her faults; contrasting it with this, as it is now, and probably was then, he would still have indulged in all the strains of prophetic rapture, which characterize his writings. I must now, through necessity, though unwillingly, leave you. A sheet of paper never seemed so insufficient for my purposes, as since I came to this country. A single one will not contain half I wish to communicate to those I love; and yet I think it will contain as much as I ought to trouble them with."

CHAPTER XI.

SCENERY—SABBATH EVENING—ENGLISH SERVICE—TROUBLES OF MOHAMMEDANS—DEATH OF DR. DODGE—APPEAL TO AMERICAN CHRISTIANS—ON PHYSICAL CULTURE—INTERCOURSE WITH ENGLISH FRIENDS—LETTER TO MRS. DODGE—ON PREPARATION FOR THE MISSIONARY WORK—FEMALE PRAYER MEETING—NATIVE HABITS OF FASTING—THOUGHTS ON AMERICAN CHARACTER—ARAB VISITS—LETTER TO MRS. WISNER ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND—LETTER TO MRS. HALLOCK.

Having returned from her summer residence in the mountains, and become again settled at Beyroot, Mrs. Smith resumed her journal addressed to her parents, as follows:

"Beyroot, Oct. 19, 1834.

"My ever dear Parents:—I wish you could sit down with me in my pleasant room, this evening, where I have composed myself for a little epistolary converse with you. The full moon rising in the east, is shining in its splendor over the lofty peak of Lebanon, while the waters of the Mediterranean, which wash its base, are sparkling in her beams, and on the north its dark waves are bounded only by the sky. The street in which we live is directly upon the shore; a high castle, surmounted with a single turret, stands upon a rock, a few rods from the land; the hum of human voices has ceased, and the silence of night is

broken only by the roar of the surf, as the sea dashes upon the shore. Three times have I risen from my seat to notice and admire in solitude this charming scene. We are partially settled in our new abode, but I hope we shall not indulge the thought that this is our rest. If we do, God will break up the delusion.

"This is the evening of the Sabbath, and it will be more appropriate to recall the events of the day. Mr. Thompson preached at our Consul's, a most excellent sermon. My soul was refreshed, particularly in the singing, and I thought of the bliss of heaven. The Sabbath, my dear father, is the day in which I am in the habit of making you especially the subject of my petitions; and often my heart is much drawn out in supplicating spiritual blessings for you, and I feel assured that such blessings will make you completely happy here and hereafter. Thus, through the merits of my Saviour, though far removed from you, I may be the means of making an impression upon your present and eternal happiness.

"October 22.—Yesterday I went up to Mr. B.'s to consult about the plan of a school-house, now commenced for females. I can hardly believe that such a project is actually in progress, and I hail it as the dawn of a happy change in Syria. Two hundred dollars have been subscribed by friends in this vicinity, and I told Mr. B., that if necessary, I thought he might expend fifty more upon the building, as our Sunday school in Norwich had pledged one hundred a year for female education in Syria. I cannot tell you how much satisfaction I take in appropriating my little effects to missionary purposes; as I used at home often to wish that holiness to the Lord might be inscribed on my little possessions.

"October 27.—This morning the English service was held in the room now called our chapel, at our Consul's, and it promises to be a pleasant resort. I felt more as I

used to feel in America, than since I bade farewell to those

> 'Sacred scenes of peace and pleasure,
> Holy days and Sabbath bell.'

Mrs. C. is much engaged in fitting it up, arranging with her own hands the covering of the desk, in which she exhibits the tact of her countrywomen. May God bring her and her husband into his true fold. I cannot but think that these feeble beginnings for this land, are like the little stone that was cut out of the mountain.

"October 29.—Yesterday I again commenced the female school with four scholars, which were increased to ten to-day, and the number will probably continue to augment as before, from week to week. As I walked home about sunset this evening, I thought to myself, can it be that I am really a school mistress, and the only one in all Syria? and I tripped along with a quick step amid Egyptians, Turks and Arabs, Moslems and Jews, to my pleasant and quiet home, where I always find a number of kind friends to bid me welcome. Dear Mrs. Abbott said to me, as I seated myself with her upon the side of her bed, before I took off my hat, 'you don't know what a privilege, what a comfort it is to me to have you here.' My hours are now so systematically and fully appropriated that I can only steal short intervals for writing.

"November 9.—The number of English merchants is increasing here, and for the last week our minds have been much exercised respecting them; especially the importance of having them regular attendants upon our morning service. If a foundation is now being laid for a future community of English and Americans, as we cannot doubt, we are anxious that it should be a good one. If it be only *fashionable* for all who come to attend chapel, it will be a great point gained; for there will be souls which may be the subjects of the Spirit's operations.

"Dear parents, I love you, and think of you constantly, yet am busy and happy. I sometimes indulge the thought that God has sent me to the females of Syria—to the little girls (of whom I have a favorite school)—for their good. They are the burden of my prayer, let them be of yours.

"Jan. 5, 1835.—On Friday I distributed rewards to twenty-three little girls belonging to my school, which, as they are all poor, consisted of clothing. The value of the presents was graduated by the number of tickets which each scholar could produce. My husband prayed and talked with them. It was a new scene for Syria. Our Sabbath school also increases. Eighteen were present last Sunday, and walked two and two from Tannoos' house to the Arabic service. I am in constant expectation of an 'excommunication' upon my pupils, from the ecclesiastical authorities.

"January 28.—It is a year to-day since our arrival at Beyroot—a year of mercies *only*. How grateful and obedient ought we to be. I wish you would pray, my dear parents, that I may not be so dull a scholar as I feel myself to be, under all the kind discipline of a heavenly Master. When I reflect upon the multifarious lessons, which in the course of nearly thirty years I have been called to learn, I am ashamed and confounded at my ignorance—my slow advance in moral improvement. Every day that I live I find less occasion for self-complacency. Little do those who are basking in the rays of a meridian sun, like that under which I lived in Norwich, and passing buoyantly along with the stream, know how it would 'try their souls,' and try their characters, and their Christian hopes, to be transported to a dark, cold land like this, where they would be obliged to struggle against the current. Yes, it is to me a solemn thought, that many, apparently hopeful followers of Christ, in America, would not sustain the change; for with all my self-love, I often fear that I shall be found wanting at the

last. Could I convey to the minds of my friends the views which I have on this point, I should rejoice. In a few words I would say, 'examine yourselves,' and discover if possible, how much of your love, and zeal, and activity, are the genuine fruits of the Spirit, and how much is the result of factitious circumstances.

"Last Saturday was a day of much interest and excitement to us, leading us to feel the force of the assurance, that 'as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about his people' when they are planted amid an irregular, despotic, and dangerous government. We are here not only *defended*, but the *defenders* of the legitimate subjects of Mohammedan rule against their own rulers. An order was issued for the impressment of soldiers for the Pasha, which does not extend to the nominal Christians, but only to the Moslems. In consequence of which, the houses of the English and Americans were nearly filled with refugees. Seven men slept in our court on Saturday night. Many Christians were also seized, but subsequently released, after satisfactory evidence that they were not Moslems.

"February 12.—Once more God, in his inscrutable wisdom, has entered our little band, in the removal of one of our number; by which our hearts are not only wounded, but our hopes of Jerusalem again blasted. Our beloved brother Dodge, who from the time that I knew him, has ever seemed to me ripening for heaven, has at length reached that 'home for weary souls.' Sad to us, but not to him, is this event. The following lines, sung at brother P.'s funeral, and at our family devotions this morning, express my present feelings:

'There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.'

Yes; 'all serene in heaven.' He is there I doubt not; though we cannot see why he should be snatched away, after having spent two years of toil and perplexity in preparing for service in this dark land, with the language just beginning to be at his command; yet he knows and appreciates the whole. When I was an inmate of his family, I found that he uniformly rose very early; and from his increasing spiritual views and tender sensibilities, it was evident that he held much communion with God. His case confirms me in the long cherished belief, that secret prayer is the key to holy living and a happy death.

"We shall probably now make other arrangements, and the question will arise, 'Shall Jerusalem be abandoned?' To that mission have been sacrificed Fisk and Parsons, Dr. Dalton, (the first husband of Mrs. Nicolayson,) and Mrs. Thompson. *Death* has interrupted *every* previous attempt, and to send missionaries thither seems but sending them to their graves! We all feel that God has selected from our number, at this time, the very one who was best prepared for His presence; of course the one qualified to live and do good. This makes us mourn, and every day we realize our loss more.

"And now what can I say; what can the missionaries of Syria say; what can any of the laborers who are scattered over this desolate world say, to the mass of Christians crowded together in America, to induce them to feel and to act only for dying multitudes? They do feel and they do act, *comparatively;* but, my dear parents, it is the eyes that affect the heart; and if we would believe *fully*, that a guilty world is under the wrath of God, we must go to those portions of the earth where Satan still reigns triumphant. I was deeply affected with the fact that the Washington Islands were abandoned as a missionary station, because of their scattered population. Under existing circumstances probably this was necessary;

but ought circumstances to exist in a church so large, so blessed, so competent as that of America, as unavoidably to doom to eternal destruction, a thousand souls in one place, five hundred or even one hundred in another, to say nothing of the millions. I think of those groups in the Pacific; of the Azores, of which we had a faint glimpse when crossing the Atlantic; of other inhabitants of mountains and vallies, upon which our eyes rested. I look abroad upon the countries around this sea, teeming with immortal souls, whose wasted existence will soon be swallowed up in the world of wo; and then my eye turns to our own land, and I see the crowded conference-room, the Sabbath school, the 'great congregation,' not *denying* but *enjoying* themselves, in the spacious churches where the truth is continually dropping its sacred dew. I see the shelves and tables loaded with publications too numerous to be read, the social board covered with dainties. I think of the hours that are spent in cooking, in visits, in regulating the fold or fashion of an article of furniture or dress—not by the devotees of folly, but by blood-bought disciples of Christ—and I think of the wasted years of my own probationary existence; and in view of all this, my heart sinks within me and I can only exclaim, in behalf of myself and others, guilty, *guilty!* While you have more than enough of all that makes life dear and immortality to appear precious, here there exists native barrenness.

"Excepting the three or four native converts, we know not one pious religious teacher, one judicious parent, one family circle regulated by the love of God, one tradesman influenced by the fear of God—no, not even *one!* Let me say to any, to the humblest, the most uninfluential, whose heart may be touched with such facts, leading him to exclaim, 'what can *I* do?' to begin with some little thing, be it ever so small, by which he may

save, if not many, a few moments of precious time, which he may devote to the purpose of thinking and praying over this great matter. And if he is faithful in a little, he may have authority over much. The Holy Spirit will communicate new views, new energies, and a spark may kindle a great fire.

"I write to Mrs. R. by this opportunity, and perhaps also to sister F. I wish I had strength to do more; but my school and my studies draw upon my energies continually, as well as occupy the best hours of every day. When I get an assistant from among the hundreds of well qualified females in America, I will give more time to my correspondents there, God willing.

"We had five young men at our Bible class last evening, English and Scotch. It is a little remarkable that these foreign adventurers should all of them have been, as it appears, religiously educated. They are also more than usually intelligent. We cannot but hope that God is laying a foundation here on which to build his kingdom in future generations."

"Beyroot, February 12.

"My dear Sister:—This is Thursday, the day on which I bring you and your daughters in especial remembrance before God; on Wednesday, I remember your dear husband and little Cornelius; and often in connection with them the precious friends at Andover.

"You speak of the importance and duty of physical culture. It is a subject upon which I reflected much in America, and have done so still more in this country. I think the individual who should devote his whole attention to it, for the benefit of missionaries, would be a blessing to the universe.

"Many precautions are essential in this climate, beside what relate to diet. Exposure to cold and dampness,

and fatigue, must be avoided. Unbraced by the cold winters to which we have been accustomed, our northern constitutions are particularly susceptible to debility; and if we lose our vigor of body, we cannot do with our 'might' what our hands find to do; for we have no might.

"February 28.—I believe that I feel on Saturdays much like all 'school ma'ams,' a sort of freedom from care and a desire for relaxation; yet I am certainly happier, surrounded by my twenty little Arab girls, than any where else; though I have a pleasant home and a most beloved husband.

"Our intercourse with our English friends, becomes every week more pleasant and mutually confidential. It seems like an answer to prayer. We do not feel like relinquishing the Jerusalem mission, but would rather 'draw arguments from discouragements,' and 'take the kingdom of heaven by violence' for that city. One fact is encouraging, that no death has occurred in consequence of the climate, for it is superior to that of Beyroot. Their winters are cold and invigorating.

"You inquire if missionaries are not in danger of losing their regard for the sanctity of the Sabbath? They are so, and on this account we feel it to be important that we keep the day with uncommon strictness; as the habit is calculated to make a deep impression upon the natives, so unlike their own. We get no dinner, though our servant is consequently idle all the morning, while we are at English service. With my husband and myself every moment is filled up as in America, the native Sabbath school being exclusively under our direction."

The letter from which the following extracts are taken, was addressed to Mrs. Dodge, on the death of her husband:—"Need I spend a moment, my dear sister, to

convince you that in your sorrows, I am afflicted, and that I have wept again and again over the memory of your and my beloved friend, and at the thought of your desolated heart? Though many tears had flowed, as one circumstance after another confirmed the sad story of your loss; yet when I came to that part of your recital which alluded to the interment on Mount Zion, and pictured to myself the unconscious curiosity depicted upon the familiar features of your bright little Mary, in the last mournful scene, it seemed as if my heart would burst. Sweet child! God will surely be her Father. I esteemed and admired your excellent husband. His mind possessed certain delicate shades which were truly attractive; not to mention his peculiar and increasing sensibility to those spiritual things which he knows and loves now with unclouded perceptions, in that blessed home on high. My husband and myself reflect with great satisfaction upon our intercourse with him; we saw the growing spirituality of his feelings, and very often said to each other, that we had forebodings of his early removal. We saw, too, that his piety was the result of cherished communion with his God, and shall we not make him here our exemplar? His short visit at Beyroot was a cordial to our hearts.

"I was reading a few days since, a short obituary of a clergyman's wife in America, who died at the age of twenty-two. As her afflicted husband hung over her dying bed he inquired, 'what shall I do when you are gone?' She replied, '*Preach the blessed gospel.*' I have imagined your sainted husband, now more of a missionary at heart than ever before, as speaking thus:—'My dear Martha, you have passed through many trials, it is true, in this foreign land, but perhaps the worst are over; and if you can preserve your health and devote yourself to the poor females of Syria, whose language you have just

acquired, and train up our little daughter to love and labor for them too, I would rather be your ministering spirit here, than in that land which is surfeited with religious privileges.'

"Forgive me, my much loved sister, for thus freely imparting to you my thoughts. Perhaps you have had no idea of returning to America, except as it relates to pecuniary affairs. But I am confident, that after our earnest appeals for female aid, the Board will most cheerfully acquiesce in the continuance of one who has had the advantage of two years' experience upon the ground, and two years' study of the language.

"In the female population, I venture to assert, that the field is white unto the harvest, in Beyroot at least. I bless God that he brought me hither, and I am sure that we shall behold an ingathering, if we are faithful. My prayer for my missionary brethren and sisters, is more for their physical strength than for almost any thing beside. For I believe we are God's children, and if we can learn to be strictly conscientious in all our habits, I think we may live and do good here; at the same time we must carefully avoid such exposures as cut off that valuable life which nothing can now recall. That wretched journey! Oh, I cannot bear to think of it! I wonder not at the result."

The following letter to a young Christian relative, whom Mrs. Smith hoped to welcome to a participation in her labors, is inserted for the sake of the suggestions it contains on preparation for the missionary work.

"Beyroot, March 2.

"Since you and I, my dear ——, hope to be united in labors, at some future day, for the benefit of this people, it seems desirable that we should keep up a correspondence,

which you have so pleasantly commenced by your sweet letter. I cannot tell you how much I was gratified, more than by any which I have received; and I am constantly thinking of your promise to come and aid me, if the Lord will. This prospect, though distant a few years, gives a spring to my feelings whenever I dwell upon it; and furnishes one of the strongest inducements to me to seek the preservation of my health, that I may live to aid you by my experience, and comfort you with my affection, when you forsake father and mother for Christ. I look upon this consecration of yourself to him as perfectly rational and consistent; and I hope that in laying out your energies to prepare for the station, you will feel that you are doing nothing more than is your duty to do. This will keep you from spiritual exaltation above those who are living for a less noble purpose; by leading you to think of the high standard which God has given us, rather than of the deficiencies of others. If he blesses you in this undertaking, what sublimity will be attached to all your thoughts and pursuits. Methinks angels will be your joyful companions and advisers, delegated by your blessed Master. Perhaps too he will condescend to employ me in furnishing you with a few hints that may be profitable to you. In one letter, however, I will not attempt to say all that is in my mind; but take up one or two subjects only.

"I need not dwell long, at present, upon the highest requisite qualification for a missionary, though I should love to occupy many pages with it. You will readily believe that no common degree of love to God and love to man, will suffice for a foundation, in forming yourself to become one. I will only remark, that this must be acquired by daily and prolonged communion with God. You must not only take a few minutes, at regular seasons, for prayer; but you must secure some

of your most valuable hours; and so occupy yourself in them as to get *near* to God; and so as to bring eternal things near to you, that you may throw your entire self into the work which engages his infinite mind; and that every thing beside may dwindle to a point. Although I am very far from setting myself as a standard—on the contrary am continually lamenting my deficiencies; yet I can say, that if I have any heart for my work, I look back upon the hours of retirement and devotion which, before I knew my destination, were spent in my own chamber, in my father's house, and when the beautiful stars of the morning were my only light—as the means of obtaining this heart. I have also found great profit from whole days of private fasting and prayer. You will derive particular benefit from such seasons, having a known and definite object in view. If you pursue an undeviating course of secret devotion, without neglecting your active duties, your soul will gradually rise to higher and still higher perceptions of truth and personal obligation; and when you reach the land of darkness, where, within the loyal dominions of 'the prince of the power of the air,' even the regenerate have greater struggles with their depraved natures; past joys and motives will come back upon your soul to refresh and strengthen you; and like David, you will remember God 'from the land of Jordan and of the Hermonites, and from the hill Mizar.'

"Presuming that all your pursuits and studies will have a decided and acknowledged reference to the missionary work, during the years preparatory to your departure for Syria; I would mention that a knowledge of languages, and a facility in acquiring them, are the first requisites for your undertaking. I do not wish to discourage you by too formidable a list of necessary acquirements; but Mr. Smith and myself both think that you should be able

to speak the Italian readily, to read the French, and to be sufficiently familiar with Latin to use the Arabic and Latin dictionary—the only one which we have; and if you can obtain from your father a little knowledge of the idiom of the Hebrew, it will aid you greatly in that of the Arabic, which it strongly resembles. With a knowledge of Italian, you can enjoy unembarrassed intercourse with all foreigners in the Mediterranean; and at brother E.'s in New York you can get a native teacher. It is an easy, sweet language. The French is so similar, you will not find it difficult; and if you take the Latin first, you will find the transition to both the others natural. The Hebrew is of less consequence than the other three, and may be omitted. To use De Sacy's grammar, you will need an acquaintance with the French. It is seldom that an individual obtains a perfect knowledge of several different languages, yet I think the study of one foreign tongue, gives a taste and facility for others; and for a missionary, even a smattering in languages is better than nothing. As for the Arabic, you need have nothing to do with it until you mingle with the Arabs; though possibly I may send you a book, that you may gratify your curiosity by looking at the characters."

"Beyroot, March 17.

"My dear Mother:—I have two reasons for addressing myself to you especially, aside from my usual journal; first to gratify you, and secondly that I may bring you in debt to myself, to the amount of a whole sheet of paper, filled by your own dictation. Although you are mentioned in every letter from home, and I love to hear that you are well and happy, and that you love, and weep, and pray for me, still I have an earnest desire to recognize upon paper the features of your own mind; that mind with which I have had so much converse and sympathy.

It is a very pleasant circumstance to me, that notwithstanding I am so busily occupied with cares and interests around me, I am often with you in my dreams, and many times dear grandmamma and brother P. are mingling with us. Shall we not all be associates in heaven?

"We often think and talk of your Friday meeting, which is on purpose for us; and I believe your prayers have been, and will be yet more abundantly answered. On Saturday we commenced a native female prayer meeting, only one of whose attendants, (Mrs. W.,) gives satisfactory evidence of a renewed nature; yet we look for fruit hereafter. If those females in America, who decline leading the devotions of a social circle, feel any thing of the reluctance which I felt in attempting to pray in the native tongue, I pity more than I blame them; yet if they would cast themselves upon God, as I was enabled to do, I doubt not that similar strength would be imparted. My first effort of the kind, in this difficult language, was with my little girl, and I pursue it regularly. Twice I have performed the duty in the school, and Mrs. W. and myself stop a few minutes once a week, to make the school and her irreligious friends the subjects of prayer. If I were not writing to you, dear mamma, I should not mention these particulars; but I know you will tenderly sympathize with me in an occurrence of this nature. Probably this was the first female prayer meeting that was ever held in the Arabic language. Will you not make it at yours, on Friday, an especial subject of prayer? Pray that our stammering tongues may be more and more unloosed.

"I wish, dear mamma, you could visit my school, and possess the gift of tongues. I do not wish to withdraw your interest from other objects, but I do wish you to pray a great deal for these little girls. I sometimes feel that God has sent me here to make an impression upon

the female character in Syria; yet I may be cut off speedily, and my work cease. God forbid! Rather let me be like Swartz and Morrison, who have been permitted with bodily eyes to behold the fruits of their labors.

"I think the habits of fasting among this people would strike you singularly. They are very troublesome, to say the least, in a family. Yet I am not solicitous about overthrowing a superstition so comparatively innocent as this, before the heart is convinced of the truth; for I am of the opinion that it often induces a recklessness of moral obligation, unfavorable to purity. It is like having the soul 'swept and garnished' for fouler spirits to be entertained therein. When I took my little girl, she was fasting from meat, butter, milk, and all animal substances, for forty days previous to Christmas. Now, she and our Maltese are keeping fifty days Lent before Easter—taking no food until after twelve o'clock, and then nothing of an animal nature. Saturdays and Sundays the little girl, who is a Greek, may eat in the morning; and the servant boy, who is a Catholic, Sundays only. This practice leads the people to think very much about food, making them particular and difficult, for after such long fasts, they loathe simple food, and are often dissatisfied with what is given them. With my washer-woman I have had frequent trouble. They are always, too, wishing a change of food. The people fish all night upon the sea, for 'bloodless fish,' as they are called, and often the reflection of the torches, attached to their boats, dance around the walls of our bed-room until morning dawns. It reminds me of the probable mode in which the disciples of our Saviour gained their subsistence. 'They toiled all night,' but not under such a guide as these people, who are thus duped to believe that this is religion, and will carry them to heaven. Alas! alas! Blessed Lord, may thy kingdom come speedily!"

"BEYROOT, MARCH 19.

"We feel anxious about our country, lest she be left to misrule and destruction. May God save her, for his own glory. In some respects my feelings and opinions have been changed since I left America. Looking at our national character at the distance of 5,000 miles, and mingling with foreigners, I feel myself forming a more impartial estimate than when I was borne along amid the excitement and self-complacency to which my countrymen are certainly exposed. While I see much to admire and love, I also see faults that I could wish might be corrected. That humorous poetical effusion of Halleck, describing the Connecticut character, is not inapplicable to the nation at large:

> 'They have a natural talent for foreseeing
> And knowing all things.'
>
> * * * * * *
>
> 'Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
> And think it kindness to his majesty.'

"Now you must not think that I am becoming a traitor to my own dear native land. It is my *love* for it that makes me jealous of her reputation; thrown as I am into circumstances in which her merits are discussed, and where her peculiarities are exposed by the various specimens of American character that find their way to these shores. I have before remarked that I think our countrymen much better qualified for missionary labor and self-denial than the English, and I still think so; yet if we could smooth away some of our excrescences, and at the same time retain that energy in action which characterizes us, we should hold a still higher place in 'the scale of being,' than we now do.

"I never felt the importance of family order, and a due subordination of children and servants, as since I

have resided here; and have been led to fear that the want of this in America, more than any thing else, threatens to interfere with the permanence of our free institutions. Surely God never designed that the beautiful and orderly arrangement of his providence, which has divided mankind into families, should be interrupted. During the past winter, an American gentleman and his son have spent considerable time at Beyroot, after travelling in the Holy Land, and making some examinations for the purpose of disproving the Mosaic history of the creation. They are from the south-western States, and one of our English friends remarked, that his own curiosity had been gratified at length by a specimen of some of our 'backwoodsmen.' His criticisms were not unkind at all towards our country; but he remarked, incidentally, that there was a singular familiarity existing between this father and son; the latter contradicting his father continually, and treating him with no respect whatever.

"It is quite interesting to me to study the character of the English; that race from which we sprang, and to whom we ought to feel strongly attached. Between them and ourselves there are shades of difference; some to our advantage, and some to our disadvantage. The manners of all those whom I have seen are in most respects as refined as those of the best classes in America. The above-mentioned countrymen of ours remarked to their English acquaintances at Beyroot, that at the South they did not feel much sympathy with New England residents; for they were too English in their character. The father said he did not visit with those of his mother country, whom he met in foreign lands, because he was ridiculed for eating with his knife, instead of his fork, &c.!

"May 18.—Yesterday at the Sabbath school, Mr. S. asked one of the little girls, 'who was the progenitor of the Jews?' and she replied, 'Satan.' By general consent,

among the old and young, this afflicted race seem to be condemned to ignominy here, and irretrievable destruction hereafter.

"June 2.—A few days since, one of my little Moslem scholars, whose father was once an extensive merchant here, came and invited me to make a call upon her mother. I took Raheel, and accompanied her to their house, which is in our neighborhood. I found it a charming spot, and very neatly kept. An aged relative sat near the door of the receiving-room, assorting and placing in a pile, some grape leaves, which are much used in this country in cooking rice. They mince fresh meat with the rice, and roll it up in the leaves and boil it. It is a nice dish. But the reason of my alluding to this, was to say that the woman was blind, and all her movements reminded me so forcibly of my dear mother, that I watched her with painful satisfaction.

"It is quite a formidable circumstance to receive and make Arab visits, so much ceremony is requisite. I generally feel less at my ease in exchanging civilities with the natives, than I did in any circumstances in which I was placed in America. Sherbêt and coffee must be furnished, and the whole attention given to them while they remain. Hospitality is regarded here as a religious act, I think, and reputation is greatly prized. They are less sincere, however, than those whom they consider cold in their manner of treating strangers. There is no regularity or system in the arrangement of their time; of course, our New England habits are often encroached upon. Sometimes when I am occupying an early hour in the few domestic cares in which I allow myself, and half a dozen Arab females parade into the room, I am obliged to summon all my benevolence and recollection, to enable me to perform the rites of hospitality with perfect cheerfulness. 'For this cause was I sent,' are words which

frequently come into my mind of late, when thus interrupted. I cannot yet converse as freely as I wish on any subject, especially that of religion. This too must be introduced with great judgment and caution; so that I must at present content myself with accomplishing but little more than exciting confidence and regard by an amiable Christian deportment, which is not unimportant in preparing the way for future efforts. I often think how dear mamma, if she were here and knew the Arabic, would interest this people.

"And is Dr. Wisner no longer upon the earth! Surely there is a world, and work too, for the precious spirits who are so frequently snatched from our sphere. I cannot be sufficiently thankful that my own dear family circle remains unbroken. I never receive a parcel from America, without lifting up my heart to God that I may be prepared for whatever intelligence it may contain."

"Beyroot, July 2.

"My dear Mrs. Wisner:—When it has been in my heart to address a letter to you, which has often been the case since my removal to Syria, I little imagined that I was deferring it for an occasion like the present; and that when I took my pen to assure you of my love, I should be called to express also my sympathy in the sorest bereavement you could possibly experience. Dear friend, you are not the only mourner in this afflictive event. We who knew your husband, loved him and weep for him. Who could know and not love him? He won my heart the first time I enjoyed your kind hospitality in Boston. That charming simplicity and warmth of heart which he possessed, was very attractive, and he seemed so like a father and a brother to our little missionary circle when we were about departing from America, that my attachment was greatly strengthened. May I never again be

called to endure the agony and conflict of feeling which I experienced at the close of the evening service in Park Street church, when this dear friend came to the pew where I sat, and gave me his parting blessing. His own soul seemed full of deep sympathy; his words were few, and I could not speak. But for the supporting grace of God, my natural feelings would have wholly subdued me.

"Your excellent husband, for his kindness to our departed relatives and to their orphan children, seemed to be identified with us; and as I said farewell to *him*, those chords of feeling were touched which vibrated so painfully when I left my father's house. I have loved to think of him in this far distant land; and I have remembered, and repeated to my missionary associates very often, a remark which he made to us at our little meeting at Mr. Anderson's—'That we should especially aim at the possession of a cheerful reliance upon the atonement of Christ.' This, he said, would support us in our work more than any thing else!

"When we heard of the sudden departure of Dr. Wisner, I remarked to Mr. Smith, that it must be that God has a place for those who become lost to us in this world, where their services are immediately employed for his glory. Or perhaps he sees that the sanctifying influence of their removal will promote his kingdom more than their lives on earth. All felt that this good and gifted man was eminently qualified for his station.

"It is my own opinion that nothing is lost to the church by such an event, any more than was the case among the Israelites, when Elijah was taken up to heaven. Yet we mourn, and not without reason, when beloved objects are snatched from our bosoms. Dear friend, how your heart has bled! If I felt anguish such as no former event ever brought to my soul, when a precious brother was removed by a lingering illness, what must you have suffered by the

sudden rending of that tie which now I know to be stronger than any other. But God has supported you, I am confident. He will support you to the end. You could never claim so many direct promises as in your present circumstances. If 'thy Maker is thine husband,' what have you to fear. Soon we shall meet, I trust, where sorrow and sin will never draw another sigh from our breasts. Please to accept, with my own, the affectionate sympathy of my husband."

The feelings of Mrs. Smith as a mourner with one of the families of the mission at Smyrna, afflicted in the removal of a child, were tenderly expressed in the following extract.

"Dear Mrs. Hallock:—You were very kind to give us so minute an account of the sickness of your little daughter. It was exceedingly touching, particularly as it came from a mother's pen; and I think you have great consolation in the remembrance of her sweet deportment, and tender religious sensibilities. You may truly say of your precious one,

'She died to sin, she died to care,
But for a moment felt the rod;
Then springing on the viewless air
Spread her light wings and soared to God.

'This the blest theme that cheers my voice,
The grave is not my darling's prison,
The stone that covered half my joys
Is rolled away, and she is risen.'

I know much of the sorrows which death brings into an affectionate family circle, having the year that I left my father's house consigned to the tomb a beloved brother, who was preparing for the ministry. Such events break up and call forth those deep fountains of feeling in the

human breast, the existence of which is scarcely realized by the unafflicted. I asked my dear father, who had before lost a lovely boy of two years, which trial was the greatest, that of parting with the infant, or the son of maturer years. 'Oh! the last,' said he, 'for the love which I bore the *child*, has gained twofold strength for the *man*.' Such doubtless would have been your experience.

"Do you not often think of the dear circle at Malta, and the poor ignorant beings that fill those streets? I doubt not your prayers mingle with ours for the long deferred blessing. Oh! when shall we see the kingdom of Satan, around this sea, tottering to its foundation. May we all be faithful to our trust, and God will hasten it in his time."

CHAPTER XII.

JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM — RETURN TO BEYROOT.

In prosecuting the objects of the mission, it was necessary for Mr. Smith to visit Jerusalem. Mrs. Smith accompanied her husband. She prepared an account of their journey to and from Jerusalem; and separate from this, a sketch of the scenes she witnessed in that interesting city. The latter never reached this country. Its loss occasions a chasm in the present chapter, much to be regretted; especially as it was considered by her husband the most interesting of all her journals; and there is but a single letter to supply its place.

To such readers of this volume as may be already acquainted, through other channels, with scenes and places described in this chapter, it is believed there will be compensation in the characteristic descriptions she gives, and in the accompanying manifestations of her peculiar feelings as a Christian, visiting the scenes of a country of such sacred and surpassing interest.

"Beyroot, May 14, 1835.

"My dear Brother and Sister:—On the 1st day of April, at 2 o'clock, P. M., I turned my face to go up to Jerusalem. You will not doubt that I indulged some very peculiar feelings as I went toward the Holy Land; such as no former journey ever induced. I could hardly believe it a reality, though a sacred cheerfulness stole over me.

When I was a little girl, I used to think of Jerusalem with great interest; and after I had a new heart, though not the heart of a missionary, I thought that I could brave every imaginable evil for such a field of labor. Now I was actually realizing the dreams of earlier days; and though the romance of childhood had passed away, my heart beat in unison with the occasion. I only wanted some of my beloved ones in America to enjoy it with me.

"The style of travelling in this country, together with the narrowness of the roads, which seldom allows two to ride abreast, interferes with social intercourse; and conversation cannot be supported without considerable effort. It is the very antipodes of that which is furnished by your omnibuses. We talked some, however, and thought more.

"Nothing very striking occurred on that day. Our tents were pitched near the shore of the Mediterranean; and while the gentlemen were employed in their erection, I walked down to the water, 'to meditate at eventide.' 'That classical sea,' whose waters were then clear as crystal, cast its waves upon the smooth sands with calm dignity; while I gathered the pretty shells which they lodged at my feet. Not a sound was heard save the murmuring of the sea, in this solitary place; and as I looked over the wide watery waste, my heart could not but soar to Him who sitteth alone upon the throne of the universe, and quietly respond to the voice of the peaceful waves. We partook of our evening meal with cheerfulness, and after uniting in prayer retired to our couch. We had reason to regret our choice of a location; for the rain and the wind beat upon our habitation, and it fell in the middle of the night. My husband was up nearly all night holding down its sides and securing myself and our articles from injury. Morning dawned, however, and no harm had befallen our persons or property. Under the shadow of the Almighty we were secure from the terror by night.

At half past eight we left Khan Hulda, rode upon the shore of the Mediterranean, and reached Sidon in seven hours. It is surrounded by beautiful and well-watered gardens; and as we rode out to our encampment about sundown, the brilliant verdure of the plain, bounded by low and luxuriant hills, transferred us in imagination to our dear New England. The next morning at sunrise we set out for Tyre.

"Whenever I saw our tent fall to the ground, my thoughts naturally reverted to the taking down of the tabernacle of the body at last. While waiting, I often had time to read portions of Scripture appropriate to the localities we visited; to take notes also, and to converse with the women and children who came to ask charity and to gather up any thing which might be left. We travelled on this day along 'the coast of Tyre and Sidon,' from whence many came forth to witness, and to be benefited by the miracles of our Saviour. We passed near the site of Sarepta. The scenery was exquisitely beautiful on the left; the country rising gradually into hills of moderate height, whose declivities, even to their summit, were covered with grain; and interspersed with olive trees. These latter, in the distance, strikingly resemble the apple trees of America, and we felt almost as if we were travelling there.

"After a ride of seven hours we found ourselves in Tyre, once 'the crowning city,' now most emphatically the abode of indigence. We went directly to the house of our consular agent, a respectable native, of the Greek Catholic church, who treated us very hospitably. It was Friday evening, and in consequence of the rain, which would prevent us from pitching our tents, and we knew of no house in which we could comfortably spend the Sabbath, we staid in Tyre until Monday.

"Of the luxury of retirement, the inhabitants of these

countries know nothing, and no provision is made for it in the construction of their houses. One large room is furnished with cushions on each side, with a recess, before which a curtain is drawn, containing the mattresses and coverings of their beds, which are drawn forth at night and spread over the room for sleeping. While arrangements for the night were going forward, I sat quietly by with my pencil, taking notes of the occurrences of the day. One of the ladies took a bit of a wax taper in her hand, and dropping upon her knees by my side, kindly held the light as long as I wished to write; interrupting me occasionally with questions about the object of this, that, and the other articles of dress, &c. which I readily answered. As I sat thus occupied, and thus attended, I thought to myself, 'can it be that this is the ancient Tyre, and am I actually here?' I made some inquiries, respecting the present condition of the place, of this kind yet simple minded woman. Said I, 'Have you gardens, &c. here?' 'No,' said she, 'there is nothing here but poor people, and nothing to look at but the sea;' and this remark was accompanied by that very significant gesture of the Arabs, by which they express *utter destitution.* It is by putting the thumb and fore finger together, and snapping the end of the upper teeth with the nail of the thumb, bringing it suddenly from the mouth. This female little imagined how strikingly she was testifying to the truth of prophecy respecting that 'merchant of many isles.'

"Tyre is now a peninsula, having been united to the main land by Alexander. The isthmus which connects it is completely covered with sand. In front of the city, quite out in the sea, there are ruins which appear like the remains of a quay, indicating great changes in the form and size of the ancient city. The only object of interest worth examining, is the site of a very large church; part

of whose walls and sculpture remain, exhibiting its structure to have been in the shape of a cross. Here repose the ashes of the celebrated Origen, and of Frederick Barbarossa. I had some peculiar feelings while I stood upon those mouldering fragments, and thought of that conspicuous, talented, yet speculative father of the church. In the evening we were informed, very politely, that the next day a family feast would occur to the honor of their patron saint. We therefore removed all our articles into the room which the gentlemen occupied, that we might enjoy a more quiet Sabbath ourselves, and give them an opportunity to receive their visitors without reserve. Mr. S. mingled a little with them, while several companies of ladies came into the room where I sat, to see and be seen. I was as kind and sociable as I was able to be, endeavoring to throw in, with my stammering tongue, a few profitable remarks. One woman remained and listened with apparent interest while I spoke of the downfall of Tyre, as affording us a lesson to avoid pride, which God so much abhors. Towards evening they all went to the church to prayers, and we accompanied them. I was of course separated from my husband, and went to the women's apartment, which was situated like the gallery porch of the Norwich meeting-house, from whence through lattice work, we looked down upon the mummery below. The female whom I mentioned as holding a light for me to write, on the evening of our arrival, exerted herself so much to furnish me a seat, of which the place was destitute, as to cause the perspiration to stand in drops upon her face. She first brought a little block, half a foot square, and then one somewhat larger. By such kind acts she greatly won upon my affections, though at first I thought her rather forbidding. The women were not so much engaged in their devotions as to prevent idle conversation, and silly questions respecting my dress. One

of them asked me why I did not make the sign of the cross. I simply replied that it was not my custom, and I did not know how. Poor heathen! perhaps she thought. As we descended into the court below, the women, of which there were, to say the least, a hundred, arranged themselves in order to see the stranger. I was introduced to the wife of the English Consul, who urged me to go home with her. I declined her invitation upon the ground that I was not accustomed to use the Sabbath for visiting; enlarging a little upon my principles. Those nearest me soon began to repeat my words to the others, and it is not improbable that they reached the ear of every individual. But alas! the deeply rooted ignorance and prejudices of this people are not to be undermined by casual intercourse and slight efforts. They asked me if the service was not excellent. I told them, 'if it was offered with *the heart*, it was, but if otherwise it was worth nothing in the sight of God.' They little imagined what an exertion I had been making to restrain the emotions which the sight of it had occasioned.

"Monday morning, at six, we pursued our journey, after gratefully acknowledging the kindness which we had received. Our course was over the mountains of Galilee, and through that portion of the promised land which fell to the tribe of Asher. The scenery was rich and attractive; but the land thinly inhabited, owing to an oppressive government and a false religion. At this time, as well as during the most of our journey, I could not but think what a noble country this would be under the cultivation of freehold proprietors. In this ride of nine hours, I counted thirty varieties of wild flowers, many of which I recognized as choice exotics in our American gardens. It seems as if nothing could spring up here without producing a blossom. An aqueduct, twelve miles long, supported by a succession of fine arches, was on our

route, and a very elegant country seat of the Pasha arrested our attention, possessing all the features of an oriental establishment. Many pilgrims of both sexes were on their way to the Holy City, one of whom attached himself to our company for several days. As he was walking by the side of my donkey, palmer-like, with staff in hand, I entered into conversation with him; and learning that he came from the mountains near Hadet, the residence of Asaad Shidiak, I ventured to inquire what he thought of him, whether he were not a good man, &c. Drawing still nearer to my side, and casting a sidelong glance towards my husband, as though he did not wish to be overheard, he replied in a low and hurried tone, 'He may have been a *good man*, but I do not like his religion.' I must acknowledge that I was somewhat pleased with the frankness of this answer of the Maronite pilgrim.

"We rode through Acre, the ancient Ptolemais, and encamped a quarter of a mile beyond. This fortified city appears well in the distance, though not magnificent. It is elevated and compact, and a spot which has been much contested by the various rulers of this land. The Pasha keeps men constantly employed in repairing the depredations of the late war. We saw many poor old men in companies, carrying little barrows of earth, and chained like so many criminals. A large steam frigate lay in the harbor.

"Our road the next morning stretched along the head of the beautiful bay of Acre, and forming a curve with the shore, brought us to Heyfa, a village on the opposite side, which furnishes a safer haven to winter in than Acre, and is much used for this purpose. Upon its shores were caught a certain kind of fish, which is said to have produced the celebrated purple Tyrian die. We breakfasted among the bulrushes, upon the banks of the Kishon, and leaving Heyfa, pursued our course to the summit of

Mount Carmel. From this spot the view of the plain of Acre was magnificent and beautiful. It is 1,500 feet above the sea, yet we found shells there. The monastery is a large and commodious building, not yet finished, but workmen were employed upon it. It is occupied by seven monks, from Malta, Italy, and Austria, and is altogether too fine a spot for them, though they have a range of apartments for the accommodation of travellers; where Mr. Whiting and Dr. Dodge took lodgings, on their way to Jerusalem, with their families. I fixed upon it for a theological seminary, to be established there some years hence! but I did not tell the monks this. They treated us with coffee, and were very kind. After commencing our descent on the other side, we read aloud the history of Elijah and the prophets of Baal, whose contest occurred here; and tried to imagine ourselves in the place of the good prophet, when, after seven times stretching his vision over the sea, which was spread out before us, his servants returned with the cheering intelligence, 'Behold there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand.' We now descended into the vale of Sharon, and at five o'clock pitched our tents among its beauteous flowers, and as we plucked its rose, we thought of Him who said, 'I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley.'

"At 6, the next morning, we went on our way, and riding upon the sea shore, our path was completely covered with shells. We breakfasted among the ruins of Cesarea, where not a solitary being now dwells. Here Peter first preached to the Gentiles, after his most interesting introduction to Cornelius, whose residence it was, as well as of Philip the Evangelist. Here Paul made his noble defence before king Agrippa. You know, perhaps, that Herod lavished his treasures upon it, and made it the most flourishing city of Syria. The Crusaders, in the reign of Louis XI., rebuilt and fortified it. Now it is

all overgrown with grass and thorns. Under a ruined arch, we sat and sung two verses of a hymn. After 4, P. M., we encamped again in the vale of Sharon, and sung the hymn which Mrs. Sigourney composed for the Mohegan Sabbath School Society. It possessed peculiar appropriateness to the occasion. Next morning rose at 4, and passed through the remainder of the vale of Sharon. Like the previous day, scarcely an habitation or a human being was to be seen, though the region would support many thousands. The land literally 'enjoys her Sabbaths.' Between 2, and 3, P. M., we reached Joppa, now called Yaffa, and were most cordially welcomed at Mr. Marad's, our Consul—a wealthy Armenian.

"Yaffa may be styled the seaport of the Holy City; for all who visit Jerusalem by sea go thither. A writer remarks, that 'its traditional history stretches far back into the twilight of time, even anterior to the deluge; and that it is too old to have any antiquities, having outlived all that once rendered it interesting.' We know, however, that the timber of Solomon's temple was brought hither in floats; that Jonah fled from hence by ship to Tarshish; and that here Peter raised to life the benevolent Dorcas. Before leaving Yaffa, we visited the Armenian, Greek and Latin churches, in the last of which was a tolerably good picture, representing Peter's dream, and the church was dedicated to him. All the different sects of Christians regard the long fast of Lent; and Moslems will only eat meat that has been killed by Moslems, or superintended by them. So that heretics, like ourselves, must eat or throw away all that is furnished. Our muleteers, servants, and all whom we met, until after Easter, were fasting.

"We turned aside a little from the main road to visit Lydda, now called Lydd. It is a most uninviting little village, though its appearance from a distance is quite

picturesque, owing to the white-washed domes of its houses, and the verdure and variety of its foliage in which they are interspersed. We spent an hour or two under the shade of its olive trees.

"Ramlah is an ancient town, the Rama of Ephraim, and supposed to be the Arimathea of the New Testament; if so, the good man who gave our Saviour a decent burial, was from here. We were but a few hours from Jerusalem, and our hearts were too much attracted thither to be deeply interested in any thing which we might find at Ramlah; convents, churches, vaults, or the like. We left there early in the morning, and found ourselves at the gate of the Holy City, two or three hours after mid-day, on Saturday, the 11th of April, ten days from our departure from Beyroot.

"On Wednesday, the 15th, at one o'clock, P. M., being joined by Mr. Whiting and Mr. Nicolayson, we set out for Bethlehem, which is two hours from Jerusalem; and riding through the valley of Rephaim, stopped at the tomb of Rachael, which is probably the identical place of her burial, though the present small stone building, erected by Moslems over the spot, is of recent date. On reaching the birthplace of our Lord, the city of David, we went directly to the convent which is said to cover 'the manger.' Would that, instead of descending into subterranean passages to find the scene of this interesting event in a grotto, I had spent the hour on one of the neighboring hills, where, undisturbed by cowled heads and false tongues, I could have derived some satisfaction from my reflections upon the past. Indeed, I think it is time that Christian travellers should take a decided stand against these absurdities of priestcraft; and neither give their time or money for the purpose of being aided around the places, which they cannot fail to regard with entire incredulity and disgust. In this underground apartment are

two places, in the form of an ox crib, built of marble, iron, gold, &c., which the Virgin mother occupied at the time of her infant's birth! The apartment, too, in which Jerome translated the Scriptures, is contiguous; also his grave, in the same suite of apartments!

"The Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, have a share in the convent at Bethlehem; and on the day we were there, many little boys and girls were collected at evening prayers, and were kneeling in files through the length of the apartment, frolicking as much as praying. The inhabitants, in number about three hundred, are nearly all of them Christians. As we rode out of the city, we stopped and drank 'of the water of the Well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate'—a draught of which David 'poured out unto the Lord,' because it was obtained at a hazard of life. From Jerusalem, we rode a short distance, and pitched our tents at the pools of Solomon, near the upper one, which is 386½ feet long, and 231 broad. Their shape is an oblong square, and they are surrounded by plastered stones. The water falls from one to the other successively, and is conveyed by an aqueduct to Jerusalem. These pools are worthy to have been the work of a king; being objects of interest for their magnificence, as well as for their utility. It was a cold, dark night, and the inhabitants of a neighboring castle, the only building near, warned us against robbers, and urged us to come within their walls. After tea, however, with genuine Yankee curiosity and fearlessness, we issued from our tents with lighted tapers; and walking some distance, descended, one by one, into the bowels of the earth, to see the fountain which supplies the pools. The entrance is by a narrow, perpendicular descent, and it requires some effort to pass it. I left my bonnet with the guide, and with my husband's help, reached the spring below. It was worth the effort, for there is a vaulted

room, forty feet long, and nearly as broad, and another somewhat smaller covered with stone arches, and bearing the marks of great antiquity. At 7, A. M., we left and rode to Hebron; reaching it in the course of the afternoon. As we approached this ancient town—called by the natives, Khalleel, which signifies *friend*, and is so named in allusion to Abraham's being the friend of God—our attention was unexpectedly arrested by the magnificent grape vines, and we could easily believe, that when Palestine was in its glory, 'one cluster' of its fruit might have required to have been borne by 'two upon a staff.' We were actually in the valley of Eshcol. It had been a favorite project with us to pitch our tents, like Abraham, 'in the plain of Mamre which is before Hebron;' but the rain prevented, and we were compelled to resort to accommodations which were altogether more Turkish and uninviting than any which I had before seen. Being wrapped in a gentleman's cloak, and almost enveloped in an umbrella, which I purposely drew very closely upon my head, I passed incog. through the streets of Hebron, until our train stopped at the house of the Governor, to which we had been directed by a citizen of the place. We did not alight from our animals, until Mr. N., who had before visited Hebron, had obtained a hasty audience with his excellency, and an invitation to take lodgings in the seraia. It was an old and comfortless dwelling, and after crossing a small court, we found ourselves in the august presence of the Governor, a genuine Turk, who was reclining upon his cushions in a corner of the room. He did not rise from his recumbent posture, nor condescend to notice me at all; until seeing that I was an object of interest and care to my husband, he ordered a rug to be spread in a broad window-seat for my accommodation. I gladly hastened towards it, and there I sat, as still and as silent as any Turk could desire a woman to be, until

after coffee had been served. The room looked as if it had not been cleaned for ages; and the spider had not only laid hold with her hands of this would-be-palace, but had maintained her ground through more than one regency, I am confident. Several handsome rugs and cushions were spread over the space which the Governor occupied; and his own dress was of scarlet cloth, richly embroidered with silver and gold. He complained of a lame limb; and one end of his outer garment, which was a loose robe, was thrown carelessly across the disabled knee, glistening with the tinsel with which it was ornamented; while ever and anon his delicate and white hand, adorned with rings, was employed to keep it in its place. His turban was thrown back upon his head, exposing a handsome forehead and comely features; and his manners toward the gentlemen were not uncourteous. After half an hour's conversation with them, he retired, giving me a salam as he passed. Truly happy was I to see him thus depart, and give me an opportunity to relax my muscles. I dislodged some of the cobwebs near me, and with the window seat for my pillow, took a little rest.

"We went to a mosque, which is built over the cave of Machpelah, where lie, doubtless, the remains of Abraham, Sarah, and others; hoping to gain admittance to the tombs, but did not succeed. From a neighboring height the plains of Mamre lay before us, exceedingly inviting in their aspect, with olive trees scattered over them. At the synagogue, we examined the copy of the Law and Talmud, and saw many Jews and Jewesses. One of the persons assembled, was a youth, perhaps sixteen years of age, whose effeminate features and hectic glow, and manner of attire, made us doubtful for a time whether he were a boy or a girl. He invited us into the house of his grandfather, who is the chief Rabbi, where also we saw the lad's father. It was affecting to behold this aged

father, son, and grandson, the only male representatives of three generations. The old man was nearly blind, being over eighty years of age; and the light of his dwelling was probably soon to be put out, in the removal of the consumptive boy from earth—would that I could say to heaven.

"Not far from Hebron, we found a very large ruin called Rama Kableel and Beer of Hebron. Breakfasted at a place called Seir, where is shown the tomb of Esau. From thence we went to the cave of Adullam. After descending half way down an immense ravine, we reached the cave. Near its entrance, which faces the deep valley, is a large square stone, with another in the precipice above, overhanging it so closely, that we were obliged to creep upon our hands and knees over the first, to get at the mouth of the cave. I took off my shoes to render my way more safe, as the rock inclined towards the valley, and a mis-step would have cost me my life. Two solitary natives were strolling near this usually sequestered spot, and expressed great surprise at our knowledge of the existence of the cave. It is probably one of the largest caves in Palestine, though the land abounds with them. Some are converted into dwelling-houses, and in others, the wretched inhabitants find refuge from the Pasha, to avoid impressment. No persecuted prophets are now found among the refugees; though once they were driven thither, and heaven was thereby doubtless rendered more sweet to them. The ascent from the cave was extremely tedious; and our ride home over the mountains, was cold and wearisome. We met some of the 'herdmen of Tekoa,' in the neighborhood of the cave; none of them, I fear, resembling in character the prophet Amos. We arrived at Jerusalem just before the gates were closed, on the third day.

"The next week, on Wednesday, the 22d, we left

again for Jericho and the Dead Sea, our party a little varied, as we left Mr. Nicolayson behind, and were accompanied by Mrs. Whiting, Mrs. Dodge, and Mary. It was 10 o'clock when we left Jerusalem, and in an hour, or one and a half, we reached Bethany. It is now a miserable spot, where they show you the tomb of Lazarus; yet once it must have furnished our Saviour a pleasant retirement from the tumult of the city. Our ride down to Jericho was over barren mountains and parched verdure, the entire distance. A part of the road was cut out of the white limestone rocks which abounded on the route, and it must have been the identical path in which the Good Samaritan overcame his national prejudices, and excelled in benevolence the Levite and the Priest. A better road could never have existed, and a *worse* surely not. At half past 5, we encamped near a small tributary of the Jordan, a short distance from Jericho. While the tents were erecting, I wandered forth alone, and seating myself among the bushes which overhung the stream, took my testament and enjoyed an uninterrupted season of retirement. I returned to the tents, where we took our meal, engaged in social prayer, read Joshua's approach to Jericho, sung 'There is a land of pure delight,' and retired to rest, the gentlemen occupying one tent and the ladies the other. It was the first time that Mrs. Dodge had slept in a tent since her husband's death; and when we were called the next morning to prepare for our departure, she spoke very distinctly, in her sleep, words which made me weep. 'Oh, don't ask me about my husband,' she said, 'he left me a long time ago, and my heart is almost broken.' Mrs. Whiting said, 'cannot you put your trust in God, Mrs. Dodge?' This roused her, and she awoke so calm, and answered so sweetly and gently, that I could not help loving and pitying her the more.

"Deferring an examination of Jericho for the present, we set forth at 4, A. M., for the Dead Sea. Our first object was the Jordan. We breakfasted upon its banks, after a ride of two hours. It was indeed a sacred spot to us. This was the river whose retreating waves left a path for the ark of the Lord to pass safely forward, borne by his anointed priests; and here was the water which bathed the person of the sinless Antitype; when among Pharisees and Sadducees he presented himself before the Baptist, 'to fulfill all righteousness.' The mountains of Moab, barren in the extreme, lay before us; and behind us, appeared the Mount of Temptation, where it is said our Saviour encountered the devil during his fast of forty days. Our ride to the Dead Sea was a very peculiar one. All which I had imagined of the sterility of the region, was fully realized. It is indeed a perpetual and striking memento of the wrath of God against sin. The region presents an undulating surface of nearly uniform elevation, composed of a dingy, white soil; hard, yet cracked and broken, like earth which is discharging its frost, while saline matter seemed to have been deposited in spots over the whole surface. In returning, we passed along a range of low hills and vallies, where our guide found it difficult to lead the way. No trees, nor shrubs, nor stones, diversified the scene, for some distance before we reached the desolate shore of the sea. There, nothing that has life is seen, though the general appearance of the lake itself did not at that time differ from other similar bodies of water. It was clear and sparkling. Our first act was to taste it. And it was truly a nauseous draught! It combined every imaginable unpleasant flavor, bitter, salt and acrid. Of the specific gravity of the water, you have perhaps heard. We found it not exaggerated, as it bore up a large horse with Dr. W. upon his back. You will not understand that they were upon the surface of

the water, but that they could not sink. The poor animal knew not what to make of his strange situation.

"Jericho is scarcely worthy the name of a village, even. The houses are mostly huts, composed of mud, branches of trees, &c., open on one side, and inhabited apparently by nomads. Two men guided us to a fountain near by, probably the one which Elisha healed by casting salt therein, so that the land should no more be barren. It would seem as if the reality of the miracle was verified, even at the present day; for I never witnessed such luxuriance in any spot. Every shrub was larger, higher, richer of its kind, and though it was the 23d of April, they had reaped and gathered their barley harvest. I was quite delighted, and though I had been upon my donkey nearly twelve hours, and had not eaten since breakfast, my spirits were as buoyant as in the morning. At evening prayers, Mr. Smith read to the muleteers and servants the story of Lot. We rode to Jerusalem next day in seven hours."

The letter to which reference has been made in the commencement of this chapter, was addressed to Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, from which is extracted the following:

"Jerusalem, April 21.

"A few days since, my dear madam, while wandering over some of the sacred places of this interesting city, we came to the fountain which furnishes the 'Pool of Siloam.' I said to my husband, 'I will write to our friend, Mrs. Sigourney, before I leave Jerusalem,' and he plucked a tiny flower from that memorable spot, that I might enclose it to you. As we ascended from the Pool itself, which stands in the 'king's garden,' after bathing our hands and tasting its soft and limpid water, I thought how your

poetic pen would gain additional inspiration from such a spot, and I almost wished that you were with us. In that garden Solomon built a house for Pharaoh's daughter, and its location and verdure, even now, indicate its former beauty and adaptedness. Yet nought remains of the splendor of the days of Solomon and of Herod the Great. The glory is departed.

"This being the verdant season, it is the most favorable period for visiting Jerusalem. Zion and Olivet, the Vale of Cedron and the Garden of Gethsemane appear green and beautiful, under the brilliant rays of the same glorious sun which once illumined them; the birds, too, sing sweetly as ever, and 'while marble columns, palaces, &c. have crumbled into dust, the simple flower of the field grows and multiplies forever.' You can readily believe, that while we derive no satisfaction from visiting the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, within whose glittering walls priestly policy and ingenuity have concentrated all the scenes of Calvary, we still enjoy much from those natural features of Jerusalem which can easily be identified. They are peculiarly striking.

"I am not surprised at the tenacity with which the Jews attach themselves to their former capital; or that in their ignorance of the spiritual nature of the Messiah's kingdom, they should still cherish expectations of future glory to their nation. The great adversary of God and man has brought them, as well as the various sects who occupy this country, to the same level of deep degradation and subservience to his rule. If you wish to know what mankind have lost in breaking away from their allegiance to the rightful Governor of the universe, *come hither;* and if you would then wish to realize what Christ has done for their recovery, *go back to America.* The most trifling comforts which you have been accustomed to regard as accidental, will then appear to have been purchased by

his love, as they really were. Personal cleanliness, the orderly arrangement of a house, to say nothing of matters of greater refinement and taste, would strike you as features of the kingdom of purity and love, in distinction from the kingdom of confusion and darkness which exists here. But I need not dwell on this subject for your information; neither upon the interesting localities of this vicinity, as the recitals of those who have preceded me have doubtless made you familiar with them.

"Since arriving in Jerusalem we have made two excursions, each occupying about three days. The first was to Bethlehem, Hebron, and the Cave of Adullam; the second to the Jordan and Dead Sea. We tasted of 'the water of the Well of Bethlehem,' for which David so longed when he was in the cave of Adullam. Those very mountains and valleys reëchoed the sweet sounds of his harp, when he wandered over them with his father's sheep; and there he doubtless composed many of his choicest psalms of praise to the Author of so much beautiful scenery. 'In the same country,' too, did angelic voices sing higher praise to Him who also sent 'peace on earth and good will to men.' We visited, it is true, the subterranean apartments of a convent, where are shown the stable and the manger in which the infant Jesus was laid; but I would recommend to the Christian who wishes to enjoy and profit by a short tarry in this region, not to waste his time and energies in resorting to the places which are marked out as the identical scenes of such and such events. The incredulity and disgust thus excited, tend rather to exhaust the mind, and to interfere with those simple and agreeable feelings which would naturally arise in the breast; if not to take the place of them altogether.

"After encamping two nights in the valley of the Jordan and bathing in its waters, drinking at the fountain of Jericho which Elisha cured, and spending two or

three hours on the barren shores of the Dead Sea; we returned to Jerusalem, over the same road which our Saviour took in his last journey thither. I say *the same*, because if there had ever been a better, or even another, this, most of which is cut out of the solid rock, would never have been made."

The letter of Mrs. Smith to her brother is here resumed, giving an account of her journey on her return from Jerusalem.

"Our first day's ride from Jerusalem of seven hours, possessed nothing peculiarly interesting; we encamped as usual near a fountain of water, not far from a village. Rose at half past five the next morning, and passed a large company of persons, hand-cuffed, and guarded by the Pasha's soldiers; they had just been seized for his army. I should think there were forty in all, from mere boys to old men; and a few wives and mothers followed in the rear, who said to our muleteers (who were Christians), '*you* are *blessed!*' Only Mohammedans are seized. Christians are not allowed to possess arms, and are regarded in the light of slaves, paying taxes only; and yet they go forth free and fearless, while the genuine subjects of Moslem power shrink away from observation. To-morrow we might have fifty servants at our door, if we would give them American protection.

"Early in the afternoon we reached Sychar, now called Nablous. We rode perhaps half an hour through the beautiful valley which separates the mountains of Gerizim and Ebal, before we reached the city. These are noble heights, and so contiguous, that the blessing and the curse could easily have been heard by the tribes who were encamped in the plain below. Mount Gerizim is the most fertile; and stretches along on the south, on the

declivity of which lies the picturesque town of Sychar. 'Beer Jacob,' or Jacob's Well, is in the middle of the valley, some distance from the city. Nablous, as it is now called, is a large and very flourishing place, embosomed in luxuriant gardens, and watered by fine streams. It has been said to contain 10,000 inhabitants, mostly Mohammedans. We visited the Samaritans, and their synagogue. This ancient and curious race, of Cuthean descent, are now about one hundred in number, having remained stationary for some years. They are very wealthy and independent, but their manners are gross and their physiognomy uninteresting. We first visited the family of the priest; and after some hesitation, I, though a woman, was permitted to accompany them to the synagogue, the door of which was locked within, while in our stockings we walked about upon the dusty mats which covered the small apartment. They showed us the Pentateuch in their native tongue, 3,400 years old, as they pretend; and the only part of the Scriptures which they regard as inspired. They openly declared to us that the prophets were all liars; and in answer to my question, whether at this time there existed a friendship between them and the Jews, they replied very contemptuously in the negative. They are in expectation of the coming of the Messiah, who is to be a mere man, and to make Sychar the metropolis of his kingdom. As we left the synagogue, the priest anticipated Mr. Smith's intentions, by soliciting a present, and then complained of its being too little! In this city, Israel separated from Judah, and chose Rehoboam for their king. It is a place of much interest.

"May 2.—We rose at four, and after a ride of two or three hours, reached Samaria, the capital city of the revolted tribes. Its natural fortifications are like those of Jerusalem, being situated upon a mountain, and

surrounded by mountains. Before breakfasting, we ascended with much fatigue from the valley below, to examine a ruined church, and a row of isolated columns; the last of which are probably the remnants of the grandeur of Herod the Great, who held his court in this city, when the fascinating Salome, and her malicious mother, accomplished the death of that holy man, John Baptist. The remains of the cathedral, now a mosque, commemorate the supposed place where he was beheaded; into the vault of which we descended. In addition to other numerous mementos of the wrath of God against sin, with which this land abounds, those ruined columns, standing amid trees and grass, and associated with the events which the old church brings to mind, furnish a striking lesson. Elijah and Elisha here wept and prayed.—After leaving Samaria, the aspect of the country was uncommonly beautiful and varied. It was the inheritance of Joseph; and brought forcibly to our minds the blessing of the fond father in his last hours, when, as his sons were gathered around him, he dilated so feelingly upon the trials and temporal rewards of him who was separated from his brethren. 'Even by the God of thy father who shall help thee, and by the Almighty who shall bless thee with blessings of heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under,' &c.

"The women of Palestine often attracted our attention, by the various modes in which they carried their burdens, and the alacrity with which they moved under the weight of them. This day we observed a novel sight of this description. A woman tripping along with a good sized cradle upon her head, in which reposed a sleeping infant.

"At 5 o'clock Saturday, P. M., we reached Jennin, a small village at the southern extremity of the plain of Jezreel, or vale of Esdraelon, as it is now called. Here we spent a quiet Sabbath, without the village. No one

intruded upon our retirement. The door of our tent opened toward the magnificent plain which stretches down to the bay of Acre. Mount Carmel lay in the blue distance. The next morning we commenced our ride over this beautiful vale, where flowers in rich profusion were scattered in our path, and three elegant gazelles were bounding amid the rich and waving grain. We arrived at Nazareth about noon. Its size and appearance disappointed us, but my feelings on entering it were more pleasing than at any previous place. I looked around upon the general features of the surrounding country, and thought how familiar all had been to the Saviour's eye, from childhood to maturity. When his body was wearied with the labors attendant upon his employment as a mechanic, and his pure and elevated mind was panting for more congenial intercourse than would be found in the haunts of men; how often, doubtless, did he become refreshed by wandering over those hills, and conversing with his Father, and our Father. We held the Monthly Concert in our tent, and it was a very agreeable one, as you may suppose. Although the church of the Annunciation was near our encampment, I did not visit it, for I was better satisfied with gazing at the unaltered objects of nature. Though not particularly striking in themselves, they furnished more profitable associations than the glittering interior of a church. At six the next day we left Nazareth, and took our morning meal at Cana. Of course we thought and talked of the wedding which once took place there. My present knowledge of the practices of this country in regard to such feasts, enabled me better to understand and appreciate the circumstances attending the miracle there wrought. The entertainment at a marriage usually continues for several days, and the quantity which will be required to furnish all the guests, cannot be ascertained at the commencement. These

humble relatives of our Saviour probably had greater demands made upon their hospitality than they could meet; and when new guests continued to present themselves, he condescended to supply their wants. I have no idea that he employed his miraculous power to encourage excess, neither does the Scripture narrative imply this. It may be that some of the earlier visitors continued till the close of the feast, (and it is possible they might have partaken too largely of the wine, but for this, Jesus was not responsible.) His object was to enable his family friends to pass cheerfully and respectably through an entertainment, which the ordinance of marriage justified them in making. How lovely and entirely free from moroseness does his character appear!

"At 1, P. M., we reached Tiberias, having had, at intervals, as we passed over the mountains, several glances of the mild and lovely lake, upon whose bosom not an object presented itself. The little walled town of Tabaria, upon its western edge, looked like the little toy cities which children make of blocks of wood. Its form is quadrangular. It is the only inhabited spot of any consequence upon the shore of Gennesareth; and but one solitary tree met our eye, without the walls. Beneath the shade of this we were glad to shelter ourselves from the burning rays of a meridian sun, until our tents were thrown up. We then went out to the hot baths, called Baths of Emmaus, which the Pasha has fitted up for his soldiers. These are are a mile south of Tabaria or Tiberias. One very large tank receives the water from a spout which proceeds from a lion's mouth. The waters are considered highly medicinal by the natives. The next morning we rose very early, before the mild beams of the morning star had melted away into the light of heaven; the peaceful waters of the lake reflected its gentle rays, and seemed like a precious remembrance of

Him, who not only sailed, but walked upon its bosom. Here, too, he invested his disciples with power to become fishers of men. The snowy ridges of Mt. Hermon formed part of the scenery in the back ground, and presently the lord of day rose from behind the mountain range, and we entered the walls, equipped for our day's journey. A hasty ride through its streets was sufficient for our purpose, for not half the enclosure is occupied.

"This was the sixth of May, and we were now going towards Safet. We saw it before us during the whole day, its situation being uncommonly elevated. It is thought to be the 'city set upon a hill,' to which our Saviour directed the attention of his disciples, as the mount of beatitudes is in the neighborhood, and was plainly visible on our route, as well as that of the transfiguration. At one, P. M., we reached the city. Safet is one of the four sacred cities of the Jews, and many of these reside here now. Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Hebron, are the three others. We went into the Jewish quarter, as my husband had some books for one of their physicians, from Mr. N. While he was making his call, I remained near the door, outside, and very soon I was surrounded by scores of Jewish women and girls, and a few men. A part of them had recently arrived from Poland, and could only speak the German language. Their chatter, especially when I heard the 'von,' brought poor old C. to mind. Some of the little girls, having lived in Safet several years, could speak Arabic; which enabled me to hold conversation with them. One in particular acted as my dragoman, interpreting my Arabic to her countrywomen, in German. The most of them were knitting stockings in European style, which made me feel quite at home. I took off my gloves, and standing among a crowd in the street, knit a little upon the work of half a dozen different ones, which gratified them

highly. I was much struck with the soft and intelligent expression of their hazle eyes, which were common to the whole group, both male and female. Their eyes are like those of the gazelle; and almost every individual, in this feature, reminded me of ——. Some of the females looked almost precisely like Mrs. ——, in her prettiest days. Their complexion is European; and contrasted with the eastern women, they are very fair and attractive.

"We accomplished a very fatiguing ascent to a towering castle, from whence we had a most extensive and magnificent prospect. Hermon, Tabor, the mountains of Gilead, and the sea of Tiberias, form a prominent part of the beautiful scenery. The Jews come here in great numbers, to wait for the Messiah, and to keep a celebrated feast, at which the greatest indecencies and irregularities are practised. The feast is in honor of a celebrated Rabbi, who wrote a cabalistic book, which they hold in higher veneration than the Bible. Jews from all parts of the world resort hither, bringing with them the most expensive garments, embroidered with gold and silver, which they dip in oil, and having suspended them upon a pole, set fire to them; they then lie intoxicated three or four days. At the feast of Purim, too, which commemorates the deliverance of their nation, through the agency of Esther the queen, they oblige themselves to become so intoxicated as not to be able to distinguish between the phrases 'blessed be Mordecai, and cursed be Haman.' Oh! who can doubt the existence of one great enemy of God, who is ingenious in devising wickedness, beyond the capacities of mere man.

"At six the next morning, we left Safet, and pitched our tents that afternoon near the waters of Merom, where there was no village. Nearly opposite to this spot, at the foot of Mount Hermon, we saw very indistinctly the ruins of a town, which was the Cesarea Philippi of the Scrip-

tures, now called Banias. This I told my husband was an important spot, for here the Pope was made, as it was here that our Saviour said, 'Thou art Peter,' &c. Dan is near the same spot, so that although we had not travelled from Dan to Beersheba, we had come nearly from Beersheba to Dan. We were near the source of the Jordan, which rises in Mount Hermon. Here, at the waters of Merom, Joshua gained a great victory over the idolatrous nations of Canaan, though they came up against them 'as the sand upon the sea shore in multitude, with horses and chariots very many.'

"On the next day, between one and two, we stopped near Merjioon, or meadow of fountains, so called, from the number of fountains in the neighborhood. At this village nearly the whole population sallied forth to look at us, and pleaded for our civility upon the ground that they were 'all Christians,' which they reiterated again and again. Hitherto in our journey the inhabitants had been reserved, and the women apparently without much curiosity. But as we approached Mount Lebanon the scene was completely changed, so that we were like a caravan of wild beasts, to the villagers. At this place Mr. Smith talked very plainly with the priests.

"The next day we rose early, and after a ride over mountains and vallies we descended into a deep narrow glen through which runs the Leontes; whose source is in the Bukaar and divides Lebanon and Anti Lebanon. Crossing it by a bridge we breakfasted upon its opposite bank. From the steep precipices which overhung our path, sprung forth the passion flower and the most luxuriant dragon's mouth. I think the latter must be particularly indigenous to such spots, as from the wall of the court of Mr. Whiting's house in Jerusalem an elegant white one grows in the same manner. It takes a graceful turn from the wall and shoots up erect and perpendicular, apparently requiring no support.

"You have doubtless noticed that our route home was not like the one which we pursued in going to Jerusalem. We went by the sea shore and returned over rugged mountain paths. We spent our Sabbath in a spot which I shall not soon forget. It was a large village, high in the mountains, called Jezzeen, its inhabitants nearly all of them Christians. The place of our encampment was romantic and delightful in the extreme. Noble walnut trees, copious streams, magnificent precipices, all conspired to make the spot uncommonly attractive. But I was obliged to be shut up in my tent nearly all the time. During the sacred day appropriated to rest, the noise and confusion was like that of an annual parade upon 'the great plain' in Norwich. For myself I had great struggles of feeling; I wanted to pity these people, and do them good, but I was made so uncomfortable by their intrusions, that my sensibilities revolted from coming in contact with such a multitude. In an hour of social service which we secured to ourselves, I was comforted by the hymns sung, and a sermon of the late Mr. Jenkins of Portland; and the cloud which was thrown over my mind vanished. Mr. S. had a favorable opportunity to sow some seed of 'the word' there, I trust. We rose at two the next morning, and left the village before the inhabitants had risen. We passed the former residence of a very wealthy prince, who being regarded as rebellious by the Emeer, was deposed, his palace demolished and his head cut off. The grounds were very extensive and fertile, and the ruined palace very large. At 1, P. M., we arrived at Der el Komr, (Convent of the moon,) a large village and the residence of the Emeer Besheer, the Prince of Mount Lebanon—professedly a Mohammedan, but really a Christian, according as the term is used here. His buildings and those of his son are very handsome, situated upon the summit of high terraced hills.

"We encamped beyond the town, in an elevated spot, where perfect stillness reigned, and not an individual intruded upon us. After our noisy Sabbath at Jezzeen, this seemed like a calm after a storm. We now began to feel that we were getting home, for it was our last night on the road. We had the afternoon before us; and I began to collect my thoughts, and make some new resolutions for the future, as we were anticipating a change of residence and a new family circle. We retired to rest very early, and rose at midnight to complete our journey. The ride by moonlight, among the wild and rugged scenery through which we passed, was very interesting. Much of the way was so steep and stony, that the old muleteer of whom I have spoken, was obliged to lead my donkey much of the way, till we came to a new road made by the Emeer, consisting of broad steps, winding over the mountains. We breakfasted near a khan, and dined in Beyroot, at the table of our kind friend, Mrs. Abbot, the 12th of May. We did exercise some gratitude to our kind Preserver, I trust; for he had covered us with 'his wings,' and no harm had come nigh us by day or by night."

CHAPTER XIII.

CORRESPONDENCE — HEALTH — TRIALS — PAST VIEWS OF CHRISTIANS ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD — LETTER TO MISS WILLIAMS — RESPONSIBILITIES OF AMERICAN CHURCHES.

It is doubtless proper that missionaries should be contemplated, not only in their labors, cares and trials, but also in their social character and enjoyments; and in those pleasant local circumstances in which Divine Providence places them, conducive to their comfort and happiness. If there be any Christian in the wide world, to whom a pleasant residence, and the enjoyments of social life, and of a cultivated taste and intellect, are desirable and reasonable, it is the missionary. And the Christian at home, of generous sentiments, will rejoice to know that the 'laborer' whom his contributions are sustaining in a foreign land, finds some of the same temporal blessings which are bestowed upon himself; and will never take it up as a reproach against him, that he finds enjoyment in his field of service.

Mrs. Smith carried with her into her missionary life and labors, all her taste, mental cultivation, and social habits; and appeared in Syria much as when in America, amidst the pleasant circumstances of home and her father's house. And one important object of this Memoir will be answered, if it shall serve to convince any—who need the conviction—that it is possible for a serious,

devoted and useful missionary to be as happy as any other Christian. These remarks are made with reference to some portions of the present chapter; and also to passages which have already appeared, or will appear in others.

"Beyroot, July 3, 1835.

"My ever beloved Parents:—You mention the manner in which the contents of my letters are made known to my friends. It is certainly a very good one, if, as I fear, they do not contain much which would be esteemed trifling, except to the beloved family circle. Since I left America, I have never allowed myself to be flattered with the thought that others would have access to them. I have written just as freely and simply as if I had been making a visit in Lebanon or New London, and I must continue to do the same. Long may the period be deferred, when any thing like restraint shall characterize our correspondence, or any diminution occur of that confiding affection which has been the earthly charm of my existence.

"How good God has been to me all my life, in giving me so many to love me and to be loved by me! To this I attribute the want of jealousy in my disposition, and indeed I sometimes fear that I appropriate to myself more affection than is my portion; certainly more than I deserve. I do not know but I mentioned to you, that I was reading your little book in course; that is, I am taking up the portions of Scripture in order, on the Sabbath, as you read and heard them. Perhaps we may talk about them in our Father's house above.

"July 16.—Although thus late in the season, through the goodness of God my health continues perfect; and I am able to keep school every day, notwithstanding that I am dwelling in a southern clime. I often think of the precious promises contained in the 121st Psalm, especially

these words, 'The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil, he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth and even forevermore.'

"My school interests me more and more every day, and I do not love to think of suspending it, even for a few weeks, during the hot season. Day before yesterday, a wealthy Jewish lady came with her two daughters to the school, and begged me to take the youngest as a scholar. The elder sister remained also; her age I cannot tell, but she is a discreet, intelligent girl, 'in her teens.' Yesterday morning they came again, and the mother asked me to teach her eldest daughter Italian, and ornamental needlework. I replied, that my cares in the school were at present as much as my strength would allow; that my husband was every day urging me to suspend the school for a season, but if additional laborers arrived from my country, as I expected, we would extend our operations. She answered very politely; and furthermore, requested that I would allow her little girl to go home before the religious exercises of the school, as 'their prayers were of a different kind.' I expressed no surprise or displeasure at this, but courteously assured her that it would be as she had desired. She then gave me her salams, and with her other daughter went towards the door, where they stopped and conversed several minutes. They then returned to me, and the Jewess said her elder daughter would like to learn Arabic, and to be taught and controlled like the other scholars; to which I consented, and they left me. Before prayers, I gave her and her sister liberty to go home. To-day they came, and behaved, as before, very sweetly. I told them when we were about to close the school, that they might leave. The larger one

did not seem inclined to go, and said to her sister, 'Will you go or stay?' The latter, from childish feelings rather than religious prejudices, probably, preferred to go, and they left. I think I shall take great pleasure in instructing them, for my Saviour's sake. But how was I struck with the fact that Moslems, Catholics, and Greeks, could remain where He is acknowledged; while that nation, whom with fraternal feelings he denominated 'his own,' despise and reject him, and cannot endure the place where he is worshipped.

"Sabbath, July 19.—At our Sabbath school to-day, were twenty-eight scholars—twenty-one girls and seven boys. I began some weeks since, to read and explain to my class the histories of the Old Testament, from the creation. To-day, the lesson was the arrival of Jacob in Haran. The children seem quite delighted to find such 'sweet stories,' as they call them, in the Bible, and I think it incites them still more in learning to read. The few who can now read a little, commit to memory portions of John's gospel, from one or two verses to forty and more. Your Sabbath school will excuse me if I make a comparison, on this ground, in favor of our little school in Beyroot. In committing to memory, these evince more perseverance and more exactness, than those of the same age whom I had the pleasure to instruct in America.

"July 29.—How thankful ought I to be, my dear parents, for the arrival of twenty-two sheets of letters at one time, from my precious home. They were forwarded from Smyrna, where Miss Williams waits for a suitable opportunity to come hither. A short letter from her breathed a sweet humble spirit. I long to welcome her to my heart, my house, my labors. Mr. Temple writes that they are so much interested in her at Smyrna, as almost to wish that place was her destination.

"July 31.—To-day I closed my school for the month

of August, by the distribution of rewards to thirty little girls. The American and English Consuls and a few Arab friends, were present, and expressed much pleasure at the sight of so many young natives in their clean dress. The invitations to friends were unpremeditated, and no exhibition of work was made; a few of the more advanced scholars read a little in the New Testament.

"If it were right and practicable to obtain any temporal blessing by a wish, I would utter one on this anniversary of our wedding-day, which would bring you quickly here, my dear parents, in spite of age, infirmities, and the broad Atlantic. How we should enjoy a visit from you in this our pleasant house, where in our affections and our comforts, we would make you forget, for a little while, that you were on missionary ground. Our house, which we have taken for ten years, is large, airy and commodious; in which, though it is mid-summer and a southern climate, we enjoy health and are able to pursue all our occupations. We have a fine breeze from the sea nearly all the time; and at night we sleep as quietly and as soundly as two little hearty children, who are without responsibility and without care. Yet we have much of both these. In addition to the superintendence of the press, my husband preaches every Sabbath in Arabic, and more than every other Sabbath in English, besides attending the native Sabbath school. I attend constantly the female school from 8 to 11, P. M. Yesterday I had twenty-eight girls.

"You would perhaps like to have me give you some description of our residence. It belongs to one of the wealthiest and most respectable families in Beyroot; is situated in the midst of gardens of mulberry trees, retired from the road, yet very accessible. It is built of stone, with a flat roof; and beside the rooms of the press, has upon the lower floor, a kitchen, store-room, lumber-room,

servants' room and bath; all of which surround a large covered court, opening upon a pretty little flower garden, between which and the court is an awning of grape vines, whose luxuriant fruit is beginning to enrich our social board. Upon the second story, which we occupy, are a large dining-room, a bed-room, study, room for R., my little girl, and two rooms beside are now being built. These occupy the sides of a beautiful open court, where we can sit and gaze upon the illimitable sea which stretches out before us; and every evening we may see the sun sink behind its peaceful waters. The morning and evening skies here are brilliant beyond description. When 'bright aurora streaks the eastern sky,' before the sun shows his head above Mount Lebanon, we rise from our undisturbed slumbers, and after a season of retirement, Mr. Smith works in the garden an hour, which greatly promotes his health and cheerfulness; and when he comes up at 7 o'clock to prayers, he seldom fails to bring me a rose, jessamine, or carnation pink, to add to the choice boquet upon my work table. The flower garden contains orange, lemon, and pomegranate trees in full bearing; and behind the house is a garden somewhat larger, containing apple, peach, plum, apricot, and mulberry trees.

"My letter, some might say, is not a very missionary one; but you can read the intelligence of our operations in the Missionary Herald, while in that you learn nothing about our house, family arrangements, &c., and these are what friends wish to know. In reading my description of our situation, you must remember that this is the dry season of the year, and that next winter, when the porous walls admit the rain and damp, we shall perhaps sometimes think of your superior comforts. In taking this house, we had in view accommodating the press, as well as promoting our own health; and we often speak of the

overruling Providence which has furnished us with so pleasant a spot. Last year, you recollect, we lived in one room at the mountains, where we were favored with nightly visits from jackalls."

On the eighth of August, Mrs. Smith was gratified with intelligence of the arrival at Smyrna, of the friend she had invited to come and assist in the school. She thus writes to her:

"My beloved Sister:—It is but a very few weeks since I learned the fate of my appeal to the Secretaries at the Rooms, and to yourself; though I confidently expected a favorable result, I cannot tell why. I can scarcely realize that you are already among us, as it were, and I long to welcome you to my heart, to my home, and to my labors. My own health is perfectly good at present; thanks to a kind Preserver. On Saturday I closed my school for the month of August, in obedience to my husband. It was increasing every day in numbers, and I would gladly have continued it; but the course, doubtless, was a prudent one. Last Sabbath we had at our Sabbath school, forty-six scholars, a fourth of whom were Moslems. Could you come with the gift of tongues, how much we would do. As it is, you can aid me very much; for I felt, the last few days of my school, that one head and a pair of hands, were hardly sufficient for forty untutored Arabs.

"I suppose you know that you are coming among an exceedingly social people. At all hours we are subject to visits, from persons of every rank and age. The Syrians often remind me of Solomon's remark, that 'the talk of the lips tendeth to penury.' But we have reason to love them, and do love them; and I think our influence among them is increasing. They think much of hospitality and courtesy, and were it not that they attribute

some of our deficiencies to ignorance of their language, &c., our New England sincerity would appear like bluntness.

"My husband and myself have unitedly and individually remembered you at the throne of grace. In this I have taken great pleasure. Having so recently passed through similar scenes, I felt that I knew just what you wanted during the past few months; whether you were preparing to leave our country, or were already upon the restless ocean. On the Sabbath, especially, have my sympathies and prayers carried me to the very threshold of your heart. Dear friend, for the present, adieu. God grant us a happy meeting, ere long."

"August 12.—There has been a seizure of Christian youth to-day, for the manufactories at Acre; and great alarm has pervaded the city. We were told this morning that thirty refugees were in and around our house. When such events occur, as has been the case frequently of late, mothers and sisters come to us to beg protection for sons and brothers. I thought much to-day of our happy land, where every one can sit unmolested 'under his own vine and fig tree.' I believe I have told you that our trials here are mostly of a moral nature, because there is little integrity either in servants, in employers, or in children; whether they be native or foreign. In consequence of this, I sometimes feel 'Oh that I could fly away and be at rest.' But I have long been accustomed to a degree of watchfulness over the morals of those around me, in consequence of the solicitude which I used to feel for the younger branches of our own family in America.

"That which adds greatly to the trial of coming in contact with deceit and unfaithfulness here is, that falsehood and a smooth tongue are constantly employed to cover every act of deception. '*Ma fe ne biksub, aberdin,*'

(it is not with me ever to utter a falsehood,) is in every mouth, of both old and young; if you utter a suspicion or reproof, their loquacity will far outrun you, in the utterance of moral sentiments respecting the guilt and shame of dishonesty. Oh! hasten in the multiplying of laborers for this dark land; and let none imagine that they are doing more than they ought, or that they are even especially self-denying and meritorious, if they give their sons or their daughters, their brothers or their sisters, for the purpose of scattering the dense clouds of the moral atmosphere. I do not know what led my thoughts into this train; but for several days I have been thinking, that, when —— for instance was a young girl, and balls and cotillion parties and such irrational amusements occupied nearly all the time; when many parents were gratified with having their children admired for personal beauty and accomplishments, not a ray of spiritual light had then penetrated the darkness of this Mediterranean country. Every soul was enveloped therein, and not a solitary Christian raised a finger to help them. Perhaps it was a conversation which I held with our beloved Christian brother Tannoos, that led me to these reflections. He is nearly forty years of age, and was giving me some account of his religious experience. He alluded to a friend of his childhood and youth, yet a papist, with whom he used to have much intercourse; and my imagination carried me vividly back to those days, when these two boys, hand in hand, rambled upon Mount Lebanon; and I thought, if Christians had only then commenced the performance of duty which for ages had been neglected, a generation of enlightened, educated, and perhaps pious people, would now be on the stage to bless our eyes, and to aid us in our toils. Oh! let us leave this legacy to those who are to succeed us.

August 24.—In riding to-day, I went towards a quarry,

where—as a fountain was near by, and it was the time that women go forth to draw water—a company of young girls, bearing jars upon their shoulders, were standing upon the brow of a deep excavation, and talking of the dead. I stopped and made inquiries of them, and they told me that this morning a man was at work below, when the earth from above came suddenly upon him, and he died, and they buried him immediately. I was a stranger to them all, and was in haste; yet I could not forbear saying to them, 'hear me a little—this is a lesson to us—we may be near our own death, and let us be prepared.' They answered as usual very piously, but doubtless without the slightest feeling. Oh, what a mournful thing is death, in this dark land! and yet it apparently excites no solemnity.

"August 25.—On Saturday evening our market man came to me, for the purpose of my reckoning with him, as I do every day. I had repeatedly informed him that I did not like to occupy myself in this way on Saturday evening. I took occasion to mention the habit in which I had been educated, which was somewhat unusual in our country, of suspending work on this evening. But said he, 'Signora, your countrymen work on board ship on the Sabbath; for I saw them on board the man-of-war, sewing and doing all manner of work.' I then told him that Christians in *name*, and Christians in *heart*, with us, were widely different; but I answered him with a sigh, for I thought—Oh! what a blessing our country would be to the world, were all her sons consistent and uniform in their adherence to the commands of God.

"Mr. Coster has finished the drawing of our house, which is entirely satisfactory. I enclose an outline of the building, which I copied for the purpose of giving you a description of its internal localities. And now, my dear father, I am not going to *give* you the sketch outright,

that is, without an equivalent. What do you think is my price?—It is your miniature, which I ask in return. Now you will not refuse me? Mr. C. will not allow us to pay him any thing for his trouble. He is to commence to-morrow a sketch of Beyroot and its environs—of which he has promised us a copy. This last will probably be transferred to the Missionary Herald."

"Beyroot, August 20.

"My dear Miss Williams:—I think of you every day, and pray for you that you may have patience, and wisdom, and preparation for your work. The best preparation will be, a heart warmly attached to the Saviour, with a determination to lose yourself in his service and glory. Have you not thought that missionaries are in danger of placing too high a value upon the sacrifice which they make, in consequence of the sympathy, and, perhaps, I may say, pity, with which they are regarded by those whom they leave behind? I long to see the churches at home feel that they are only discharging an obligation to the Redeemer, when they send their best, their fairest, their most beloved to distant regions to declare his name. Would that the offering which my friends have made were 'without blemish and without spot.'

"I can hardly imagine just how you have been employed in Smyrna, though I doubt not usefully. The time will not be lost to you, as you will have acquired some degree of familiarity with Eastern manners and customs; and learning as you will, by the sight of the eyes, the great work to be done in transforming this land from the government of Satan, to that of Christ, it will perhaps add steadiness and energy to your faith. While you will doubtless exclaim mentally, 'who is sufficient for these things,' you will rely more implicitly upon the arm of Omnipotence. Permit me to suggest a thought. Perhaps

those who have been for two or three, or more years on missionary ground, from their contest with a foreign language, and the paralyzing of active efforts, in which they were absorbed at home, are in danger of suffering too great a reaction in their own feelings, and consequently of modifying those of new comers. Now I would recommend that every missionary, fresh from that garden of the Lord in which we were planted, should exercise a degree of independent Christian feeling when he is transferred to a foreign soil, or rather that he should take no standard beside the word of God. There the balance is rightly preserved, and is applicable to every possible situation and circumstance. It is to do what we can with our might, and rest the consequences upon an Almighty agent. That He is at work, and will one day renovate the whole face of this land, I have no more doubt, than that the voice of the natural heavens will continue to be heard wherever there is 'speech or language,' and that their line will continue to go forth throughout the earth."

"I have been so impatient to conquer the Arabic, that I have but just commenced the Italian. I was induced to take up the latter during my present vacation, from the fact that a young Jewess, who has recently entered the school, wishes to acquire it.

"Since writing the above, we learn that the vessel for Smyrna will be detained here for a few days. Missionaries must not allow their hearts to be made sick by hope deferred; so I will fain make the best of our protracted separation. In God's own good time he will bring us together. We have made 'a little chamber upon the wall,' and shall set for you there 'a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick,' that when you come to us you may 'turn in thither.' 2 Kings iv. 10."

"August 21.—I cannot tell you how much like a par-

adise America appears as I view it from this land of darkness. And yet it seems to me as if its blessed inhabitants were dreaming, as it were, over a lost and guilty world. I know there are many who pray, and labor, and give, for its renovation; but are there many whose sole object it is to live especially and steadily for this end? I ask to be informed whether any great changes have taken place in two years, since I bade a last farewell to the shores of my native land. The subject magnifies in my estimation every day, and I see not that any parent can consistently set before his child any object of pursuit but the diffusion of Christianity. The fact that God continues to bless the delinquent, and even to overrule their delinquencies for the accomplishment of his purposes, is no evidence that they are pleasing to him. I have often seen great good grow out of my faults and sins, which apparently might not have occurred but for them; yet conscience reproached me, and God's law condemned me. So the churches of America; and the large, and refined, and delightful social circles which there exist, may be watered, blessed and made happy; there may be prayer and praise, and the sweet communion of saints, and the endearing enjoyments of domestic bliss; and yet God, who sees all the darkness of other lands, may be offended with his people—ministering angels may wonder at their selfishness; the eternal happiness of myriads may be sacrificed; and a less brilliant crown be worn by themselves in heaven."

CHAPTER XIV.

SUMMER RESIDENCE AT AALEIH — PERSONAL ENDEAVORS FOR THE GOOD OF INDIVIDUALS — DRUSES — ALARMS AMONG THE NATIVES — IBRAHIM PASHA — CASE OF AN ENGLISH WOMAN — SORROWS OF A MOHAMMEDAN WIFE — ARRIVAL OF MISS WILLIAMS — VIEWS OF MISSIONARY LIFE — MR. SMITH'S LABORS — FARTHER HINTS ON MISSIONARY QUALIFICATIONS — FEELINGS RESPECTING HER PARENTS.

Mrs. Smith spent the warm season of 1835 with her husband at Aaleih, one of the villages on Mount Lebanon. Here she devoted herself, with increased diligence, to personal efforts for the spiritual benefit of those among whom she resided; especially the Druses. There was obviously a steady increase of her love for the missionary work; and she delighted to devise and execute plans by which its great objects might be promoted.

"Aaleih, Sept. 8.

"Our fast and concert, yesterday, were solemn and profitable. In view of the absence of God's Spirit for several years, in which no conversions have taken place among us, we were led to examine into the obstacles which have been in the way, both in our own hearts, and lives, and in our mode of operation; and we desired to renew the dedication of ourselves to our work, and to

seek with more earnestness that wisdom which cometh from above. I resolved this morning, that during our stay in this village, I would endeavor to rouse the conscience of at least one individual, every day. Consequently, the first thing after breakfast, I walked down a long, steep, and stony path, into the 'Christian quarter' of the village, to make one or two calls."

Mrs. Smith availed herself of several opportunities for free conversation with females on the subject of religion, with whom she met in this excursion. On the supply of the spiritual wants of the people, she remarks:

"Could a missionary take up his permanent abode in any one of the villages of Mount Lebanon, and live and labor as he ought, I am confident that in a few years he would reap an abundant harvest. Oh, when will the churches be so liberal as to give a spiritual shepherd, to collect flocks now scattered upon the mountains.

"September 10.—Yesterday Mr. Smith was absent nearly all day upon a little missionary tour; and this morning he left me again, expecting to be absent two or three days. It is a self-denying duty, but it is duty; and if a dozen men could come from our country with the gift of tongues, they could step directly into a field 'white unto the harvest.' After dinner I went into the Christian quarter to make some calls. As I was entering it, a family invited me in, pretending that they were Christians, when, as I afterwards learnt, they were Druses. However, I had a plain serious conversation with them. This evening I invited to prayers the woman in whose house we are, and her children. They are Druses, but the most simple, inoffensive, diminutive little family you ever met.

"September 14.—Mr. S. returned on Saturday, at

noon, after a fatiguing ride. He found some favorable opportunities for religious conversation; but he says that he thinks Satan employs filth and vermin to deter missionaries from seeking intercourse with his subjects. Missionaries who are stationary can enjoy cleanliness and comforts in their own habitations, however humble they may be; but those who itinerate, 'without purse or scrip,' depending upon the accommodations which the country affords, have actual experience of the self-denial which our Saviour and his followers exercised. I can readily imagine what groups surrounded the benevolent Saviour in his wanderings; whom his disciples sometimes wished to drive from his presence, but never with his consent.

"September 17.—This evening six Druses were present at family prayers, one of them a woman whom I have had repeated opportunities to address on the subject of religion. I believe that she is solicitous respecting her eternal welfare. My dear parents, you cannot imagine what a spring it would give to our feelings, should only one Druse become a true convert to the Lord Jesus Christ. Think of it when you pray for us, and remember distinctly this ignorant, benighted, and perhaps idolatrous sect.

"September 18.—This morning I walked out before breakfast, and directed my steps towards the Christian quarter, for the purpose of conversing with some of the females. I first entered a Druse grave-yard. A woman was upon a mulberry tree gathering leaves. Advancing towards her, I inquired respecting the dead who reposed near by. She asked me why I was walking alone. I told her that I loved to walk at an early hour, before my mind became occupied with care, and meditate upon God and his works. I sought to draw her mind towards eternal things, particularly appealing to her maternal feelings, and the duties which that relation involved.

She was a Druse, and talked most fluently and piously; perhaps a thought may have been lodged in her breast that she cannot thrust from her. Two reflections are suggested to my mind this evening :—one is, that perhaps there is a providence in my meeting with a Druse so frequently, when I am seeking a nominal Christian; the other, that pious language being so universal in this country, we must trust more to the influence of our example than our words, upon those around us.

"Mr. and Mrs. Pease went to Corneille this morning, where is a coal mine, and where the wife of the head laborer, an English woman, is in the last stages of the consumption, but manifests no solicitude respecting her future state. We have had an especial female prayer meeting for her, as she is without hope, going into eternity.

"September 20.—Mr. Smith has preached again this evening, and I think more were present than on the former occasion. The subject of the discourse was regeneration. The audience were quiet and attentive to this new and important exhibition of truth. Since the brethren have no church here to strengthen them by their prayers, let your fervent supplications call down what we most need, the influences of the Holy Spirit. After meeting, I had a few words of conversation with Mrs. Dodge's servant, an old woman who has lived much with her. She told me that she felt as if her heart was changed, and I cannot but hope it may be so.

"Since returning to our room, I have read a chapter in 'Martha,' to Mr. Smith—the one containing a description of natural scenery, in which she became much absorbed on a certain evening; and as the writer sat beside her, watching the emotions of her soul depicted in her countenance, she turned to him and exclaimed, 'Brother!' That one word awakened in my breast such

powerful and tender associations as to choke my utterance, and I was obliged to stop, and wipe the falling tears before I could proceed. I had so much enjoyment with my own dear brothers, and received from them so much affection and kindness, that my recollections of the fraternal relation are exceedingly touching and unalloyed.

"September 21.—It is two years to-day since we sailed from America. In prayer, my husband returned thanks for all our mercies, and especially that God had permitted us to enter upon a work that we love—a work that we prize above all others. My heart responded to the sentiment fully. May we see many such anniversaries together; and be permitted to offer the same thanksgiving.

"Will you pray that we may have wisdom to guide our affairs with discretion? Our establishment is large, and we must have persons to serve us; but we would not forget, in our intercourse with them, that they are among those whose eternal interest we came to seek."

"Beyroot, September 27.—We reached our homes in safety, about mid-day, on Wednesday.

"This morning, after our few Sabbath-day cares were disposed of, I went down to the kitchen on an errand; —as I reached the bottom of the stairs, I beheld on each side a row of Moslems, fourteen in all, seated in perfect silence, who had fled hither for refuge; a report being in circulation that orders had again come for the seizure of soldiers. I uttered, in Arabic, an exclamation of surprise; when they all smiled upon me, and gave me their salams. The fear proved to be groundless, as the Pasha had only ordered the soldiers already enlisted to depart suddenly, without knapsacks, to a place on the borders of the Bukaa, where Ibrahim Pasha himself is at present.

"As we went to chapel, we met a company of women,

who were crying and shrieking at the departure of husbands, sons, &c. Cowper says,

> 'My ear is pained,
> My soul is sick with every day's report
> Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.'

But alas! how would his tender soul have shuddered at the sight of this. With more pathos, if possible, would he have exclaimed,

> 'Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness.'

"September 29.—Yesterday I commenced my school again, with twenty scholars; which for the first day was a good number. Mrs. Whiting has ten little Moslem girls in Jerusalem, and the promise of more.

"October 5.—Monthly Concert and Fast.—Yesterday being our communion season, I was explaining to my little Druse girl the nature and object of the ordinance which she was about to witness for the first time; of which a Druse child is perhaps as ignorant as a heathen. Indeed the Druses are supposed to be idolaters themselves; though perhaps few, except the initiated, know the fact, or actually worship images. I did not expect, in the first attempt, to give her very clear ideas respecting the mystery of the atonement; but I repeated to her the words of our Saviour to his disciples, when he instituted the sacrament; and as I employed the first person, her feelings became considerably interested, and with the utmost simplicity she exclaimed, '*selamatik*,' that is, 'peace to you,' which is an universal compliment among the Arabs, if one is complaining of ill health or sorrow in his own person. I mention this to show you that we have to teach the very first principles, and to feed 'with milk, and not with meat.' Blessed be God, it is his office

> 'To pour fresh life in every part,
> And new create the whole.'

"October 21.—We have dismissed our Maltese servant. He was in many respects useful, but he had begun to feel above his place; and being disposed to go with Mr. and Mrs. Bird, we cheerfully dismissed him. When about to leave us, I told him that I had one thing only to say to him; I wished to inform him why I had not placed more confidence in him—that from the first I had discovered that he had no regard for truth. He wept, and begged me to enter into particulars; but I declined. As he turned to go down the stairs, his usual erect form and firm step gave place to the cringing movement of the Maltese of the island, the first beings whom I saw on missionary ground. The recollection of the feelings which overcame me when I first beheld his pitiable and contemptible countrymen, rushed upon me, and I was obliged to struggle with my emotions.

"About a fortnight since there was great fear among the mountaineers, and one family begged us to take their most valuable articles home for safe keeping. The woman took off the gold from her head, and made a bundle of her best clothes; they also tied up a few articles of plate, and the man came with us and left them in our house. He professed to be a Protestant, though he gave no evidence of piety. Such circumstances show the confidence which is reposed in us.

"I mentioned the refugee Druses. Our house is surrounded by the habitations of this sect. A few mornings since, we saw stretched upon the sands near us a murdered man; but no one could give any account of this deed of darkness, except that on the previous evening he was at a dram shop, in a state of intoxication. In consequence of this, several of the neighboring Druses were seized and imprisoned, which caused others to flee to our house. Our room at evening prayers has been filled for several nights. One morning I had nine attendants, who shel-

tered themselves under the wing of me and my little donkey, on my way to school.

"October 24.—For several days Ibrahim Pasha has been a near neighbor of ours, having come to Beyroot for a season, and taken up his residence at the house of a rich Moslem. Mr. S. called upon him with our Consul. He says that he is a large, jolly, laughing, cunning man, with a very penetrating eye. He was principally occupied at the time in watching the movements of his courtiers, who were playing chess.

"October 29.—I mentioned in my journal from Aaleih that the wife of an Englishman who works in the coal mines at Corneille was going to the grave, with a rapid consumption. A week or two since she was brought to the city. On Sunday, after service, I called to see her. Learning from her that she did not expect to recover, I asked how she felt in view of exchanging worlds. 'Happy,' said she, 'perfectly happy.' 'May I inquire,' said I, 'what is the ground of your happiness?' 'I have always obeyed my Saviour's laws; have been very attentive to the religious duties of the family, and of my church. I have never done harm to any one.' At this reply my heart shuddered. I said to myself, 'poor woman, though born in a land of light, your hope of heaven is not better than that of the deluded natives of this dark land.' I thought how innumerable are the ways which Satan has devised to keep mankind from resting on the only true foundation. I almost burst into tears. I felt that I must be faithful, for her time was short. I remarked that 'I was religiously educated too, but there came a time when I realized that something was necessary which I had not experienced, and so it was with Paul.' I then preached to her Jesus Christ and his atonement, and begged her to review the subject with great seriousness, in consideration of the solemn event immediately before

her. Yesterday while in school, Dr. Whitely came and begged me to go and see her again; said that her end was rapidly approaching; that she had related to him my conversation with her, telling him that it affected her deeply; and he thought she expressed sentiments more evangelical. At mid-day, therefore, when my school closed, I went to her. She was much changed, and could scarcely articulate intelligibly, yet was in perfect possession of her faculties. She told me that my remarks on Sunday gave her a great shock, and she now felt that her reliance was wholly on Jesus Christ, and disclaimed all personal merit. She felt no wish to recover, but was perfectly happy in the prospect of rest and holiness with her Saviour. God only knows her real state. Her case is left in the usual uncertainty of death-bed experiences.

"Sabbath Evening, November 1.—To-day we have had our second storm, the first having occurred about ten days since. Both were violent and accompanied with thunder and lightning. My nerves are becoming accustomed to the tremendous peals and vivid flashes of a Mediterranean thunder storm. It is sublime, and at first terrifying, to watch the lightning's play over the deep blue sea; and during the live long night listen to the thunder's roar as it reverberates through the range of Mount Lebanon.

"On Sunday, dear papa, I think of you more than usual. How are your Sabbaths? Precious as ever, I trust; and fitting you for one long glorious Sabbath, which I believe we shall spend together. I remember that when I lived under your smiles, you appeared to enjoy these days of rest exceedingly. I find it quite another thing to be the mistress of a family, from what it was to be a daughter in a father's house. The former station involves a thousand cares, of which in the other I had no knowledge. And in this land too, which furnishes no external aid, but on the contrary every thing to impede

the progress of moral influence, the spirits sometimes sink beneath the weight of responsibility. However, I love to think that the Saviour pleased not himself, even on the Sabbath: so should I rejoice to give the whole seven days to him and to my fellow beings.

"November 4.—This evening Mr. Smith has commenced a weekly religious meeting, expressly for the Druses, at which a number were present. I beg your prayers, especially in reference to it; for I believe that God has some chosen ones among this hitherto unpromising class.

"This morning, very early, a little Mohammedan woman came, and bringing me a nosegay, sat beside me a moment, with more than usual dejection in her countenance;—then suddenly rising and kissing my hand, she said, sorrowfully, with her face half veiled, 'can you give me any medicine for my eye?' Supposing her to be afflicted with the opthalmia, the universal disease of the natives, I said, 'does your eye pain you?' 'No,' said she, 'but for several years something has been growing upon it, and for one year I have not been able to see with that eye;' and she added, 'Ahmed (that is her husband) says if I cannot see he shall send me away from him.' Poor woman! my heart ached for her, and I promised to consult Dr. Whitely in reference to her case. Such is the kindly nature of the religion of Mohammed! How effectually it tends to overthrow the plan of Jehovah's government.

"November 9.—A company of Druses at prayers, as usual, to-night. Poor beings! I really think that this portion of them, who are called 'skitts,' and are scarcely acknowledged by their own sect, are more ignorant and impenetrable than the veriest heathen.

"I have had a pleasant and prosperous day in my duties. It being the first of my keeping school since the new arrangement of our meals, I had no occasion to

hurry in the morning to have marketing done; and to give directions for dinner, and to hasten from school to see that it was properly prepared.

"November 19.—Mr. Smith has gone down to the Lazaretto to bring Miss Williams to our house. I am alone and waiting to receive her. I have solemn and deep feelings at the thought of her coming, and my heart goes forth towards her as to a sister. Will you pray that we may prove messengers of mercy to our degraded sisters here.

"November 27. — One week yesterday I had the pleasure of welcoming to my Syrian home the dear sister for whom I wrote, not without trembling, a year ago last May. She is well and cheerful, and quite happy in the little chamber appropriated to her. I almost envy her the quietness and freedom from care which she enjoys; and which reminds me of those days when I could shut myself for hours together in my chamber in Norwich, and the family and the world go on just as well without me. Now I never think of locking my door except before light in the morning and again in the evening. I rise early, and thus have an opportunity to reflect that I am hastening to eternity, and that my own soul must be fitted for it. But the remainder of the time it is all business, and absorbing, distracting care. I need not inform you how happy and grateful I am for the safe arrival of Miss Williams. Many thanks to my dear friends for their affectionate remembrance of me, and for the tokens of love received. But of the flowers, and the sweet poetry accompanying them, what shall I say? A flood of tears was the reception given to them, and told me how my heart yet clings to

'The sweet remembrances of former years.'

* * * * *

'To that loved scene, where peaceful years
In calm retirement flew;
Where deep afflictions, trials, cares,
Came but as angels, unawares.'

"November 28.—Saturday.—To-day is the season when I especially remember you, my dear S——, at the throne of grace; and my prayer is, that you may be an eminently holy and devoted Christian, and amid all the attractions of your favored lot, may rise superior to earthly good and common attainments; and in the circle in which you move, bear others onward and upward by your own elevated example. That sweet little P., how tender are my feelings towards him! You say he uses 'some foreign language.' Perhaps it is Arabic; if so, he will be highly qualified to come to Syria! Some one has informed me, or I have dreamed it, that you have a little daughter. Give her a sweet kiss from me, and teach her to love an unknown aunt. Miss Williams—who has now for a week cheered our dwelling—was much gratified by her visit to you. She says that E.'s fraternal attentions reminded her of her own dear brother, who is next in age to herself. We can talk together with much sympathy of the tenderness of a brother's love. Say to aunt F., that I love and sympathize with and pray for her and hers. I often try to supplicate the grace of God in behalf of J., and J. Oh! it is a great thing to be really a child of God—to have these depraved hearts changed;—and I cannot but fear that many of the dear youth in America, were they removed from the influences and restraints that surround them, would be surprised to find how readily they would fall back to the world. I feel much on this subject since I have become expatriated, as it were. The conflicts and perplexities which a missionary experiences, are calculated to try his soul and show him what spirit he is of. I thought that I was farther advanced in sanctification than I have found

myself to be; and the effort necessary to maintain a warfare against sin is increased fourfold. Give my kind regards to Mrs. E.; and will brother present her with five dollars from me, and charge the same to my account. 'Thine own and thy father's friend, forsake not.' "

"Beyroot, Nov. 30.

"My very dear Brother and Sister :—I know of none, except the members of my own family, who have a higher claim upon my affections and my time, than yourselves; and none that I remember with more unfeigned satisfaction. I love to think of you both, as the ever watchful and paternal friends of my dear husband. I love to bring to mind the pleasant yet sorrowful hours which I passed under your roof; and to think of your dear children. Two years have doubtless made changes in the youthful trio; and they have changed us, at least myself. My home, my interests, my associations, my language, have all become foreign; and my lot, (unless some great political convulsion takes place,) is fixed, until I exchange my earthly abode for that beyond the grave. In looking back upon these two annual revolutions, I have much for which to be grateful, and great occasion for humiliation. While every important want has been supplied, and innumerable comforts and refinements added, which I never anticipated as a missionary; I have scarcely passed one quiet American day since I parted from you. From the hour that I lost sight of my native shore, I have been fully aware that I had thrown myself into the wide and wicked world, and forever deprived myself of the moral repose and security which my once favored home had furnished. But I have never for a moment regretted the step which I took. 'There remaineth a rest,' which, if permitted to partake of it, I shall enjoy more highly, for the labors and disquietudes, and the new and deeper views

of spiritual truths which this expatriation has occasioned. I suppose you often desire to know what we are doing, and how we are living; and what are our daily hopes and fears in regard to the one great object which has torn us from you. Your dear brother has his hands and heart full. The preparation of books for the press is an arduous and responsible task; beside which, the entire Arabic preaching, the Sabbath school, and the English service every alternate Sabbath, rest upon him. Foreign and native visitors, occupy many of his hours; and he has just been telling me, that this day, now closed, has been completely broken by miscellaneous occupations, the consequence of repeated interruptions. He has, however, a most delightful study, in the most airy and conspicuous part of the house, looking forth upon the waters of the azure sea, and the verdure of the variegated landscape which intervenes. A worldly, fashionable lady of our acquaintance, in looking over our house a week or two since, left upon my mind the impression, that she was surprised at my relinquishing so commodious a room to my husband's convenience; and when I returned her call, and walked through the apartments of her own newly occupied and ornamented mansion, I found three rooms appropriated to receiving visitors, but only one little confined bed-room appropriated to her five children; who were roaming and playing, careless and uncared for, through the grounds attached to the house. Oh! how lifeless and unsatisfying did all that appear to me; and methinks sister H. would sigh to behold it."

"December 5.—Having risen, as usual, some time before dawn, I stepped out towards the front of the court, to glance at the prospect before me. The distant sea, forming a semicircle around me, and sending to my ears its unbroken roar, powerfully associated my thoughts

with the murmur of your falls, to which we so often listened in my dear native place. The snowy peak of Lebanon, rising magnificently in the east, was rendered more conspicuous by the rays of the full moon, just approaching the horizon in the opposite west, while her beams reflected by the sea beneath, gave a strong outline to the objects upon the intermediate shore, especially to two or three points which rose gracefully above. Two finely formed clouds and the brilliant stars, completed the soft and charming scene. I thought of that other world, unmarred by sin, where the Author of so much beauty has prepared inconceivable glories for his redeemed people; and my soul bounded at the thought.

"December 14.—On Saturday, our native female prayer meeting consisted of twenty, besides two children; fourteen were Arabs—more than were ever present before. We met in the girl's school-room, where we intend in future to assemble. We sung part of a psalm, as we have begun to teach music in our school. We find the children quite as capable of forming musical sounds as those in our own country; but alas, we have no hymns or psalms adapted to their capacities. The Arabic cannot be simplified like the English, without doing violence to Arab taste; at least, such is the opinion now. What changes may be wrought in the language we cannot tell. This obstacle in the instruction of the young here, you have not perhaps thought of. American youth have extraordinary privileges. It is a painful thought to us, that children's literature, if I may so term it, is incompatible with the genius of this language; of course, infant school lessons must be bereft of many of their attractions. Mr. Smith and Mr. Whiting have each superintended a translation of the first part of the 'Child's Book on the Soul;' the use of which must prove its adaptedness to Arab children.

"Mr. ——, the artist who drew the sketch of our house, is a protestant Jew, and an infidel in sentiment; he has exerted a very injurious influence over several of our young men, who have in consequence absented themselves from the chapel. I could not but shed tears this morning in looking at their vacant seats.

"December 24.—In dating a note to Mrs. Dodge, inviting her to meet our other friends here on Christmas day, I am reminded that this is the anniversary of our dear P.'s death. Dear brother! I weep to think of thee as the sweet little child whom I led to school; as the buoyant boy, the college youth, and the gentle and dignified man. In the new heavens and the new earth, I trust we shall unite our hearts and our hands, in the service and in the presence of our divine Redeemer."

In a letter written by Mrs. Smith in the course of this month, she adds a few suggestions to those previously addressed to her young relative,* on qualifications for the missionary service :—"In a communication which I made, I think in March last, I mentioned some qualifications which would be requisite, should you come to Syria. I believe I did not add to these, the importance of cultivating polished manners. In many respects, all the foreigners whom we find in these countries, exhibit the good breeding which is to be found in the best circles in America; and so far from becoming rusticated by a residence in Eastern cities, our countrymen usually improve much in external deportment. Perhaps it might be thought an unnecessary suggestion; but the plain, independent manners of some of our good republican citizens, would be somewhat offensive to foreign taste; and were it not for the extraordinary talent of assimilation which Americans possess, they would err oftener than they now do.

* See page 227.

"I think that the infant school system is admirably adapted to the uninformed and undisciplined habits of this country, and I hope you will familiarize yourself with it, to a great extent.

"What I said on the subject of languages, in my letter of March, I hope will not be overlooked. If there were no other argument in their favor, the fact that a person who has studied one foreign language, more readily applies himself to and acquires another, is a sufficient inducement to an intended missionary, to make this branch of study prominent. It should stand first of all. Our countrywomen have hitherto done but very little towards removing the curse of Babel. This has arisen from their comparatively isolated situation. In these distant, contiguous countries, the knowledge of several tongues is considered quite indispensable. I hope it will yet be esteemed so in America; not as an accomplishment, but for the sake of usefulness."

Speaking of her own spiritual state at this time, she thus writes:—"My feelings and religious exercises in this country, are wholly free from excitement—very different from what they were in America. I cannot account for it, since my views of truth are greatly enlarged and strengthened, and my confidence in our blessed gospel daily increasing. Sin also appears much more heinous in my eyes, and my own character far more despicable. I clasp the Bible to my heart with affection and admiration, and love to read its sacred pages. Prayer, too, I prize and enjoy; but for want of that excitement of which I have spoken, it often seems to me destitute of fervor. The Saviour's offices and mediation are magnified in my estimation; and yet I do not enjoy that sensible communion with him, which I have before

experienced. I sometimes think that the Holy Spirit cannot dwell in this wicked land; but,

'like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife.'

"January 3, 1836.—This is the first Sabbath evening of the new year, and permit me, my dear parents, brothers and sisters, to wish you a happy new year. I was going to say, that could I control your every hour, not a sorrow, however small, should disturb your serenity, but each minute should bear upon its wings peace and pleasure to your bosoms. But our heavenly Friend loves you more ardently, more wisely than I do; and he is the chosen friend of you all—yes, *all!* To him I commit your destiny, and pray that in his favor you may have life and joy, whatever else may be bestowed or denied.

"I often think, my dear parents, that not many years are before you, and I shudder at the thought that I may live to hear that you are no longer inhabitants of earth, and ask myself what will be my feelings then. I still think of you and pray for you as alive and happy.

'Yet prostrate at the mercy seat,
Oft shall my lips your names repeat,
Cherished with filial love.'"

Little, apparently, did Mrs. Smith anticipate, in penning the foregoing to her parents, that she had now entered upon the year in which they would be made mourners by her own death.

"Monday, January 4.—We love to think that this day will be regarded by many as a fast for the conversion of the world, and that prayer will ascend for us. Oh that the church would indeed earnestly wrestle for souls.

"My own sins rise in awful magnitude before me to-day, and I feel wholly unfit to hold the sacred office of

a missionary. You know not, my dear parents, what unlooked for conflicts and obstacles you would find, were you transported to this region of darkness—this empire of Satan. Pray for me incessantly and fervently, for foes without and foes within obstruct my path to heaven, and I sometimes fear that I have never even entered it.

"January 13.—My beloved Father:—Your long, good letter of July 27 to August 31, inclusive, came to hand a few days since, and refreshed my spirit. Oh! my dear parent, my heart clings to you closer than ever. The longer we are separated, the more tenderly I think of you, and the more warmly I anticipate our meeting above. Your letter, however, together with what we heard from Smyrna, made me sorrowful, and I tremble for our country every hour. Should her sun set in darkness, sad would be the tale. 'Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.' It seems to me as if a brilliant star, the centre of attraction to a thousand other orbs, was about to be blotted from the moral firmament. What pains me most, and most excites my apprehensions, is the fact that Christians are becoming worldly and contentious. Had you informed me that all the elements of wickedness were in commotion, but that the followers of Christ were humble, prayerful, self-denying and devoted, I should fear nothing. But now I tremble 'for the ark of God;' and I feel that I must make mention of my country in every approach to the mercy seat. We have been 'proud boasters,' regarding ourselves as the favorites of Heaven, with the dreadful blot of slavery in our skirts; and a just God is using that very sin as the means of our punishment. Oh that his Spirit might speedily go forth among his professed friends, exciting them to repentance and prayer, that his wrath may be turned away!

"I rejoice much that dear mamma is well and happy, and confiding in God. She does not know what inexpressible tenderness I feel for her. I am often obliged to put her image away from my mind, and to cease talking about her, lest I dissolve in tears. When we meet in heaven, we shall both be young, and perfect in body, mind, and spirit; and then will be revived that sweet communion which we so enjoyed on earth.

"January 30.—You express some solicitude, my dear father, respecting my health. It is certainly very important, in this climate, and under our circumstances, to avoid excitement. I do not think that I am in danger from this source at present; as I am almost uniformly calm and quiet, and, unlike my former temperament, am comparatively unsusceptible of strong excitement. I have seen and heard so many strange things since I came from my native land, that I am accustomed to them, and not much affected by them.

"When I rise at four, as this morning, I think of you as just retiring to rest. Perhaps the bell in Norwich was ringing for nine o'clock, as I rose from my bed. I should love to hear it again! In heaven I trust we shall together listen to sweeter sounds."

CHAPTER XV.

THOUGHTS ON THE WORLD AS A PORTION — CLOSE OCCUPATION OF TIME — A MOSLEM WEDDING — VIEWS OF HER EMPLOYMENT — OF A HEAVENLY INHERITANCE — INTEREST IN AMERICAN FRIENDS — ENGAGEMENT IN A PLAN FOR RELIGIOUS VISITS.

As Mrs. Smith advanced in her labors, she evidently became increasingly interested in them. And there was an apparent growth in the fervor of her spiritual affections. These remarks will be found illustrated in the extracts which compose the present and succeeding chapter.

"BEYROOT, JAN. 4, 1836.

"My dear Mrs. T.:—This is a changing, wearisome state; and the great cause of sorrow is that we are ever aiming to find rest and enjoyment, which the Scriptures assure us are not the portion of God's people on earth. The *rest*, 'remains;' and like repose to the weary, it will be more precious from the conflicts and perplexities of this life. Oh! how unenviable is the lot of those who choose their happiness here. I often think of the experience of a pious grandmother, which, at the age of eighty, she related to me with much animation. After her marriage, she became the subject of religious anxiety, which blunted the edge of every worldly enjoyment. Her husband was fond of seeing her handsomely dressed, and he imported from England an elegant cloak, and hat to

compare, which was a most becoming winter suit. When she first looked at the articles, she said to herself, 'Such things of the world shall not be my portion; I will not have them for my portion; I will have a better one.' She never wore the articles together, lest they should excite the envy and jealousy of her cotemporaries; and she soon found that portion which she has left as an inheritance to her children, and children's children, to the latest generation. For even now, we feel that we receive answers to her prayers.—I rejoice that your little daughter has a praying mother. It is the richest inheritance which she could possibly possess."

"Beyroot, Jan. 20.

"My ever dear Friend:—Although you have many cares in America, yet perhaps there is not such sacredness attached to every half hour, as here. When you think of writing a letter, you have not, like me, to inquire whether you are not encroaching upon some duty more important and pressing. Often should I delight to sit down and pour forth the warm affections of my heart to dear absent ones in my native land; but an Arabic or an Italian lesson, a native visitor, or some household arrangement to enable me to leave my family for three or four hours each day, in school, calls me away. I wish also to help my husband, as his duties are still more urgent. I have just completed the writing of seventeen sheets for him. There are twelve persons daily employed under our roof, as translators, printers, servants, &c., whose eyes are turned towards my husband and myself for guidance and oversight.

"I am much gratified to hear that you are endeavoring to benefit the poor Pequod Indians. I thought you would not leave them to perish before your eyes. May God own you and your dear husband herein; and may you be richly blest and prospered in the effort. It is

only by faith that we can labor for those who have long dwelt in ignorance and insensibility, whether in America or in Syria.

"I wish that you could have been with us on Monday evening, when, for the first time, we attended a Moslem wedding. It is said there were a thousand persons in the procession. It was just at dark when we arrived at the house of the bridegroom; who under the escort of an immense number of torches and wax candles, was at that moment leaving the door of his dwelling, to go to another house and receive his visitors. According to Mohammedan etiquette, the gentlemen who were with us proceeded to the latter place, while Miss W—— and myself entered the former, to mingle in the bridal group of females. As we entered an open court, in the centre of which grew an orange tree, we were met by some women in attendance, who taking our calashes and cloaks, tied them up in Miss W——'s white merino shawl, and disposed of them in a safe, if not clean place. They inquired if we would take off our shoes also; but this we declined, saying, that as it was not our custom, we should expose our health. We then approached the upper end of the court, where in a semicircle sat more than a dozen women in state, completely borne down with 'gold and pearls and costly array.' Our appearance presented a strong contrast to theirs; for however deficient we may have been in 'the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit,' in outward appearance we were arrayed as women 'professing godliness.' The female who occupied the central seat, beside a profusion of other ornaments, had upon her head two tassels of glass fibres, such as I have occasionally seen among curiosities in America, standing erect, and giving her a wild oriental appearance, quite imposing; while her features were commanding and beautiful. She had the dark, full eye of an Eastern

beauty, with all her characteristic hauteur, not deigning to speak to us. Before her were several immense wax tapers, taller than our heads, and supported by women of a lower rank, who sat upon the floor. A crowd of females were before her; some sitting, others standing, and all jabbering like so many magpies, only a great deal louder, 'and suiting the action to the word;' for gestures, as well as words, are the language of this people. One of the women who sat upon the floor, had an exhaustless store of nuts, raisins, &c., which she dealt out by handfulls to the guests. In a short time a relative of the family, through whose influence we were invited to the wedding, urged her way through the crowd, and taking a seat beside us, conversed with us very politely for a few moments, and treated us with sherbet and coffee.

"Presently one or two of the 'singing women' began their bridal song; a shrill monotonous cry, somewhere between a shrieking and singing, and which to me seems like the appropriate accompaniment of an event, which introduces the daughters of Eve to a new scene of trials, closely connected with eternity. They were notes which went to the bottom of my heart; producing melancholy rather than joyful associations. Immediately we were apprised that the bride was approaching, having just arrived at the house of the groom, from that of her father, where, from an early hour, she had been passing through various ceremonies, with which I am not acquainted. She came attended by women with torches, and ascended to a retired room above.

"After the lapse of half an hour, perhaps, it was said, 'behold the bridegroom cometh;' when all the group hastened to throw on their veils, while the bride, accompanied by her maidens, with their torches, descended to meet the bridegroom. Miss W—— and myself witnessed the meeting of the bridal pair, which took place near the

orange tree in the open court. She was supported by her attendants; being entirely incapacitated for guiding herself, as her eyes were closed, not having been opened since morning; and her hands were held up before her, as in the attitude of supplication. When she encountered her intended husband, her veil, which was a piece of scarlet gauze embroidered with gold, was raised, and he gave her one look, and retired again to his guests. Her attendants then led her towards us, while we advanced and gave her the usual salutation, '*mabaraky ya arroos*,' (may you be blest, oh bride!) She was then conducted into an adjoining room, and seated upon cushions, while a friend made a place for Miss W. and myself directly before her, which gave us a fine opportunity to observe her whole appearance.

"I cannot give you any just idea of her dress or attitude, except that she looked more like a pagan priestess than any other imaginable being. Her garments were of rich brocade, and her ornaments beyond description or enumeration. Her face was painted first with rouge, and then fantastically ornamented with patches of gold leaf, while her trimmed eyebrows and eyelashes were touched with black paint; and curved lines of the same were drawn from her ear on each cheek toward the centre of her face. Her hands and feet were also painted in small dark checks.

"But the most extraordinary thing of all was, that custom required her to sit motionless, with closed eyes, and entirely speechless; and this martyrdom, which commenced the morning of this day, was to be maintained until the next morning. Poor creature! she looked as if she were in the extreme of misery. Here, again, nuts were distributed in the same style as before, among the company.

"The friend who had furnished us a seat before the

bride, conducted us to the bridal chamber. It was a small room, containing on each side three rows of shelves, on which were spread out plates, cups, household utensils, &c., the father's gift to his daughter; also all her dresses were suspended beneath them, and the bridal couch was furnished with silk embroidered appendages. We then descended to another apartment, in a distinct portion of the building; and seating ourselves somewhat informally upon cushions, with the wife of the Governor of Beyroot on one side and the bridegroom's mother upon the other, a small, low table was placed before us, and a large waiter filled with sweetmeats presented for our refreshment, followed by coffee.—I was not a little touched with the fact, that the mother of the bridegroom, yet a young woman, was totally blind; and though the bustle of the scene prevented my making known to her the peculiar sympathy and tender associations which she excited in my mind, I expressed it silently, by passing into her hand the varieties of the entertainment, before partaking of them myself, and giving her a kiss and a blessing as we parted.

"The ceremony of the marriage union, according to usage, took place by proxy, at the house of the judge of the city, several days previous! But this is not all;—the parties, after their espousal or engagement, which often occurs a year or more previous to marriage, never see each other! Thus, you perceive, that love, and confidence, and sympathy, must be created after the knot is tied; for before, the parents are the principal actors in the scene.

"After the above mentioned repast, we left the company. What I had already seen, forcibly reminded me of the last drama of this world; and I could not but admire the wisdom which employed an illustration that was not only calculated to make a deep impression upon the present occasion, but would, by the frequent occur-

rence of such scenes, continually call to mind, in this portion of the world, the force of our Lord's instructions and warnings."

To one of her early friends, for whose spiritual benefit she had watched and prayed, she thus writes:

"Beyroot, Jan. 28.

"My dear Mary:—In the act of dating my letter, I am reminded that it is two years to-day since I landed on the shores of Syria. It would interest me much to know where you are; what you are doing; how you feel; whether your days pass quietly and peacefully by, beneath the smiles of your reconciled Friend; or whether new sorrows have been added to those which are past, weaning you still more from earth, and purifying you for the state of rest which remains. And your mother, how and where is she? and R. and S., and your brothers, and aunts? It is sometimes a painful thought to me, that there are many whom I knew and loved in the land of my birth, respecting whom I shall never hear another word, even if I should survive them, until I see their deaths in the public prints.

"You would naturally inquire, whether your once 'fastidious' friend Sarah, is happy in the marriage relation. I would answer, that, through the kindness of Providence, I am entirely so. I feel that God has been very good to me in this respect. We have a pleasant residence, from whence I often look forth upon the illimitable sea, towards the going down of the sun; and think, but with no regret or sorrow, of the friends whom I have left beyond. It is a good work to which we have devoted our lives, and one whose importance magnifies in our estimation every day; and we would not exchange it for the most eligible station which our country could furnish us. I know not how I

should endure a North American winter now. In the spring and autumn, the weather is perfect, and often exhilarating in its genial influence. Not unfrequently the nightingale greets us with her inimitable song, at mid-day.

"Our greatest trials arise from the absence of God's Holy Spirit. Would he visit our own hearts and those of our neighbors and friends, we should rejoice. Without this, our planting and watering will be in vain. Pray for us! Beyroot is increasing in importance continually. We have by no means gone out of the world, though we have come to the eastern extreme of the Mediterranean. We think that American trade will be established here, ere long."

"Beyroot, February 4.—I have indulged many pleasing anticipations of welcoming you in Syria, my dear brother, and do not yet relinquish them. Still, there is a better country, and a better house above; and purer love, and higher joy than all which earth can give. I never shall forget the feelings which I had the day you left Norwich for New York, after the death of our dear P., and a short time before I became acquainted with Mr. Smith. You were packing up those articles of family plate which papa gave you. I said to myself, 'my treasure is in heaven;' and the feeling was so pure and so genuine, that I have frequently looked back upon it as an evidence of my regeneration. I speak not this boastingly, but with tender and grateful recollections.—Much as I love you, I have scarcely indulged a moment's uneasiness respecting you, though I am desirous of knowing particulars in regard to your commercial interests.

"Do, dear friends, write to me often, very often. I have reason to be grateful for a comfortable degree of bodily vigor and mental composure. The weather is now

becoming perfect. The mildness of spring is returning, 'the time of the singing of birds has come,' and my own physical powers seem to sympathize with nature around me. I am trying to get away from a legal state of mind, which drains the soul of all comfort. I have indulged it too much. Pray for me, that I may rest joyfully in Christ. May you, dear brother and sister, do the same."

"Beyroot, Feb. 11.

"It is an indisputable fact, my dear cousin, that my interest in my friends has not diminished an iota since I left my native land. I wish to know every thing about them as much as ever. They too, doubtless, would like to look in upon me, and see just how I am situated. Here I have the advantage, for I can form some idea of almost any possible circumstances in America; but you must picture to yourselves strange and unknown scenes, and after all, perhaps, be forced to exclaim, 'Well, I can't tell how cousin Sarah lives, or how her house looks, or any thing about her.'"

The following extract from the same letter with the above, is supposed to describe the indisposition in which commenced Mrs. Smith's final decline of health—the first step of her descent to the grave:

"I should prepare a longer and more particular letter for you, my dear cousin, were it not that I am suffering from a severe cold upon my lungs, in consequence of sitting within the cold, damp walls of our school-house. Our exposures of this kind, in the winter, are very great. I have had an incessant and somewhat painful cough for some days, but I think it is now breaking up. This urges me to make some early provision against a similar attack next winter, if I should live."

"February 16.—We have recently entered into an agreement to visit certain families and individuals once a month, something in the way that the Tract Distributors in America do, for the purpose of personal religious conversation; and then to hold a meeting to report to each other our success. We have made a selection for ourselves, from among our friends and neighbors. I have chosen the mothers of our female scholars, and made a beginning to-day. I must first get acquainted with them, and then much wisdom and grace will be required to pursue our plan. It will not be like visiting the same number of persons in America. In the first place, we cannot talk to them in English; and in the next place, we must be very cautious about exciting their apprehensions and prejudices, thus defeating our object."

"Beyroot, Feb. 25.

"Mr. N. will inform you respecting our new plan of effort, and we beg that you will constantly remember it in your prayers. My field is the mothers of our female scholars, and I have already commenced calling upon them. My intention is to visit the whole, and become acquainted with them; and then select as many individuals from among them as I can be faithful to, and such as present the most encouragement to effort. This thought, my dear sister, has been upon my mind much of late—that as it is so difficult to make truth intelligible to the minds of this people, in the first endeavor; and as they are so unaccustomed to fix their attention on any subject of serious reflection, it would be better to bestow our energies upon a limited number, for whose benefit we can repeat our efforts, giving 'line upon line, and precept upon precept,' rather than to scatter our influence over a wider field. This is particularly applicable to the women of this country. Perhaps one visit and one conversation may

make an impression; another may affect them slightly, but if not followed by a third, may be as the morning dew; while twelve visits in a year may do something for them. Perhaps it will be a long time before we shall see any fruit. Indeed those who enter into our labors may gather it instead of us; yet I am anxious that we should persevere until we die, though no apparent effect may be produced. You well know, from experience, how much missionaries need a degree of healthful excitement in their labors. As all our time, and all our plans have one object, we engage in Christ's service as a matter of course. But if we can make especial efforts for the immediate conversion of one, two, or more souls, we shall always have something to enliven us.

"I am deeply interested in the perusal of Mrs. Winslow's life. It brings my native place, familiar scenes and familiar friends, so vividly before me; and her trials in breaking away from the endearing ties of home and country were so similar to my own; that my sensibilities and sympathy are too strongly excited by the book. On Saturday night I was quite exhausted by the powerful, yet almost unconscious hold which it took of my feelings."

CHAPTER XVI.

LETTER TO THE MEMBERS OF THE YOUNG LADIES' ACADEMY, NORWICH — VIEWS OF THE EFFECTS OF THE MISSION — CLIMATE — IMPORTANCE OF RESPECTABILITY OF APPEARANCE IN MISSIONARIES — GOOD FRIDAY — TRANSLATION OF AN ARABIC GRAMMAR — SPRING AND ITS PRODUCTIONS — IMPEDIMENTS TO MISSIONARY LABORS — RELIGIOUS CONVERSATION — HEALTH — SCHOOL — LETTER TO MRS. TEMPLE.

For some time before leaving this country, Mrs. Smith had taken a deep interest in the Female Academy in Norwich; and with a young lady, one of the teachers, was accustomed to meet at stated seasons, to pray for the influences of the Holy Spirit upon that institution. In some of her letters to her Christian friends she also asked their prayers for it. She addressed a letter to its members, dated February 26, 1836, which will doubtless be read with interest, as the affectionate and earnest counsels of a devoted missionary to some of the daughters of her native land.

"TO THE PUPILS OF THE FEMALE ACADEMY IN NORWICH.

"My dear young Friends.—With much pleasure, though not without diffidence, I attempt to comply with a request of your respected teachers, that I would address you on the great subject of missions. Could I enjoy the pleasure

of a personal interview, I might communicate much that would be interesting; and I could adapt myself to your individual views and feelings much better than I now can, at the distance of 5,000 miles, and a stranger probably to nearly all of you. My heart is very full on this topic, and I could cover many sheets in discussing it; but perhaps it would be more tedious for you to read than for me to write. I must therefore compress my communication into as small a compass as possible, and give only outlines, for yourselves or your teachers to fill up.

"Will you allow me first to indulge my imagination a little, and picture to myself the appearance of your Academy when you are assembled together for your daily exercises; that I may draw a contrast between you and your youthful cotemporaries in this and other unenlightened lands. I see you all, not only comfortably, but neatly dressed, and your whole persons indicating that suitable attention was paid to them before leaving home. You are abundantly supplied by your parents, or other kind friends, with books, paper, and every thing necessary for pursuing your studies with success. When your teacher commences the morning devotions of the school, the instructions of God's word are familiar to every ear, and intelligible to the youngest pupil; and prayer is regarded at least as a solemn exercise, demanding outward respect. Then follow the beautiful arrangement and order of your little company. Each one knows her place and her duties. Kindness, gentleness and respect, I trust, characterize your deportment towards your teachers and companions; and intellectual cultivation, as well as amiable feeling, beam in every countenance. Each day advances you in some useful attainment, which enlarges your capacities, and helps to prepare you for future happiness and usefulness. When you return to your homes, you are greeted by kind friends, who encourage you in all your efforts to

improve, and who have no higher ambition than to see you increasing in knowledge of every kind. The family circle is a scene of quiet, cheerful enjoyment, and kind affection; while the wider circle of social intercourse adds grace and polish to every attainment. I could thus indulge my imagination to an almost indefinite extent, and could dwell too upon your exalted privileges of a religious nature; but I hasten to present the contrast, which is not before my imagination only, but before my eyes.—I will say nothing of larger sections of the globe, as China, India, &c., but I will confine myself to Syria, because I am here, and can speak from personal observation of what exists.

"My dear friends, will you send your thoughts to this country, which is not a heathen, but an unevangelized land. I will not invite you to look at our little female school of twenty or thirty, because these form but a drop among the thousands and thousands of youth throughout Syria; although I might draw a contrast even from this, not a little in your favor. But we will pass these by, and speak of the young Syrian females at large, who are moving in one unbroken line to the land of darkness and sorrow. Among them you will find many a fine form, and many a beautiful face; but alas! the perfect workmanship of their Creator is rendered tame and insipid, for want of that mental and moral culture, which is the peculiar charm of the human countenance. It is impossible for me to bring the females of this country before you in so vivid a manner, as that you can form a correct idea of them—but select from among your acquaintances a young lady who is excessively weak, vain, and trifling; who has no relish for any intellectual or moral improvement; whose conversation is altogether confined to dress, parties, balls, admiration, marriage, &c. &c. — one whose temper and faults have never been corrected

by her parents, but who is following, unchecked, all the propensities of a fallen, corrupt nature. Perhaps you will not be able to find any such, and I would fain hope that you cannot, though I have occasionally met with them in America. If you succeed, however, in bringing a person of this character to your mind, then place the thousands of girls, and the women too, of this land, once the land of patriarchs, prophets and apostles, in her class.

"These weak-minded Syrian females are not attentive to personal cleanliness, neither have they a neat and tasteful style of dress. Their apparel is precisely such as the Apostle recommended that Christian females should avoid. It is emphatically and literally the outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and the wearing of gold and costly array; while the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is thrown wholly out of the account. They have no books, and no means of moral or intellectual improvement. It is considered a disgrace for a female to know how to read and write, and a serious obstacle to her marriage, which is the principal object of the parent's heart. This abhorrence of learning in females, exists most strongly in the higher classes. Nearly every pupil in our school is very indigent. Of God's word they know and understand nothing, for a girl is taken to church perhaps once a year, where nothing is seen among the women but talking and trifling; of course, she attaches no solemnity to the worship of God. No sweet domestic circle of father, brother, mother and sister, all capable of promoting mutual cheerfulness and improvement, greets her in her own house. I do not mean to imply, that there exists no family affection among them, for this tie is often very strong; but it has no foundation in respect, and is never employed to promote elevation of character. The men sit and smoke their pipes in one apartment, while in another the women cluster upon the floor, and with loud

and vociferous voices gossip with their neighbors. The very language of the females is of a lower order than that of the men; which renders it almost impossible for them to comprehend spiritual and abstract subjects, the first time they are presented to their minds. I know not how many times, when I have attempted to converse with them, they have acknowledged that they did not understand me, or have interrupted me by alluding to some mode or article of dress, or something quite as foolish.

"Thus you see, my dear young friends, how unhappy is the condition of the females of Syria, and how many laborers are wanted to cultivate this wide field. I have not told you a tenth part of the calamities of their condition; how their fathers and brothers are oppressed by this unjust and despotic government; how they have learned to tremble at the falling of a leaf, and many other things which you already know from different sources.

"And now if I knew the precise state of feeling which exists in your Academy, in reference to the subject of preparing yourselves for especial and personal usefulness, either in your own country, or in some foreign land, I should know better what appeals to make to you, and what counsel to bestow. I will, however, imagine that there are two classes among you; those who have seriously resolved to devote their future days to the glory of God and the benefit of mankind—and those who have no fixed intentions of this kind, but are on the whole rather indifferent to the subject. To this last class permit me first to say a few words. Can you, my dear young friends, be satisfied to devote your time and energies to the daily round of domestic care, and personal gratification; and leave so many interesting females to spend an eternity in unavailing regrets, in the world of wo? Remember that they are your cotemporaries, and that you and they will stand side by side on the great day of final account.

What overwhelming emotions will pervade your breasts, when you see them sink down to the pit of destruction! You will be forced to remember that on earth you knew this would be their destiny, yet preferred your own gratification for a few useless years—and sacrificed the eternal happiness of these your sisters, upon the altar of a weak and guilty self-love. Then you will have more than your own souls to account for. The young females of Syria, of India, of every inhabited portion of the globe, who are now upon the stage of life with you, will rise up, either to call you blessed, or to enhance your condemnation.

"But I must turn from this painful theme to address those of your number whose minds are already in some measure fixed on this important subject, and who love to think that they may one day be permitted to enter the sphere of missionary labor, either at home or abroad. To you, my dear sisters, I would say, avoid all romantic notions in reference to this subject, and all undue excitement. The real difficulties and labors of the undertaking will surely chase away all romance, and it is better not to set out with it. Excitement is too much the element of our beloved country; but it will go only a little way in the arduous work of moral reformation; and it is not a principle which is sufficient to overthrow the deeply-laid foundations of Satan's kingdom. Strength of character, discipline of mind, steadiness of faith, patience, perseverance, and self-denial, are the requisite qualifications. I need not remind you that ardent piety lies at the foundation of the whole. This you must cultivate upon the altar of devotion in your closets. Commune with God there, respecting your feelings and purposes, more than any where else. He will feed and cause them to grow and expand; and in due time will furnish you with a sphere in which to exercise them. You need not wait to get

upon missionary ground, before becoming an accepted missionary with God. Ere I left my father's house, I was convinced of the truth, and am now more confirmed in it, that within the walls of her own dwelling, a young female may cultivate and exhibit all the qualifications of a devoted missionary. As a daughter, sister, &c., she may be so faithful, humble, obliging, and self-denying, and may acquire such self-control, that even should she die before entering upon a wider sphere, she would merit the commendation, 'she hath done what she could.' Therefore be not impatient and uneasy, while you are providentially detained amid every day duties, within a narrow circle; but 'whatever your hand findeth to do there, do it,' at the same time cherishing the determination to assume greater responsibilities, and more self-denial, whenever God shall give the opportunity.

"Next to piety, the most important qualification for active usefulness, is habitual self-control. 'He that ruleth his own spirit, is greater than he that taketh a city.' Perhaps you are exposed to some trials of temper now; but on missionary ground they will be increased an hundred fold, where every thing is crooked, every thing wrong; and where ignorance, stupidity, insolence and deceit, provoke the corresponding emotions of pride, impatience, contempt, imperiousness and dislike.

"Avoid all habits of particularity, daintiness, &c., which will prevent your assimilating readily to any new and unlooked for circumstances in which you may be placed, and thus prove a source of uneasiness to yourselves, and interfere with your usefulness to others. Learn the happy, yet difficult art of forgetting yourselves, in all unimportant things. Much general knowledge and discipline of mind are essential in preparing you to do good to your fellow beings; but if you choose a foreign station, the very first mental qualification necessary,

is a taste for acquiring languages, and the actual knowledge of several. This accomplishment, and valuable qualification, has been too much overlooked by young ladies in America, and I hope to hear of a change in this respect. The greatest obstacle and most painful discouragement on missionary ground, arises from the want of language by which to express the common sympathies of our nature, and to impart instruction in a thousand nameless ways, aside from formal exhortation and preaching."

Mrs. Smith here gives advice on the study of languages, similar to that contained in the letter inserted page 227; and which, therefore, need not here be repeated.

"I could say much more respecting the cultivation of your minds and hearts, and the formation of your characters for future usefulness, but your teachers are better able to do this than myself. Suffice it to say, all your time and talents must be devoted to the undertaking. And how much more ennobling are employments and motives like these, than the trifling occupations which pleasure and fashion demand, or even the comparatively innocent concerns which relate to one's person and comforts. Indeed, if your minds are fixed upon the one great object of existence, you will have but little relish for meaner pursuits. I cannot but think that God is furnishing American females their high privileges, with the intention of calling them forth into the wide fields of ignorance and error, which the world exhibits. I look over my country, and think of the hundreds and thousands of intelligent, amiable, and capable young females who are assembled in schools and academies there; and then turn my eye to Jerusalem, Hebron, Nazareth, Sychar, Damascus, Tyre, Sidon, Jaffa, &c., and to the numerous villages of Mount

Lebanon, and I think, why the inequality of condition and privileges? Why can there not be stationed at every one of those now morally desolate places, at least one missionary family, and one single female as a teacher? I ask myself, does not Jesus Christ, the good shepherd, require it of his youthful friends in America; that from love to him, gratitude for their own distinguished mercies, compassion for perishing souls, and the expectations of perfect rest and happiness in heaven, they should spread themselves over the wide world, and feed the sheep and the lambs which are now scattered without a shepherd upon the mountains? Yes! he requires it, and angels will yet behold it;—but shall we not see it in our day?

"You, my dear young friends, who belong to the Norwich Female Academy, are a prominent portion of those who are called upon to answer this question."

"February 29.—My dear Brother:—A steam packet arrived last evening from England, via Malta and Alexandria; from the last port only forty-eight hours. It is the first of a line which is to visit Beyroot once a month. We begin to feel a great deal nearer to you than formerly. From French papers we have learned particulars of the dreadful fire in your city. My husband and myself took a map of the city, and tried to discover if you were probably a sufferer, but we could not fix the location with sufficient accuracy to determine. I long to hear all about you."

"March 8.—We have now for our guest Mr. E., a clergyman of the Established Church of England, who is on his way to Jerusalem, and is in feeble health. He says that religion in England is advancing very extensively. My affection for our mother country has increased,

since coming in contact with her sons and daughters in this Eastern world.

"This has been our fast and concert. I have been as quiet as possible, having last night taken medicine for an uncomfortable cough. Nothing has moved or troubled me this live-long day. I have enjoyed a season of especial prayer with Mr. Smith, and another with Miss W., according to our custom, besides the public service.

"March 17.—On Monday we were cheered and excited by the arrival of Mr. Hebard, bringing your kind despatches. How shall I sufficiently thank you all for these, and for your abounding love; or my heavenly Friend for all his kindness to you, my beloved ones. I have received twenty-eight sheets. But shall I tell you, my dear parents, brothers, and sisters, that one little letter gave me more heart-felt satisfaction than all the rest put together—yes, even than your own precious ones, which I prize so highly. The 'little' valued epistle was from ——, containing the affecting intelligence that our prayers are heard for him; and he says we may intercede for him now, 'not as one who needs grace merely, but as one who feels that he needs it.' I was quite overwhelmed by the intelligence; for I have prayed for him in Syria, more than for any relative, except my father's family. I feel that my prayers, yes, my poor prayers, with others, have been presented in the 'golden vials.' I think, too, of the venerated dead, and realize the truth that God has fulfilled his promise in the 112th Psalm, that 'the generation of the upright shall be blessed.' And now I shall pray with increased faith for J——. The Lord will yet bring him to himself.

"You wish, dear papa, to hear about my health. It has been excellent since my return from Jerusalem. In consequence of exposure within the damp walls of our new school-house, I have had, this winter, a severe cold

and cough, which yet continues. I was confined only a day or two with it, and have not been interrupted in my usual avocations thereby. You know my lungs are not my weak part. If I eat a very little, of almost any kind of food, I am perfectly well, and perfectly happy, if I at the same time avoid too much exertion.

"In answer to your inquiries repecting the success of our labors, I would say, that with our press, schools, preaching, conversation, and other social intercourse, in which we are all busy from morning till night, we feel that a broad foundation is being laid, upon which, at some future day—God knows when—a glorious superstructure will be raised. It is true that we cannot tell you of conversions, or of any immediate and striking success, and this pains us. But progress is making, and we look, even in our own day, for fruit. Send us as many more as you can to help us. The field is wide. There need be no idlers here. While you supply us from time to time, let your faith be firm and constant, relying mostly on the promises of Jehovah; and be but little affected by the sounds of 'Lo here, and lo there.' It is a long and trying work that the church has undertaken, and many will fall in the contest; but the victory will be won at last.

"I am pained to hear of sister's ill health. Knowing as she does her peculiar danger, she ought to be particularly careful to avoid excitement. The church is not resting upon her; God can do without her, even. My missionary life, thus far, has been beneficially affected by my last year's experience in America, when sister thought I was on the ground of 'little faith.' I used to think myself of considerable consequence in the service of Christ; but during that year, I felt my own insignificance unusually; and here, on missionary ground, with closed lips, I have been obliged to feel this more than ever.

And if the discipline had not commenced before I came to these shores, I might have sunk down into a state of morbid sensibility, from which I could not have risen.

"I love this climate exceedingly. I told the new missionaries in quarantine yesterday, that I could not present them with a better wish, than that they might be as happy in Syria as I had been.—By the way, La Martine's work is too much that of a French poet, to be relied upon for accuracy. If the Maronites are to revive the true religion here, their hatred of, and opposition to us, is a part of the machinery which God approves, and which is to bring about his purposes."

March 21.—After mentioning some articles of dress to be procured for her in America, she says:—"You have doubtless perceived from my letters, that we have not come out of the world by coming to Beyroot, but that we require as much as ever to be respectably dressed. In our chapel we are seldom without the presence of some English travellers, and not unfrequently there are with us English noblemen. For two reasons, at least, I think we, that is our little company, should appear respectable among them. First, for the honor of the missionary cause; and secondly, for our national dignity. For these reasons, I think that America should send forth her best to foreign lands. I never was so conscious of our national peculiarities as I now am, and I cannot help being made a little nervous, occasionally, by certain Americanisms. Now you must not laugh at me, and say, 'Oh! sister is fastidious,' &c. Were our countrymen to spend a few years abroad, they would not, so much as now, be inclined to say, 'We are the people, and wisdom will die with us.'"

"April 1.—This is Good Friday, and we had a morning

service in English. It was quite affecting, as we passed through the city, to see nearly all the flags half mast high, and our own among the rest. I thought—and the reflection though familiar was sublime and almost overwhelming—'it is to commemorate the death of the Son of God.'

"I have commenced to-day translating a grammar in Arabic manuscript into English, for my own benefit, and for that of others, if I succeed. I become every day more interested in this delightful language; and could spend my whole time with it most agreeably.

"My mind is much upon a female boarding school; and if I can get the promise of ten girls, we shall, God willing, remove the press from our house, and commence one in the fall.

"April 20.—Sabbath.—Yesterday we held a meeting to consult upon the best method of promoting a revival of religion in our own hearts, and among those around; and to-day we have had the communion; anticipating the regular season a week, for the purpose of having brother and sister Whiting with us. Their visit has proved one of great importance, as some subjects of deep interest came before the brethren, of which you will learn more hereafter.

"April 26.—Our family now consists of thirteen; and as the gentlemen kindly invited us to be present at their meetings for business—where, as silent spectators, our minds become informed on many important subjects connected with the interests of our mission—I have put aside many other duties for this privilege; and of late have very frequently seated myself with them at eight o'clock in the morning. We protract the vacation of our school until the termination of Mr. and Mrs. W.'s visit.

"April 28.—I have just been down into our little garden. Unfortunately the sparrows love its products as

well as ourselves, and I fear they will share too largely with us for our benefit."

"I was affected, my dear cousin S., to notice the death of your excellent father. How many souls he will meet in heaven, carried there through his instrumentality! And your uncle R. too has gone thither. Thus that generation are falling, 'like leaves in wintry weather.' I shrink from the anticipation of other breaches in that same circle, which if I live, will still more tenderly affect me. The Lord grant that they may be long deferred.

"M. H., my kind correspondent, speaks in her last letter of having visited you at C., and says that 'Aunt S. thinks her husband the best of husbands, and her children the best of children.' I was pleased to hear this, for although I shall not allow but that there is at least one husband quite as good, yet it proved that you were happy. As for the 'children,' I will not contend the point with you, since yours, both in number, and intelligence and amiability, exceed mine in the ratio of seven to——none. But I can speak to you of my little Arabs—two in my family, and twenty or thirty in my school—of which I could say nothing, probably, had I any of tenderer claim. I take great pleasure in instructing them. I often think, however, of your remarks respecting the patience necessary in school keeping.

"We think that we can see some progress in knowledge of the truth among us, and we have no doubt whatever that we are engaged in carrying forward a system of means, which God will eventually bless, in the joyful establishment of his kingdom here. But it is a hard field, a land of apostates from the true faith, and as such peculiarly cursed. Christians at home, as well as missionaries abroad, must possess patience and perseverance in this work of converting the world. They must go straight

forward, confiding more in the promises of Jehovah, than in what they see and hear. They must be willing to work, I mean faithfully, and let others reap the fruits. I am hoping to live here to be very old; if so, I think that in thirty, or forty, or fifty years, I may behold some important changes for the better. I do not wish to plead for the exercise of too much indulgence towards myself and my fellow laborers in the various fields of missionary labor, but I think too much is expected from our individual influence. Suppose that the inhabitants of Norwich, for instance, were all Mohammedans and Papists, and other corrupt Christian sects; with how much courage would you and your husband establish yourselves among them, for the purpose of doing them good, especially if printing the books, keeping the schools, preaching, and sundry other important duties, devolved wholly upon yourselves? Yet the proportion of laborers in the missionary field is by no means equal to one family in 7 or 8,000. Thus you see how much we need your sympathies and your prayers."

Mrs. Smith describes an interview which she had with a mother, whom she visited for the purpose of religious conversation. After speaking of the other females of the family she remarks, "I was left alone with the mother, the thing which I desired. I then turned to her, and placing my hand upon her, began to tell her how much I felt for her soul; and that I wished to talk with her about it; that if we met before the judgment-seat, we should think it very strange that we had not in this world conversed about something else than clothes and food, our neighbors, &c. I then said, 'you have a wicked heart like myself;'—and to convince her of the necessity of a change of heart, I related my own experience. She listened with attention and with tears. I said to her, 'these truths which I tell you are not my

words, but they are the Saviour's, found in his gospel, and I know them to be true because I have read them there. If you could read, yourself, you would find the Scriptures full of truths, of which you now know nothing.' Thus I went on for some time; and after putting into her hands a piece of cloth to make her infant a dress, which she had sought of me some days before, I went up to look at her silk worms. There, in my presence, she repeated to the other women all which I had said to her, with one variation.

"I would mention that this visit was one of a series, connected with a system of visiting which our mission circle have recently established. My sphere of labor, the mothers of our female scholars, is an interesting one, promising pleasure and usefulness. But, alas! I cannot, as in America, run around from house to house alone. Many of them are within the city walls, and thither I must go upon my donkey, attended by a man servant, and can make not more than one, or at most two calls in one excursion. There is no dropping in unobserved here, as with you. Our presence attracts all the neighborhood, and I have often had quite a congregation, when I went to see one only."

"Beyroot, May 1.

"I am much impressed this evening, my dear parents, with the goodness of God, in permitting me to close and forward to you one communication after another, and to commence new ones. By a vessel which sailed yesterday, I sent a journal of three sheets; together with letters to different individuals, aside from our family. Perhaps you sometimes imagine that I am so occupied, and so distant, that I am becoming weaned from my beloved home and friends. Far from it. On the contrary, I think that the cord which binds me to you becomes

tighter and stronger every day, and I love to have you say that you talk about us continually. In answer to your kind inquiries, dear papa, in my last letter I mentioned my health more particularly. Perhaps it will be well for me oftener to allude to this in my journals, that I may keep you advised of any alterations that may occur. For a few days past, the heavy cold which I have had during the winter, seemed to return again in some measure. This morning I did not attend the English service, but kept my bed chiefly; reserving my strength for the Sabbath school, whither I went and remained to the Arabic preaching. This evening I am much better.

"On Friday, Mr. and Mrs. Whiting and Mr. Lanneau left us for Jerusalem; and on Saturday, Mr. S., Miss W., Mr. Hebard, our two little girls, Antonio a young translator, and myself, took a ride up the mountains, to a Maronite convent. On our way, about two hours from Beyroot, we stopped at Mansouria, and looked into the house in which Mr. Smith, with Tannoos and his wife, spent a winter, and where Mr. S. laid the foundation of his knowledge of Arabic. It was the winter after my visit to Andover. I little imagined then, that my future husband was dwelling in an Arab hut on Mt. Lebanon. I had some peculiar feelings in looking at it. It is a small one-story stone building, in the form of a parallelogram, containing two rooms and a stable. It is now deserted, and we were obliged to remove the rubbish, that we might look in upon its muddy floors and rough walls. I sat down upon the terraced roof, and opened Pollock's Course of Time, upon these lines, which I thought a singular coincidence.

> 'The man of science to the shade retired,
> And laid his head upon his hand, in mood
> Of awful thoughtfulness; and dived, and dived
> Again—deeper and deeper still.'

"Many of us have envied my husband the results of that diving among Arabic roots, with a teacher who then had no knowledge of the grammar of the language. It was of incalculable benefit to him, shut out as he was also from all use of the English language, and compelled to employ the Arabic.

"To-day we commenced another term of our school, with twenty-six scholars. I am always most happy when I am thus occupied in teaching. Two native princesses from the mountains called upon me this morning and occupied the time appropriated to my Arabic and Italian lessons. They were dignified and rational, and visited and examined the press. They inquired respecting the comparative attractions of this country and our own. I then simply stated to them the principal and vital difference which exists. That the females in America have similar advantages with the other sex. And not the rich and great only, but by the liberality of these, the poor may enjoy equal advantages for mental improvement. I love to inform the nobility here, of this fact, as they are taught to read themselves, but pay no regard to the education of their inferiors.

"Oh! the time will come when knowledge shall be increased here, but 'how long, oh Lord, thou knowest.' The wife of a persecuted Druse is very anxious to learn to read, and she comes to our house every day, when the school closes, to get instruction from Raheel. To-day the latter was visiting her parents, and Keffa, the daughter of the woman, gave her a lesson. It was quite an affecting sight to see a little girl, six years of age, standing by her mother's knee in the office of a teacher. This female (the mother) we all love, her manners are so gentle, and her disposition so unobtrusive. The whole family are under our influence, and I beg that you will make them especial subjects of prayer."

"Beyroot, May 6.

"Dear Mrs. Temple:—I think that missionaries must unavoidably become very much matter-of-fact persons, and almost wholly absorbed in the daily round of care and labor, with little opportunity to choose their occupations. One duty after another forces itself in rapid succession upon our attention, and we are obliged to conclude at length, like good Dr. Payson, 'the person who wants me, is the one I want.' If no other good results from this course of imperative duty, it has a tendency to interrupt self-complacency, since we are never as fond of being driven, as of walking at our leisure. But our Divine Master pleased not himself; and as we have voluntarily engaged ourselves in his service, we must now stand by our post, and shrink from nothing. I rejoice that you have so promising a field of usefulness before you. It must make you quite happy. Our Beyroot school is an interesting one, increasingly so, though not large. When we shall have three or four female schools to superintend I know not. We feel the want of books exceedingly. The little girl whom I took more than a year since, and who advances steadily in intelligence and knowledge, has no book but the Bible to read —not one. I read to her 'Mary Lothrop,' and the 'Child's Book on the Soul,' but the giving of oral instruction is a slow process. I give lessons in geography and on the globe to our scholars; but how much they must necessarily forget, for want of committing it to memory, from books in their hands. Never did I realize so fully the exalted privileges of our American youth! Then again, should our press get into successful operation, I despair of doing any thing in the way of infant schools, because the Arabic language cannot be simplified, at least under existing prejudices.

"If every hymn and little story must be dressed up in

the august habiliments of the Koran, what child of three and six years old will be the wiser and the better for them? How complete is the dominion of the Great Adversary over this people! Every link in the chain must be separated, one by one. And what a long, I had almost said, tedious process! But I forget that to each one will be assigned a few only of these links. We are doing a little, perhaps, in this work;—if faithful, we shall rest in heaven, and others will come and take our place and our work."

The following passage was written by Mrs. Smith upon the blank leaves of a pocket Testament, given her before she left this country, and which she returned to the donor a few months previous to her death. It is without a date; but was probably written subsequent to the failure of her health, and under premonitions that she was approaching the close of life.

"When you presented me with this precious little book, my dear brother, you probably did not expect to see it again. It has been my companion in all my wanderings since I left my native land. And now I return it to you, for the single reason, that it has made a visit to the Garden of Gethsemane. In that spot I seated myself, and in solitude perused Matthew xxvi. 36—56, with peculiar feelings; and then I plucked the sprig which you will find herein. Take this little Testament to your communion table, and urge upon your church, once more, the parting command of their suffering Saviour.

"Sarah L. Smith."

CHAPTER XVII.

FAILURE OF MRS. SMITH'S HEALTH — DEPARTURE FROM BEYROOT — SHIPWRECK — ARRIVAL AT SMYRNA — CONTINUED DECLINE OF HEALTH — REMOVAL TO BOUJAH — LAST DAYS — DEATH — FUNERAL.

In consequence of the failure of the health of Mrs. Smith, her physician advised a voyage to Smyrna. For this purpose, and also for other reasons which will appear, she left Beyroot with her husband on the 11th of June. The history of this voyage will be given from her own journal, and that of Mr. Smith.

"Smyrna, July 28, 1836.

"My dear Parents:—A few days before the close of our disastrous voyage from Beyroot to Smyrna, of which Mr. Smith gave you a brief account soon after our arrival here, and while I was lying exhausted upon the deck of our vessel, my thoughts suddenly reverted to an object in your drawing-room, which had not before crossed my mind since I left the home of my childhood. It was the picture of the shipwrecked mariner, that filled my imagination, as he stood friendless and desolate before the door of a solitary cottage, pointing to the distant sea as the scene of his sufferings, at the same time soliciting the compassion of its benevolent inmates. I well remember, that in my youthful days, when I stood beside our visitors who were admiring the beauty of the execution, I almost

invariably inquired, 'Do you notice the tear upon the sailor boy's cheek?' I little imagined then, that the picture would ever be associated with any events in my own history. Now, however, I think that my dear father will look at it with new and tender interest; and that my dear mother, with no less feeling, will recall it to her mind. But I hope it will be with more of gratitude than sorrow, that their shipwrecked daughter lives to relate her own history. I will not, however, dwell on this subject at present, but return to Beyroot, that I may inform you of the process by which my health became so suddenly changed.

"In the fall, soon after the rains commenced, the terrace of our newly made female school-house was broken up and its walls and floor soaked by them; and I there caught a severe cold upon my lungs, which produced a tight and violent cough. I was confined to the house but a few days, however; and though my cough continued through the whole winter, yet presuming on the strength of my lungs, I felt no anxiety and took no precautionary measures; continuing all my labors as usual. But as the spring advanced, I began to expectorate somewhat copiously, my strength became suddenly exhausted, and my pulse rose to 110 per minute. Mr. Smith called in Dr. Whitely, who examined my lungs with the stethescope, and pronounced them decidedly diseased; though in what way and to what extent, he did not positively determine. He urged the necessity of my immediately relinquishing all my employments, and giving myself up wholly to rest and relaxation. I complied with his advice, and found myself benefited.

"As the state of the press rendered it desirable for Mr. Smith to visit Smyrna, and as it was thought a sea voyage would be of more service to me than any thing else, and would take me away from all my cares and responsibilities;

with aching hearts we commenced our preparations for a departure. The plague, in the mean time, had broken out in Beyroot, and suspended our missionary labors; and our friends had all gone to the mountains, except Miss Williams, whom the exhaustion of the season required to follow them immediately. The intensity of my feelings was enhanced by the possibility that the wants of the press would require us to extend our voyage to America. This also made it necessary that we should put our furniture in a state to be left one or two years, and likewise to pack up many more clothes and articles of convenience than we otherwise should have done.

"An early opportunity offered for Smyrna, and the day was fixed for our sailing. The afternoon of our embarkation, which was Friday the 10th of June, a few of our native friends and neighbors, together with our servants, assembled to bid us adieu. Mr. Smith made a short address, and offered prayer in Arabic. It was a scene of sorrow and desolation, such as I cannot describe. As you are not familiar with the scenes presented in time of plague, where families and individuals put themselves in quarantine, you can form little idea of the solemnity which was thus added to our parting interview. Our poor Druse neighbors, carefully avoiding contact with every object and with ourselves, walked one by one into our vacated parlor, and took the seats that were appointed for them. Every heart seemed ready to burst with grief, and we all wept together. Antonio, our young translator and teacher, a most interesting youth, seemed inconsolable. He seized our hands and gave himself up to the violence of grief.

"I had set my heart much upon taking Raheel with me. Parents, however, in Syria, have an especial aversion to parting with their children for foreign countries. One of my last acts, therefore, was to make a formal committal

of her into the hands of my kind friend, Miss Williams. I had become so strongly attached to the little girl, and felt myself so much rewarded for all my efforts with her, that the circumstances of this separation were perhaps more trying than any associated with our departure.

"After so many months of pleasant intercourse and labor with my dear friend, Miss Williams, you need not be told of our mutual sorrow at parting. Having wept and prayed together, for the last time, I left her room, expecting to return and bid her a final adieu. But this my feelings would not allow.

"On reaching the place of embarkation, we sat down upon the solitary shore with the friends who accompanied us, to await the arrival of the boat which was to convey us to the vessel. After considerable detention, the captain approached us on foot, and informed us that two English travellers had just arrived; and for their accommodation he wished to detain his vessel until the afternoon of the following day. For this purpose, he must send on shore sixteen poor Jews, who had taken passage, and, moreover, been waiting seven days for us. The captain left it with us, whether to go on board that afternoon, or to wait on shore until the morrow. But as it was Friday evening, and, if we returned to our house, our friends could not go to the mountains until Monday, and more than all, as we dreaded another parting scene, we went on board with our Druse servant; where, after tossing in the harbor for twenty-four hours, our fellow passengers joined us, and we set sail. The travellers were, the Rev. Mr. Wyman, a clergyman of the established church of England, and Mr. Stobart, an evangelical member of the same church.

"It was on the 15th of June, five days after we left Beyroot, that we were sailing on the north side of the island of Cyprus, with a strong head wind. My feelings

had become much depressed as I lay in my berth that afternoon, having been deprived so long of my usual religious privileges; and my husband came, and conversed and prayed with me. About 9 o'clock, we retired to rest. Before closing his eyes, Mr. S. had some unusual exercises of mind; being led to question himself with more than customary earnestness as to his being prepared for a watery grave, if such should be our lot that night; and finding more than ordinary satisfaction in the reply his feelings suggested. About half an hour after lying down, we were suddenly awaked by a crash, which we immediately perceived was occasioned by the vessel's striking upon a reef. Mr. Smith started from his bed and went immediately upon deck without speaking. I was soon upon my feet, but remained below alone, and began to pray for our lives, and the lives of all on board.

"In the mean time, crash after crash succeeded the first, some of them exceedingly terrific, threatening the entire and speedy destruction of the vessel. But amid the confusion on deck, I remained calmly upon my seat. From the first moment of danger, my mind reverted to the long boat, and some desolate shore; while hope predominated that we should escape with our lives. Presently Mr. Smith again appeared at the cabin door, and called me above. The tossing of the poor broken vessel upon the rocks interfered with the lowering of the boat, while a wave broke over the deck just as I reached it. I spoke not a word; but as I turned towards the place where they were lowering the boat, supported by my anxious husband, the mild rays of the evening star caught my eye, as it was just about to descend below the horizon; and it seemed like the star of hope.

"I found myself the first in the boat, I know not how, and Mr. Smith followed immediately. Our simple hearted Druse servant was soon by our side; and I was much

affected by the smile of relief and satisfaction which played upon his countenance, as he exclaimed, 'My mistress! My master!' One after another of the passengers and sailors threw themselves into the boat, to the number of fourteen. One of them, a poor, dissipated and sick young Englishman, whose presence on board had been a great annoyance, as he was dragged into the boat, first fell into the sea and afterwards across my feet, and for some minutes lay upon them, pressing them into the water in the bottom of the boat. But every feeling of repugnance toward him had vanished; and when I learned that all were safe in the boat, my heart glowed with gratitude to God, and unmingled kindness towards all my associates in affliction; and I opened my lips for the first time to express it to my dear husband. Then it was, that we saw the kind providence of God, in preventing the embarkation of the sixteen poor Jews; for had they been on board, certainly many lives must have been lost, as our boat was barely sufficient to contain the present ship's company. The sailors plied their oars, and we turned our backs upon the wreck, left our property to its fate, and committed ourselves to the boisterous waves.

"As none of us knew how far we were from shore, we feared we might be tossed in our little boat the whole of the night; even if we were preserved from the violence of the waves. Our inefficient captain had no control over his crew, and all were giving directions at once. At length Mr. Smith raised his voice, and commanded attention; saying that our danger was greater now than when on board the wreck, unless order was preserved; he directed them to the north star for their guidance, and soon we found ourselves near a low beach, upon which the waves were dashing furiously. But for his influence, we should have been landed immediately, in the midst of the surf; and thoroughly wet, if not drowned. He however

persuaded them to continue along the shore, in search of some quiet indentation; and the wind having died away, we at length discovered a spot where there appeared to be no surf. Here, an hour after leaving the wreck, we landed safely. The passengers were all left on shore, while the crew, excepting the cook, returned to the ship, with the hope of securing a part of the property.

"I said to the English youth before mentioned, 'my young friend, were you ever so near eternity before?' He replied, 'no.' I inquired, 'did you feel prepared to enter eternity so suddenly?' He replied again in the negative. 'Then,' said I, 'you know not what a Christian's hope is worth, at such an hour; and I entreat you to give the remainder of your days to preparation for death.' I had not strength to say more, neither could I perceive that my words made any very deep impression.

"In the mean time, a place was prepared for me. A few sticks, which had been washed upon the beach, were set up by our servant; and a wet sailor's jacket thrown over them, to defend me from the wind. Beneath me were spread upon the damp sand, the bag which I had brought, a black shawl that was in it, and our servant's jacket; all of them wet. Upon these I lay, with my cloak around me, and perhaps you will be surprised when I say, *slept* also.

"About midnight the boat returned, filled with what had been taken from the wreck. This was soon deposited upon the shore; and in the darkness of the night, each one began to search for his own property, while I lay quietly waiting for the result. It was found that each sailor had secured his own chest; they had brought also the portmanteaus of our companions, and a bag of hard bread. For ourselves, they had brought Mr. Smith's travelling bag, which contained his old cloak, double-gown, boots and shoes; a little trunk of shaving apparatus,

containing also his purse, which in the confusion of the wreck he had transferred to it from a large chest; and our two mattresses. The mattresses were of no use that night, they were so thoroughly soaked. Of our eight chests, two writing-desks, and our provisions, they brought nothing.

"As soon as the boat was unloaded, they returned to the wreck, and we still had strong hopes of recovering the remainder of our goods. But about day-break they returned, bringing nothing, and informing us that the vessel had disappeared beneath the waves. As the boat neared the shore, I lifted up my heart to God, that he would prepare me for whatever was the result. When it was made known, I had not a word to say. I felt then, and I still feel, that it was a sacred deposit which God had made in the bottom of the ocean. Nor have I had a heart to wish the recall of a single article that was lost. And I hope that you will all cherish the same feelings with myself, as I believe my dear husband does.

"You may perhaps like to be informed of the nature and extent of our losses. In the first place, we had with us a number of very valuable books and manuscripts; not many of general literature, but mostly connected with our Arabic studies, and the history and condition of Syria, which Mr. Smith had procured at considerable expense and effort. Our writing-desks, also, which were lost, contained journals of Mr. Smith's travels in Syria and the Holy Land; three volumes of private journals of my own; unfinished letters, and letters received from friends; all Mr. Smith's sermons, and a small sum of money; our medicine chest, silver articles, and my watch."

Here Mrs. Smith states further particulars; from which it appears that her own and her husband's wardrobes, with the exception of a very few articles, which they were

wearing—in short, that nearly all their effects brought from Beyroot were lost. She continues:—

"I could not but recognize the hand of God very remarkably in my feeble state, in preserving to us our mattresses. Had it not been for them, I think that I could not have survived the voyage.—Our party had much conversation during the night respecting the manner in which we should relieve ourselves from our present embarrassments. We knew not where we were, except that we were beneath the mountains of Caramania, in Asia Minor. If the sun should rise upon us in our unsheltered situation, we should be scorched by its burning rays. I was too feeble to walk fifteen minutes, had we known what direction to take. Our only food was a bag of sailors' bread; not like the bread of American sailors, but unpalatable and unwholesome; yet we were all glad to make our breakfast of it. But God, who is ever rich in mercy, interposed wonderfully in our behalf. The dawn of day discovered to us, at a short distance from the shore, a small native craft, becalmed. You may imagine what were our sensations, especially as the approaching day showed us still more distinctly, the hopeless nature of our situation. We were on a sandy beach, extending eight or ten miles into the sea, so low as to be entirely overflowed, when the water is raised by storms; and without a single tree, or any thing else upon it, to afford us shelter from the heat. In our boat, which had but just returned from the last visit to the wreck, we immediately sent to ask succor from the vessel we had discovered. Soon we saw it approaching us. It proved to be a lumber boat from Damietta, in Egypt, with a captain and crew of Egyptian Arabs. We all immediately went on board."

In their expectations of progress on their voyage in this vessel, they were disappointed, through the unfaithfulness of the captain. They also suffered for the want of food, through his unwillingness to supply them. Through the sailors of the crew with whom they had been shipwrecked, and who had been out in their boat, they heard of three other vessels, in a harbor at two or three hours distance; and in hope of obtaining a passage in one of them, they left this vessel for the shore; to wait till communication could be had with the others. This circumstance, and some incidents which occurred meanwhile, Mrs. Smith mentions as follows:—

"The gentlemen went in search of a resting place for the day, and soon returned, saying that they had found a habitation, to which they invited me to resort. It was a ruined stone building, which appeared to have been used for a stable, by the nomadic Turkmans, during the winter. We had the floor, which was earth, swept and covered with the fresh branches of trees. My bed was spread in the most comfortable part; and as I entered, I can assure you it seemed as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. This was my birth-day; and although in every respect the most sorrowful of any that I had passed, perhaps none ever found me with so many causes for gratitude.

"Could I have had the society of our Christian companions only, in this spot, I should have been comparatively happy. But God saw fit to try me in a variety of ways. That poor dissipated youth, whom I have mentioned, shared with us in all our arrangements. And thus, as he lay upon his bed of leaves in the same apartment, I was compelled to listen to his incoherent, wild, and sometimes wicked conversation, during two long days. He would repeat the same story scores of times; and

though he was not destitute of intelligence or taste, yet vice had ruined him mentally, morally, and physically. I soon discovered that direct religious conversation rather irritated than benefited him, and I attempted to pursue another course for his good. During the absence of the gentlemen, I attempted to sooth and encourage him. I talked to him of his mother and sisters, and recommended to him, for the recovery of his health, to give up his wanderings, and return to them. I know not that any thing was gained by this, except that it secured to myself, invariably, respectful treatment.

"Our habitation we did not find as comfortable at night as during the day, for the musquetoes poured in upon us, so that we were obliged to build a fire to smoke them out.

"The next morning, the Sabbath dawned upon us in this desolate spot; and found us, in our distresssed circumstances, little able to spend its sacred hours without interruption. We composed our minds for religious exercises. Gathering together a few stones, we spread over them my black shawl; and the Rev. Mr. Wyman read the liturgy of the Church of England, and preached a written discourse. It was to me 'a feast of fat things.' The prayers, the appropriate selections from Scripture, the confessions of sin, all seemed suited to my case. Never did I realize so much the beauty of that formulary, and its value under such circumstances. And those walls never resounded such language before. Our sick friend lay stupid and indifferent during the religious services; but afterwards rose and opened his trunks for the first time since the wreck, and spent an hour or two in drying his pictures and books. Alas! he little imagined that it was his last Sabbath on earth.

"In the course of the day, as Mr. Smith was walking outside of the building, an old woman and a little boy,

with a donkey, passed by, the first inhabitants of the country we had seen. She informed him that they were from an encampment of Turkmans, about an hour distant in the mountains that rose up behind us. This incident, instead of comforting us with the idea of the vicinity of human beings, alarmed us somewhat for our safety; as these Turkmans are known to have a propensity for robbing, and our defenceless situation would now become known to them. On the approach of night, we accordingly requested the sailors to bring their arms and lodge in our apartment. But as some of them had become intoxicated by their visit to the vessels, we were more annoyed by their noise, than defended by their arms. In the mean time the captain, who had gone to seek a passage for us in one of the Turkish vessels, returned, having concluded a bargain with one of the captains to take us as far as Castello Rosso.

"The next morning we prepared ourselves for an early departure. As I passed out from our humble roof, my feelings were of a mingled nature. I had realized this morning, more fully than before, that disease had taken hold of my constitution, and that probably my days were numbered."

Passing over the details of this part of the voyage, in which Mrs. Smith suffered much, we find them at length arrived at Rhodes. From Mr. Smith's account, given in continuation of the journal, the following extracts are inserted :—

"Going on shore, I found a room in the suburb where the Consuls reside, and succeeded in removing Mrs. Smith thither. The walk, however, from the boat to the house, cost her all the strength she had remaining. Our accommodations we considered comfortable, though

our room was but small, and we had to sleep upon a table.

"It soon appeared that my dear wife's symptoms had all become more threatening. Before leaving Beyroot, so confident was she in the native strength of her lungs, that she could not persuade herself there was much cause for alarm. Her first very serious conviction of danger, she has mentioned, was at our deserted harbor. Here, she became still more alarmed, and much dispirited. Her pulse, which had diminished, the first days of our voyage, was now much increased in quickness; a distressing headache troubled her without intermission; she complained much of a stoppage and pain in her ear; and other symptoms of a fresh cold were apparent. The affection in her ear, now felt for the first time, never left her; and was often afterwards her most troublesome complaint.

"The three or four days of our delay at Rhodes, we improved to fit out ourselves more fully for the remainder of our voyage.

"No better vessel offered here than the one which had brought us from Castello Rosso, and we engaged her to take us on to Smyrna, our English friends still in company. By going on board and seeing the cabin thoroughly washed, from top to bottom, and having a board knocked off to admit more air, I obtained her consent to go into it. She was too weak to walk to the shore, and I procured a chair fastened between two poles, and borne by two men, to carry her thither; taking her through the city, that she might have the satisfaction of seeing a place so famous in history, and now the cleanest city in Turkey. She reached the vessel somewhat refreshed by her ride, and we sailed again about noon, the 2d of July.

"It is needless that I should detail all the particulars of the remainder of our voyage. An almost constant head wind, often violent, made it long; and to my beloved

wife it was indescribably tedious and wearisome. In fact, her recollections, not only of this part, but of the whole voyage from Beyroot, were afterwards so unpleasant, I might say revolting, that she took pains to exclude it from her mind. And it was only by making it a point of duty, that she could bring herself to dictate her journal. She saw not one moment of comfort, or of rest. Her nights were disturbed by coughing, often attended with distress and vomiting, partly the effect of disease, and partly of sea-sickness, from which she was never entirely free. Her days were spent on deck, where I had a mattress spread for her under an awning; for she could sit up but little. Here I was most of the time by her side; her cough however would allow her to converse but little, and the motion of the vessel so affected her head, that she could not bear much reading. Indeed what should I read to her? The sea had swallowed up all our books, even to our bibles and psalm books. Happily Mr. Stobart had saved his prayer book, and from that I used daily to read to her a short portion of Scripture, always precious, and especially so now that we had so little of it. He had also a volume of short sermons by Mr. Jay, and with one of these we would refresh ourselves, when she was able to bear it."

The following remarks of Mr. Smith,—in another connection,—will apply to her case during most of the voyage. "With every alleviation, you cannot well conceive how trying was her state. To do so, you must have been with her, having your heart borne down by anxiety, and laboring day and night, in our pinching circumstances, to relieve her sufferings. Or rather, you must have taken her place, and actually suffered the languor of disease, and the weariness of perpetual motion, and the coarseness of our crowded company, and the filth every where apparent. Her long voyage of nearly thirty days after the shipwreck, deprived of suita-

ble conveniences, was far more injurious to her than that event itself. I look back with wonder that she could endure it. And yet her patience and fortitude held out to the last; and feeble as she was, she contrived various ways to contribute to the comfort of others. Our English friends evidently felt that her society contributed much to relieve the tediousness of the voyage. Her chief complaint was for want of opportunity for devotional exercises and the cultivation of religious feelings; which she ever found a desideratum at sea.

"We reached Smyrna on the 13th of July, thirty-three days after our embarkation at Beyroot, and twenty-eight from the time of our shipwreck; and we could then look back upon the evils of our tedious voyage as past!

"Would that it had pleased God to pronounce our other evils past also.—Hitherto we had not known what portion of Mrs. Smith's complaints to attribute to disease, and what to the effect of the fatigue, exposure and privations of such a voyage. It was natural for us to hope that when delivered from these unhappy circumstances, placed in the midst of friends, and surrounded by comforts, she would again revive. We had both of us by this time lost the expectation of her entire recovery; but were neither of us wholly without the hope of her so recruiting, as yet to continue her voyage home.

"The day of our arrival, hope prevailed in her mind, attended, no doubt, with considerable excitement at seeing her friends. But the next morning on rising to dress herself, she found that she was weaker than at sea. In fact she could not accomplish it, and was obliged to return to her bed. It was a sad hour. She at once feared that she should never be any better, and was overcome by the thought. A physician was called in, the best the place afforded, and such a regimen pursued as her case seemed to demand. A few days made quite a visible

improvement in her nervous system; but not a single important alleviation could be discovered in one of her pulmonary complaints. This was her state when I wrote to you my second letter. It was a sorrowful day. Most of it was spent by both of us in tears. Her love to you surpassed the love of a daughter. She almost adored you. It had been a favorite wish that she might live long enough to save you the pain of hearing of her death. Now she feared your heart would break at the information she felt obliged to convey to you; and it seemed as if her own would burst with the feelings it occasioned. But when once the letter was written and sent, she appeared to feel that the struggle was over. I believe she from that day gave you up; and I account for the fact that she afterwards spake of you less frequently than before, by supposing that she feared to trust her feelings, lest they should bring upon her again the same struggle.—But you know her heart too well to need that I should interpret it. It will gratify dear mother to know, that she afterwards told me she continued to dream of her; always, as she had invariably done, imagining her in the full enjoyment of her sight, and in perfect health.

"Her feelings, when she came now to look at her course as inevitably tending downward to the grave, were far from being such as she wished.—The same trait of character, that made the thought of leaving you so painful, made also the anticipation of being taken from her other numerous friends, a source of the most sorrowful feelings. You know how ardent, and how many were the friendships she cherished. When she came to think of their all being rent asunder, she said, much as had been the pleasure she had derived from them, it were almost better to have no friends. But having given you up, the severest pang was over, and as she drew near eternity, other feelings threw a shade over these.—She

did not love the world in a bad sense; and yet it was evident that death was to a degree taking her unawares; and was occasioning her a most trying disappointment. How long and how ardent had been her attachment to the cause of missions! And how unremittingly had she labored to qualify herself for the work! And now, just as she had mastered the language, had her plans of operation marked out and successfully commenced, saw herself permanently settled in a commodious residence, had obtained a valuable female friend to share in her labors, and was fondly expecting another in a beloved relative,—to be called away at such a time, she had not expected, and many tears did she shed at giving up such bright anticipations and favorite plans, the subjects of so many prayers.—No one, perhaps, ever enjoyed more the buoyancy of health than she. And now when she found the symptoms of disease fastening themselves upon every part of her system, the thought that she was never more to have one healthful feeling, would sometimes give her a pang of sorrow, and cause bitter tears to flow. Such thoughts, however, were soon dismissed, and apparently never more indulged.—In health she enjoyed more beautiful and delightful thoughts of heaven, than almost any person I have known. But in doing so, she had looked, not *through*, but *over* the grave, and the natural fear of death, which, as well as the dread of all bodily suffering, seems to have been in her unusually strong, was not overcome. When, therefore, she came to look at the dying pangs as near, her nature shrunk from the view with undefinable horror. It was the last of her painful feelings that was subdued, and I have no doubt it shed a deeper glow over all the others, if it did not occasion some of them.

"These were some of the sorrowful sensations that crowded into her mind in these days of darkness. But I

have not yet mentioned the worst, the most deeply seated of them. She that had been so bright an example of the influence of ardent piety; had enjoyed so many blessed seasons of communion with God, and been the means of giving to so many others the hope of heaven, was now left in spiritual darkness, almost ready to say that she was without faith and without hope. Day after day she prayed and longed for her Saviour's presence, but groped for him as in the night, and could not find him. She opened her heart to Mr. Temple and to myself, and we both endeavored by conversation and prayer to comfort her, and lead her to Him whom she sought; but for a long time without success. How these clouds at length gradually passed away, the sequel will show.

"Although she had given up the hope of arresting her disease, she still hoped, and so did we all, that she might yet rally sufficiently to live several months, and perhaps through the winter. But in Smyrna, though in the kindest of families, her situation was very unfavorable for this. The house was a good deal frequented, and consequently not quiet; the streets were noisy, especially from carpenters and masons erecting a house near at hand; the air was confined and warm; and myriads of musquetoes annoyed her at night, or obliged her to breathe air confined by a net.

"At this time Mr. and Mrs. Adger removed to the country, and very kindly invited us to take lodgings with them at Boūjah. Accordingly on the 7th of August, I removed Mrs. Smith hither. A sedan chair was the only carriage to be had, and in that she arrived with comparatively little fatigue. This village is in a lovely, retired situation, about four or five miles from Smyrna. It is a favorite summer resort for the English families of the city.

"Here my dear wife's spirits, which had already begun to recruit, were very much improved. From this time

she was generally cheerful. And so much did she feel herself revived, that her hopes of gaining yet a little strength before she should be called away, were a good deal encouraged. She could bear some reading, uniformly read daily a portion of Scripture herself, at times enjoyed more connected thought in prayer, dictated occasionally a page or two of her journal, and once wrote with her own hand a few letters and notes. She amused herself occasionally, also, in sewing; making with her own hand several little mementos for friends. But yet it was often evident that these labors were the result of efforts which it required all the resolution of her energetic mind to make.

"At the time of our wreck, when I reminded her that her private journals were lost, she said she was glad of it, and her countenance indicated strongly the sincerity of her declaration. For she said she had feared use might be made of them which she did not wish. Upon reflecting, however, afterwards, that she had never allowed me to read them, she expressed some regret that they were gone. She would have liked particularly to recover two parts; that which related to her conversion—and her records of the Mohegan mission. Of the latter she remarked, that no complete account was to be found, and many interesting passages must be lost.

"Her conversion, I induced her, on Sabbath afternoon, the 28th of August, briefly to relate. In a few days I committed it to writing and submitted it for her correction. She smiled as she read over parts of it, saying, 'If any of my friends should see this, they would be amused that I knew myself so well.' *

"On the 28th of August, being the Sabbath, and during the subsequent week, we had much conversation respecting the ground of her hope. She had not yet that full

* This has been embodied in the first chapter of this Memoir.

assurance of faith which she wished. She was not favored with the sensible presence of her Saviour that she desired. Her difficulty seemed to lie in the want of some *specific feeling* of acceptance, which at such a time she had hoped would be given her; and which would have been to her a source of joy such as she needed to cheer her while going down into the dark valley. I suggested to her that she was probably expecting too much, and was therefore dissatisfied with what she had, though God saw it to be enough for her. I asked if she did not love the Saviour, if his cause was not dear to her, and if she could think of separation from him without the greatest horror. On examination, all the specific evidences of a gracious state appeared perfectly clear in her feelings; and in her speculative views not a single difficulty troubled her. And yet in drawing the conclusion of her being accepted, the actual consciousness of her acceptance was defective. That she had had it in former years, she was satisfied; but it was a question of anxious interest, how far she might look to past experience for comfort. She remarked an apparent inconsistency in religious instructions on this point. In addressing men, she said, preachers were very apt to warn them against trusting to past experience; but in speaking of departed Christians, they would invariably exhibit their life as an evidence of their piety. As to looking back upon her past feelings or conduct, for the purpose of building up a righteousness of her own, nothing could be farther from her thoughts, or more revolting to her feelings. But that she might refer to both, regarding them as so many instances of the grace of God to her; not as what she had done, but as what Christ had done in her, and thus seek to find assurance of her gracious state, I endeavored fully to convince her. I suggested to her that to neglect all these past tokens of her acceptance, would be an act of ingratitude to God.

"Another question she proposed at this season with some anxiety. She inquired how far she ought to call up the specific sins of her life in order to mourn over and repent of them. She had already done so to some extent. She had been back to her youth and childhood, and called up many sins, which had caused her heart to ache with grief and penitence. I dissuaded her from pursuing far such an attempt to recall particular transgressions, as calculated at the present time unnecessarily to distress her. God would be better pleased, I assured her, with her passing them over as forgiven and blotted out, through his abounding mercy. She would not err by contenting herself with a more general repentance of her past life, feeling that it had been all imperfection and sin, and abhorring herself on account of it; which, with a great deal of earnestness, she assured me, she most heartily did.

"You will perceive, my dear parents, how honestly your beloved daughter dealt with herself as her last hour approached; how she examined the foundation of her hopes at every point, even until they trembled as if it were about to give way beneath them. That you may see how they finally settled down more firmly upon the Rock of Ages, I give you a journal, in which I began at this time, without her knowledge, to record the daily progress of her feelings and of her disease, for your special comfort and my own."

"Sept. 4.—Sabbath.—On returning from morning service, I found Mrs. Smith in a happier state of mind than usual, indicating that she was enjoying a Sabbath-day's blessing. She told me that God had favored her with a season of more than common connectedness and satisfaction in prayer. Calling for Pilgrim's Progress, she began to read the description of Christian's passage over the river of death; but soon stopped. After dinner, at her

request, I commenced reading to her the remainder of the account; but had hardly advanced a page, before she desired me to desist, saying that she could not bear it. Subsequently, she spoke with much emphasis of its being a great excellence in the Bible, that it contained so little that was exciting. She said it was chiefly plain instruction, intelligible to the simplest minds, and not too exciting for the weakest nerves. She felt that it was better adapted to her, in her present state, than any other book; and she intended to confine her reading chiefly to it.

"She requested me, at evening prayers, to express her thanks to God, that he had in some measure removed the clouds that had been resting upon her mind. She had prayed that morning, that the day might not pass without her receiving some token of divine favor. The attempt to read Pilgrim's Progress had been the occasion of her receiving it. It had convinced her, that had God given her those spiritual joys she had been desiring, with her excitable temperament and present weak frame, they would have at once overcome and sunk her into the grave. God knew better than she how her constitution needed to be dealt with; and she was now prepared to be contented with such a degree of light as he saw fit to give her.

"Sept. 6.—I inquired respecting the state of her mind. She replied, that she could best express it by saying that she felt submissive. She was certainly resigned to God's own pleasure respecting her. On the whole, her choice was to die. Yet her hope was hardly founded on any thing she now felt, but on the evidence she could gather from her past life and experience, and on the mercy of God. If any one thought this a wrong foundation, or that she was deceived, she wished to be informed. All expectation of living, she assured me, she had entirely given up. She indulged not the most distant

hope of it. And when she saw and recollected how much imperfection existed in the best here, she felt that it would be a relief to get to heaven.

"Sept. 7.—On awakening at an early hour in the morning, she said, 'How delightful it will be to reach heaven, where there will be none of these pains, and wearinesses, and imperfections!'

"She spent what strength she had during the day in arranging her worldly matters, writing out directions to be attended to after her death, which she sealed and carefully deposited in her portfolio. The whole was done with perfect composure, though with manifest intensity of feeling; and when it was finished, she evidently felt relieved by the consideration that she had closed up her concerns with the world.

"Sept. 9.—At an early hour, she said to me, 'What long lines of ancestors have I to meet in heaven! The Trumbulls, and Coits, and Huntingtons—three distinct lines.' I reminded her, that in health she had been unusually fond of anticipating meeting and recognizing her friends in heaven, and asked whether such continued to be her anticipations. She replied, that they did; that a large share of the pleasure she hoped for in heaven, she expected from this source. It seemed to her absurd to imagine, that friends would not recognize and be interested in each other there.

"Sept. 10.—On opening the Bible to read to her in the morning, I selected a chapter in Isaiah. She stopped me and requested to hear something from the gospels. She preferred them, she said, because they contained the words of our Saviour. And if she was going to be with him, she thought to prepare herself by thus becoming more acquainted with him, and having her heart more drawn towards him. Besides, his words were all simple, and it did not fatigue her weakened mind and body to understand them.

"Sept. 13.—Mr. M., a pious American friend, upon whom a consumption had recently fastened, being in the house, she expressed a desire to see him alone. Her object was to tell him what was thought of his case; and to endeavor, by suitable suggestions, to prepare his mind for the event apprehended. It gratified her to find him, to some extent, in a prepared state of mind. He afterwards remarked, that she was the only person who had told him of his danger.

"Mrs. Brewer also called, and Mrs. Smith conversed considerably with her on spirituality in prayer, and the means and necessity of the cultivation, by missionaries, of a greater degree of holiness.

"Sept. 14.—Her physician, who had been absent a week or two, called in the evening. In giving his prescriptions, he expressed the hope that she would every day find herself getting better. In this he conformed to the universal practice in this part of the world, of endeavoring to conceal from the sick their danger; and in fact, in all his intercourse with her, he seemed incapable of bringing himself to act upon any other principle. Most persons here would be shocked at the idea of telling the sick there was no hope of their living, though they might be going very fast downward to the grave. Even the English of this village seem to entertain fully these ideas; and the fact that Mrs. Smith was aware of her danger, and anticipated so calmly the result, not merely interested, but surprised them; so that a deep and happy impression was produced thereby. On this occasion she showed herself pained at the attempt of her physician, though kindly intended, to beguile her with the hope of recovering; and told him distinctly that she had no hope nor wish to live.

"Sept. 17.—Symptoms came on in the morning, indicating that the sands of life were fast running out; with anxiety she asked whether I thought God would give her

patience to the end; and expressed a desire to know whether she had hitherto been otherwise than patient. 'At the beginning,' said she, as I commended her patience, 'I had many more rebellious feelings than any one knew; but latterly they have all passed away.'

"In the midst of her uneasiness to-night, she expressed the greatest satisfaction with every thing that was done for her. 'Every pillow,' said she, as I composed her after coughing, 'is placed right, every inch of it.' This disposition to be contented with the attentions that were paid her, and the services she received, was prominent from the first.

"Sept. 18.—Sabbath.—The day was passed very comfortably, and she was much disposed to converse. The death she was brought to, she said, was just such an one as had often filled her imagination. Time was given her to put her worldly matters in order, and to give her friends previous information, that they might not be shocked by its suddenness. The remark being made, that if she had remained in the United States, she would perhaps now have been well, instead of dying with consumption; she replied that she should not wish it. She had rather be lying here on her death-bed, on missionary ground, than to be in health at home.

"Sept. 21.—I read to her the 5th chapter of the second of Corinthians. She listened with great attention, and seemed much interested, but said nothing. Not long after, however, she informed me that it had comforted her more than she could express. It had removed all the remaining clouds from her mind. She wanted no more. *She was going to be with her Saviour*, and that was enough for her. Repeatedly during the day, she alluded to these thoughts; and in the evening, Mr. Temple coming in, she repeated the same remark to him. 'No visions of angels,' said she, 'are given me, and no

excessive joy, but a settled quietness of mind. I believe all that is written in the word of God; and upon the strength of this faith I am going into eternity.' This steady calmness of faith, especially in a person of her naturally ardent temperament, I considered a much more satisfactory state of mind, and more surely indicative of maturity for heaven, than a high excitement of feeling would have been.

"Sept. 22.—In the afternoon, she said to me with much earnestness, 'When you write to my friends after all is over, one thing I wish you would make prominent. It is, that I feel satisfied with the course I have taken, and that all has been ordered by God.' [Meaning in her becoming a missionary.] 'I have no disposition to boast of my labors; but I feel that I have not left my friends and my country in vain. I never have regretted having done so, nor do I now. *This is my dying testimony.*'

"In the evening I received the Missionary Herald, containing a portrait of Dr. Wisner. Thinking to surprise, and at the same time to gratify her, I took it, with a candle, and putting my hand over the name at the bottom, showed it to her. Though she had for two or three days required assistance to rise or turn herself; the moment her eyes, just then opened from sleep, caught it, she sprang forward, seized and kissed it, exclaiming, 'Dear man! I shall soon be with him. He was the last person with whom I shook hands.' Said she, her voice faltering, 'You ought not to have shown it to me to-night. It is too much for me.' She had before mentioned it as a pleasing reflection, in her sickness, that she should soon be permitted to associate with Cornelius, Wisner, and their predecessors.

"On another day she said, 'What a wonderful passage is that, "We are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." It has been in my mind all the morning.'

"Sept. 23.—She was quiet the last night, but appeared more than ever exhausted this morning. Reviving towards noon, she expressed a wish to see Dr. Wisner's portrait again. It produced the same delighted expression of countenance. She said, 'I cannot tell you how it affected me last evening. You know how much I loved him. Next to my parents, I have thought of no one more. I seemed, somehow, to be expecting to see him. Repeatedly, during the night, his image recurred to my mind, and it was as if I had seen an angel. I thought perhaps God had sent him to be nigh me, and comfort me; and I imagined he might be the first to greet me in the world of spirits. I do not doubt that God ordered the circumstance to comfort me.'

"Sept. 24.—I found her this morning weak, and waiting continually for her summons. She requested me most earnestly and solemnly, to pray that the Saviour would give her his presence. Not long after, having revived again, she said, 'I have come to a conclusion which satisfies me. It is, that when the Saviour *calls*, he will *come*.' Subsequently, as she was expressing a wish to have his presence in the dark valley, she checked herself, saying, 'But I have not entered it yet; when I do, I shall find him.'

"In the afternoon, she inquired if a shroud had been made for her, and being told that one was prepared, she soon said, 'I have now done with earth.' Not long after, she said, 'How strong is that expression of our Saviour, "I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."' I then read to her John xiv. 1—6; xvii. 24; 2 Cor. v. 1—10, and Rom. viii. 33, 34, with such remarks as I thought would assist her meditations.

"Seeing me conversing with a friend who was going to town, she asked me if I did not find that conversation

upon other topics distracted my thoughts. I told her that I had been inquiring where the English here buried their dead; and had found that it was in the city. There her remains would probably lie, not far from the ashes of Polycarp, and other sainted members of that ancient apocalyptic church. She only replied, 'All, sinners saved by grace.'

"In the evening her fever came on with unusual violence, producing great excitement. All the energies of her mind seemed to be braced up to meet the king of terrors; not that she feared the consequences of death, but her natural dread of the mortal struggle was not yet gone. And there was, at times, a sublimity in her aspect, her manner, and her language, as she seemed to be gathering up her fortitude for the last great contest.

"Sept. 25.—Sabbath.—She said to me, 'This is the precious Sabbath.' 'Yes,' said I, 'I was going to remind you of it.' 'Oh,' she replied, 'I have been thinking of it all night.' After a while she added, 'This is a desirable day in which to die.' And again, 'How should I be disappointed not to be called away to-day!'

"She sent her love to her missionary friends in Smyrna, Cyprus, and Syria. Then turning to me, she said, 'Tell my friends, I would not for all the world lay my remains any where but here, on missionary ground.' After a good many remarks, showing the brightness of her views of spiritual things, some of which could be but indistinctly heard, she exclaimed, 'What a goodly company of ancestors shall I meet there! Yes, and the holy angels, and the Son of God! Oh, the Almighty God! You know nothing of his glorious majesty. I cannot express it; but I wanted to speak of it, that you may think that yourselves are nothing. I have thought too much of myself. In this sickness I have thought it too important that my ease and wants should be consulted.

We all think that we are of more importance than we are. Beware of pride.' Her mind seemed now, and at times, subsequently, to be burdened with presentiments of inexpressible grandeur, in anticipation of being ushered into the immediate presence of God. Hitherto, she had seen only 'through a glass darkly;' now she was every moment expecting the veil to be withdrawn, which would leave her 'face to face' before Him who dwelleth in light unapproachable, and at whose majesty the highest angels tremble, and veil their faces.

"We sung that beautiful hymn of Doddridge on the eternal Sabbath, commencing,

'Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love.'

"To my surprise, her voice, which she had so long been unable to use for singing, was occasionally heard mingling with ours. Her face beamed with a smile of ecstasy; and so intense was the feeling expressed in her whole aspect, that we stopped after the first verse, lest she should even expire while drinking the cup of joy we had presented to her. But she said to us, 'Go on;' and, though all were bathed in tears, and hardly able to articulate, we proceeded. I was sitting with her hand in mine. While singing the second verse, she pressed it, and turned to me at the same time such a heavenly smile as stopped my utterance. Before we reached the end, she raised both her hands above her head, and gave vent to her feelings in tears of pleasure, and almost in shouting.—After prayer, she said, 'I have had a little glimpse of what I am going to see. It was but a glimpse, and perhaps it was imagination. But it seemed a glorious sight.' —During this deeply affecting scene, there were standing by, besides ourselves, three Greeks, an Arab, an Armenian, and a part of the time a Persian, while tears flowed freely from almost every eye.

"I told her it was Mr. Temple's opinion, formed from the observation of many cases, that she would not die before she had lost her physical dread of death. Christ had taken away the sting of death, and he generally gave the world opportunity to observe it, in the dying experience of his followers. She replied, 'That feeling has entirely gone. I have no more fear.'—In fact, after the religious exercises above mentioned, she seemed to be in even an exhilarated state of mind. Again she said, 'I have had some most sublime conceptions to-day, of what I shall see when I enter the world of spirits.'

"Sept. 26.—Early in the morning she seemed much revived. Her fever had subsided; and though weak, she was quiet, and disposed to sleep. A sweet expression of pleasure was on her face the whole day, and she often smiled so cheerfully as to make us all happy. It was religious joy that cheered her. She said to me early in the day, 'Perfect happiness, what an idea! The perfection of bliss! It is worth waiting a day or two for.'—And again, 'I thought a little while ago, that I was ushered into the presence of Almighty God, and saw the all-seeing eye!'—But there was none of the excitement of yesterday. She even had a more than natural, I may say, heavenly calmness. She proposed uniting with us in the holy communion; saying, she thought she should enjoy it, seeing that our Saviour had said, 'Do this in remembrance of me.' Accordingly at four o'clock in the afternoon, we celebrated that solemn ordinance in her room. Mr. Temple officiated, with great solemnity and appropriateness of remarks. Hers were almost the only dry eyes in the room; not from want of enjoyment, for a heavenly expression of countenance showed what she afterwards said—that she enjoyed it highly. But it appeared, rather, that her nature had, since yesterday,

undergone a change, and received already some of the peace and calmness of the glorified state.

"Sept. 27.—She said to me, 'I have been thinking all night, that there is nothing at all melancholy in the death of a Christian, either to himself or to others. I feel very happy in the prospect of death.'

"Sept. 28.—She requested me to pray that if God had any thing more for her to do, for which he was thus keeping her here, he would lead her to do it; and this she again asked me to petition for, when I prayed with her at the close of the day.

"Sept. 29.—The latter part of the night she began to be nervous, as on Saturday night and Sunday, except that she was weaker. Yet her patience held out; only she once exclaimed in the morning, 'Oh Lord, how long!'

"Sept. 30.—It was about half past four when I entered the room. Her hand had a death-like coldness as I took it, and I perceived that her hour was come. After being raised as at other times, without expectorating, she also perceived the same; and, falling back gently upon her pillow, said in a faltering whisper, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.'

"The family soon assembled, including the servants, and our Armenian friend. It would have been a gratifying circumstance, had her last hours been passed in the midst of the nation to whose spiritual good she had devoted her life. As it was, our own ever-faithful and kind-hearted servant, was the only Arab that witnessed her dying scene. He took his position by the side of her bed, and there stood until the last; showing by uninterrupted tears and suppressed sobbing, how thoroughly she had won his attachment. The rest of the company stood or sat at a little distance, while I sat by her side with her hand in mine. As soon as all were assembled, I asked her if Mr. Adger should pray. With indistinctness she

replied, 'Yes.' It was the last word she spoke. Convulsions had begun before he commenced, but she was quiet in a good degree while he prayed. We then remained silently watching her; feeling that we had nothing more to do, but to pray in our hearts for her speedy relief from suffering.

"Involuntary groans were occasionally uttered in her convulsions. These, as we were listening to them with painful sympathy, once to our surprise melted away into musical notes; and for a moment our ears were charmed with the full, clear tones of the sweetest melody. No words were articulated, and she was evidently unconscious of every thing about her. It seemed as if her soul was already joining in the songs of heaven, while it was yet so connected with the body as to command its unconscious sympathy. Not long after, she again opened her eyes in a state of consciousness. A smile of perfect happiness lighted up her emaciated features. She looked deliberately around upon different objects in the room, and then fixed upon me a look of the tenderest affection. * * * Her frequent prayers that the Saviour would meet her in the dark valley, have already been mentioned. By her smile, she undoubtedly intended to assure us, that she had found him. Words she could not utter to express what she felt. Life continued to struggle with its last enemy, until twenty minutes before eight o'clock; when her affectionate heart gradually ceased to beat, and her soul took its final departure to be forever with the Lord.

"Mr. Adger went early to town, to inform our friends of the sorrowful event, and to make arrangements for the funeral. The American Consul, on receiving the intelligence, raised his flag at half-mast; and all the American vessels in the harbor, eight or ten in number, did the same.

"It was ascertained that the English burying ground

in Smyrna is a very undesirable spot. At Boūjah, the English and Americans have united in purchasing a spot for a cemetery, and have commenced upon it the erection of a church. The work is yet incomplete, but there is no doubt that the spot will become a burying place of the Protestants of Smyrna. After Mr. A.'s return, a place was selected by us, and the funeral appointed for ten o'clock to-morrow.

"Oct. 1.—The English of this village had appeared, from the first of our coming here, to feel much sympathy for Mrs. Smith. This was exhibited to-day in the numbers that were present at the funeral. Besides most of the American Missionaries from town, quite a congregation of residents assembled at Mr. Adger's. Mr. Temple addressed them in a most appropriate and impressive manner, and prayed.

"Out of respect for her, all the ladies present broke over the immemorial custom at Smyrna, of not attending funerals; and joined the procession to the grave. There, at my request, the solemn funeral service of the Church of England was read by the Rev. Mr. Lewis, varied only by singing the following beautiful and appropriate hymn.

'Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

'Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds—no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

'So Jesus slept—God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blest the bed.
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

'Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form,
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.'

"No one had been buried in this cemetery before her. The village is beautifully retired, and the spot a quiet one in which to rest, until the archangel's trumpet shall break the slumbers of the grave."

The length of Mrs. Smith's missionary labors, was less than two years and four months. Her age, at the time of her death, was thirty-four years.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

The closing chapter of this volume, from the pen of Rev. Mr. Smith, is devoted to general remarks upon some traits of the missionary character and habits of the subject of this Memoir.

Mrs. Smith entered upon her work with a high sense of its importance and responsibilities. Love to her Saviour, a lively faith in eternal things, and consequently a high estimate of the value of the soul, were her inducements to undertake it. These emotions were the mainspring of her untiring diligence in her work; and sometimes operated so powerfully upon her mind, as, of themselves, almost to overcome her delicate frame.

Entering thus upon her sphere of labor, she devoted herself to missionary work as her leading business. Every thing was made secondary, and as far as possible, auxiliary to it. This principle pervaded and regulated all her domestic arrangements. To be a mere house-keeper and mistress of a missionary's family, and thus to spend her time in ordinary domestic occupations, she felt would be degrading to her calling. Her table she always furnished abundantly for those who composed her family. Suitable and becoming apparel she ever provided for herself and others. And no house need be kept in better order, or in more perfect neatness than hers. It was a model for

imitation. But she was ever devising ways in which these objects might be accomplished with the least expense of her time. This she effected by observing system, and doing as much as possible by the hands of others. In her house, it may be said with truth, there was a place for every thing, and every thing was kept in its place; there was a time for every thing, and every thing was done in its time. Articles for the table which required *her* time, and were not necessary to health, were dipensed with, and their place supplied by such as her domestics could prepare; though, owing to their ignorance, these were necessarily of the very plainest kind. Time was too precious for her to spend it in labors, the object of which was merely to gratify the appetite. In her estimation, the matter of food was a thing of minor importance, and she liked to have it occupy as little time and as little prominence as possible, in her domestic arrangements. For this object the regular meals of her family were reduced to two, breakfast at seven in the morning, and dinner at four in the evening. Thus the whole day was left unbroken for labor, and much time was saved.

This subject deserved mention, both to show how she found time to accomplish what she did, and because missionary ladies so frequently complain, that domestic occupations interfere with, and to a great extent hinder, the benevolent labors they would be glad to accomplish. Some have been almost ready to lay it down as a principle, that the wives of missionaries must expect to do little, if anything, more than take care of their own families. The adoption of such an expectation by ladies entering upon the missionary life, Mrs. Smith exceedingly deprecated. Her own labors were a practical demonstration, that a much higher standard of usefulness is within reach.

It should be remarked, however, that her industry was of no ordinary kind. It can be said of her, with hardly

any qualification, that during her missionary life, she never lost an hour. Her daily labors were begun early. It always seemed to give her great pleasure to throw off sleep, and rise from her bed. The last winter she arose regularly at half past four. The duties of the closet demanded her first attention, and in these she usually spent an hour, or an hour and a half. It was this that made her love early rising. She found great relish in communion with God, when alone with him in the stillness of morning, before any one was moving in the house. Her devotions performed, she began the labors of the day. In these her energy was great. Nothing was shrunk from which ought to be done; and what was begun, was never left unfinished. Her dispatch was extraordinary. One could hardly tell when she accomplished all that she did. Whilst another would be talking, and thinking of labor to be done, she would have it finished.

The labors she carried forward were many. Her family the last winter consisted, most of the time, of four friends connected with the mission, two boarding scholars, and three servants; making, with herself and her husband, eleven individuals, without reckoning occasional guests. These were all to be cared for, and yet she spent three hours daily, for five days each week, in teaching school. She carried forward a system of visiting among the native females, for religious purposes. Every other day she studied and recited a lesson in a large native Arabic grammar, and on the alternate days translated a portion of a smaller one into English. She took lessons daily in Italian, and translated the weekly Sunday school lessons from the Union Questions, into Arabic. She regularly attended a weekly conference meeting, and two female prayer meetings; and kept up an extensive correspondence. Some arrivals would bring fifteen or twenty letters

to be answered. And in addition to all, numerous native visitors made large encroachments upon her time.

Her perseverance in what she considered duty, was invincible. She was not glad of an excuse for neglecting it, with apparent consistency. Were it the duty of the hour to attend a meeting, all arrangements were made to give place to it; and she was rarely absent from her post. In her school, whatever were her domestic labors, whatever company demanded her attentions—it might almost be said, whatever was her health—she was punctual at the hour. She might have suspended the school every ecclesiastical festival;—the customs of the country favored it; the contrary was in fact almost regarded as heretical; and had she served as a hireling she would have done it. But she saw that such frequent interruptions injured the school; and with the exception of a few great festivals, when the scholars would not come, it was always open.

She could never persuade herself to allow plans of personal gratification and relaxation to interfere with her labors. She made several excursions, of deep interest to her cultivated mind and rich imagination; one of which led her to the very summit of Lebanon, and the ruins of Baalbeck, and another to Jerusalem through the length and breadth of Palestine; but none of these were made at the sacrifice of this principle. Much as she desired to visit the Holy City, such a gratification was no argument to her, nor would she allow herself to listen to the persuasions of her friends, so long as her school would be stopped thereby. She had been in feeble health during the winter, and the journey promised to recruit her; but she could not make a doubtful experiment for her health, at the expense of interrupting her school. At length a beloved Christian sister, not then connected with the mission, but now a valued member of it, came forward and offered to take her place, so that none of her impor-

tant labors would be suspended. Then she saw her way clear, and set her face toward Jerusalem with a cheerful heart.

Though so closely bound to her duties, she did not go to them as a slave. Her affections were the strong power within, that accelerated her movements. She succeeded remarkably in interesting her feelings in whatever duty required her to undertake. She did it with her whole heart. Her labor was her delight; and she never was happier than when she was the most busy. This was exhibited in her cheerful, animated countenance during the day, and the satisfaction she manifested often in finding she had no more strength remaining, when the hour arrived for her to seek restoration of it in sleep.

These general observations upon Mrs. Smith's views and character, have been deemed important, as introductory to a more detailed view of her labors.

On entering her station, she devoted herself exclusively to the natives. She might have found much to do for the benefit of the European population of Beyroot. Among the English and Americans alone, there were children enough to form a school; whose parents were grieved to see them growing up without proper instruction, and were anxious to have them taught by some missionary friend. Surprise was indeed sometimes expressed, that she neglected them to devote her energies to the Arabs. She did not, however, neglect them. She felt and prayed for them, and for all the inhabitants of Beyroot, and did what she could incidentally for their good. But it was to the natives she had devoted herself. To them she felt herself a debtor, and she would allow no other engagements to interfere with their claims, and divert her energies from them.

Such views rendered a knowledge of the Arabic language necessary. Nor would a mere passing acquaintance

with it suffice; such as is picked up by most Franks in the country, enabling her to express herself intelligibly on ordinary topics. Her object required that she should be able to converse freely and acceptably on religious subjects, and to lead in prayer, to the edification of natives. To this end a thorough acquaintance with the principles of the language, and a ready command of an extensive vocabulary of words, were necessary. Such a knowledge of that most difficult language, she deliberately set herself to acquire, and unremittingly and successfully did she pursue her aim.

The alphabet she learned while on her voyage from Malta to Alexandria; but before reaching Beyroot, she had acquired no appreciable knowledge of the language. Within four months after, she began the study of a native grammar entirely in Arabic; though for about half of that time she had no instruction, except for an hour or two a day from a common Arab who knew nothing of grammar; and during nearly the whole of it was engaged in school every other week. In less than nine months, she was ready to commence praying in Arabic, with a little girl whom she then took into her family to educate. And in eleven months she conducted the devotional exercises at the commencement of the native female prayer meeting. Her prayers at these times and subsequently, were always extemporary. The grammar above mentioned, she read through, surmounting its numerous difficulties; and the last winter of her life, she commenced translating another for the benefit of the sisters who might tread after her the bewildering and thorny mazes of the Arabic language. The many new and guttural sounds of the language, became familiar and natural to her organs of utterance. She could converse acceptably, and with readiness, upon most topics; and sometime before leaving her station, she could fairly master difficulties which many a foreigner

finds himself never able to surmount; and was prepared to use this indispensable instrument efficiently, in the great work of imparting a knowledge of salvation to the perishing females of Syria.

Yet it was not because she had any peculiar taste for the study of language, that she was so unusually successful. There was not, to the last, perhaps, one of her labors in which she engaged with less relish for it, in itself. She had also many obstacles to contend with. Her school from the first took up much of her time, and consumed the best part of her strength. Her family likewise became large, and her interruptions were exceedingly numerous. She could never get a teacher, who knew any thing of grammar, except her husband; and little of his time was at her command. Perplexed and baffled by the difficulties of Arabic, she would often weep, and almost in despair say, that she could never learn it. Had she been willing to listen to an excuse for remaining ignorant of it, or for learning it slowly, she had enough at hand that were weighty. But she never harbored a thought of living in the missionary field, without a thorough knowledge of the language of the people she wished to save. Principle urged her on. The study of Arabic was her duty. As such, it was one of the things never to be omitted; and very rarely did she pass a day without getting a lesson.

Mrs. Smith's missionary labors literally began at home. The efforts she made for the spiritual good of her own household, were not the least important of her benevolent exertions; and they formed an integral part of her general plans of usefulness.

She began her missionary life with two settled principles in regard to servants, viz: that they should be natives, and that she would have as few as possible. The first she deemed important, in order that whatever was

attempted for their benefit, might form a component part of our system of missionary efforts, for the natives generally that whatever success resulted from the attempt, might be set down entire to the amount of good actually effected in behalf of the nation; and that whoever was thus benefited, might through the numerous channels of family connections and friendships immediately around him, be in circumstances to propagate and multiply the effects to an indefinite extent. The second principle she was partial to, as a matter of economy, which she ever studied most conscientiously; because it accorded with that simplicity of life which it is so desirable missionaries should maintain, while they have many temptations to swerve from it.

These two principles somewhat interfered with each other in practice. With a foreigner, a Maltese who accompanied her and Mr. Smith from Alexandria, and whom faithfulness induced them to keep for a number of months, she was able fully to practice upon the second; for he was generally their only domestic. Upon dismissing him, the first principle was brought into practice. But of the natives, it was found necessary to have two in the place of one Maltese. They were taken fresh from the mountains, that they might be free from evil habits often contracted in Frank families, and that she might have the training of them herself. An emancipated Abyssinian girl likewise, of Mohammedan parentage, had previously been offered to her, and appearing to be fond of religious instruction, she was continued in the family, chiefly as a charity. When Mr. and Mrs. Smith left Beyroot, the girl was put into a pious native family, and her board paid until the last day of December, when she died, after a lingering illness. Religious conversation, prayer, and the mere name of Jesus, continued to give her pleasure, and soothe her in her suffer-

ings, until the last; and the latest expressed wish of her heart was, that she might die and go to her departed mistress. Perhaps at the day of judgment, this poor, ignorant Moslem slave, may appear clothed in the Redeemer's righteousness, as one of the many jewels in the crown of rejoicing of that kind friend who so faithfully instructed and prayed for her.

Over these domestics she watched as one that must give an account. Oriental customs, in the seclusion they prescribe to the female sex, put a guard upon morals; which, though artificial, is of great practical effect in the absence of enlightened conscience; and it too often happens, that in Frank families, serious evils spring up among native servants from the simple neglect of these salutary precautions, which are called into existence by the wants of society. Mrs. Smith, possessing an acute sense of propriety, and a quick apprehension of danger that kept her always on the alert; and governed by a tender conscience that rendered it impossible for her to be at ease when any one for whom she was responsible was exposed to temptation; soon discovered this principle, and determined to apply it in the government of her domestics. The precaution was first taken, at the expense of considerable trouble, to procure a man servant who was brother to her maid; and then entrance to the apartments where the latter worked, was prohibited to other men. Instead of encouraging her women to go unveiled in the streets, as many a Frank would have done, she procured them veils, which she directed them to wear. This course she had the satisfaction of seeing not only attended by the results she wished, but also acquiring for her house that confidence of the natives which is withheld from many Frank families.

Another important feature in her domestic management, tending to the good of those in her employ, was a

constant care to keep them always provided with some species of labor. As she was never idle herself, she would allow none in her service to be unoccupied. She deemed the loss of their time, a sin for which she was accountable; she knew that to keep them busy, was the most effectual way to keep them from sin; and she felt that to give them habits of industry, was performing for them a most important act of benevolence. She regarded it as much her duty, and made it as regular a part of her business, to see that they were provided with work as with food. That these should be trained to such habits of industry, was almost a miracle among Arab women. Yet in reality hardly an hour ever came, in which they did not find something already laid out for them to do. It was proper to mention this feature in her treatment of domestics, not only because it is so often neglected, to the great injury of servants and the impeding of the usefulness of employers, but because it shows how well proportioned and mature was her missionary character; in that, while attending to more important public labors, she suffered none of those less noticeable, yet essential duties to be overlooked.

It was also with her a fundamental principle, that her servants should learn to read. This she thought a matter of great consequence, in a country where hardly any of the females have this knowledge. She would have turned away any who were unwilling to be taught; for she could not bear to have one in her service merely to supply her temporal wants, while no permanent good was received in return. Her women were at first taught their letters at home. Afterwards she so arranged her household affairs, as to allow them to attend school alternately each a half of the day. The man servant also every day attended one of the missionary schools for two or three hours. So that all the domestics of the

family, were actually regular attendants at school. The experiment pleased her exceedingly. It contributed much to her happiness. The furnishing of her table with more nicely dressed articles of food, that would occupy the time thus spent by her servants, was not an object to be allowed, as an impediment to such an arrangement. She took pleasure in diminishing the amount of her house-work, that it might be accomplished. So pleased with it was she, as to be satisfied that it would be justifiable, where servants' wages are no more than hers received, to increase their number, in order that they might be thus instructed.

Mrs. Smith never interfered with the attendance of her servants to the rites of their own religion. Their fasts they were allowed freely to keep; and their church they attended on Sundays and festivals. But the religious rules of the family they were required also to regard. From profaneness, and from Sabbath-breaking by work, or by visiting or receiving visits, they were strictly prohibited. And they were expected to worship God daily with the family. One who declined this would not have been employed; upon the principle that those ought to be selected for servants, who were most likely to receive religious benefit. For their sake, family prayers in the evening were always offered in Arabic; an early hour being selected, that they might be more wakeful.

On the Sabbath also, the servants had many privileges. In the morning, during the last winter, a native brother came, and exhorted and prayed with them in the house; enough of the neighbors being present to form a small congregation. In the afternoon, they always attended the Sabbath school and Arabic service; and in the evening at family prayers, they were examined upon the sermon they had heard. But these public privileges Mrs. Smith did not regard as excusing her from more private duties to

her female servants. Besides hearing them read, she always found time, notwithstanding her exhausting duties on the Sabbath, to spend a season with them in private. At this hour, two or three Druse women were often present. She read, conversed, and prayed with them. Variety was given to the exercise, by reading some interesting religious narrative; though for the want of books of this nature in Arabic, she was obliged to translate them orally into that language as she read along. In this way, she read through the Memoir of Mary Lothrop, during the last winter, much to their gratification. So persevering was she in this, as in every duty, that she was found engaged in it, the last Sabbath she was at Beyroot, though so feeble as to be lying on her bed. It is believed that she had also stated times for praying with each one by herself.

It will not be wondered at, that servants who had such a mistress, were so reluctant to part with her, and so overcome with grief, as they all were at her departure; nor that her poor colored girl, in view of death, fondly cherished the desire of being again allowed to be with her, as a bright, cheerful ray from the dark prospect before her.

Such were some of Mrs. Smith's *domestic* missionary labors. And those missionary sisters, who by domestic cares or other causes, are prevented from engaging in the more public duties that demanded her principal energies, may be encouraged by seeing how much may be done of a missionary nature, even within their limited circle. They can give to a missionary's family a missionary shape and character. They can surround him with a missionary atmosphere, which every one must breathe who comes within it. They can save many souls by their own instructions, without going beyond the bounds of their families.

Very soon after her arrival at Beyroot, Mrs. Smith had

a fixed desire to take a little Arab girl to be brought up in her family. It originated from a variety of motives. The warm affections of her heart sought the constant presence of some such object of attachment. The little girl's soul she hoped to save; and she desired also to train her up to be a helper in the great work of enlightening and saving others. It gratified her feelings of benevolence to bring home to the scene of her domestic labors, a subject upon which to exercise them, that they might know no cessation; for thereby in her most domestic occupations, she was enabled to feel that she was still doing good to one of the natives, to whom she wished every hour of her life to be devoted. She hoped also, by thus creating continual occasion for the use of the Arabic language, to be able to learn it sooner.

She at length selected from her school one of the most promising scholars, about eight years of age, and with the consent of her parents, adopted her. In Mrs. Smith's care, attentions, and gradually in her affections also, she took almost the rank of a daughter. But it was settled as a fundamental principle in her education, from the first, not to Europeanize her, and thereby unfit her to live contentedly and usefully among her countrymen, where she was to have her abode. She was therefore always dressed in the native costume, and took a rank in the family, midway between a daughter and a servant. In addition to needle work, she was taught to assist in most kinds of domestic labor, and so thoroughly was she initiated into habits of industry, as never to sit down with nothing to do.

Yet with the servants, she was never allowed to associate. Mrs. Smith's hope of special benefit to the child from residing in her family, was based very much upon the principle of segregation; and she had the opinion most firmly fixed, that unless every avenue by which contamination might be contracted were strictly guarded,

all her labor would probably be lost. She was watched, therefore, with a care that parental anxiety rarely gives rise to; and had no access to the kitchen, except on an errand for a moment; nor was she even left alone in the house, with the servants; and though permitted to visit her parents regularly, she was allowed to spend the night at home but once a year. In religion, her family was of the Greek church; and in regard to ceremonial observances, Mrs. Smith allowed her to be governed very much by the wishes of her friends. The fasts she was allowed to observe, so far as they strenuously insisted; yet not without being fully taught their futility in themselves toward aiding at all in the great matter of her soul's salvation, nor without her parents being warned of the false ideas of religion they were likely to give her. Once, in remonstrating with the little girl's mother on this subject, she is known to have most affectionately pressed upon her the extreme absurdity and sin of attaching such importance to fasts and festivals, while Sabbath-breaking, lying and profaneness were indulged with an undisturbed conscience; and to have solemnly warned her of the great danger she was in, of ruining her daughter's soul forever, by leading her into paths, deviating from the straight and narrow way of salvation.

Mrs. Smith's object in taking her, at the outset, was religious; and this object she ever kept uppermost in training her. It has been already mentioned that she knelt with her in prayer, the day of her entering the family, though Mrs. Smith had then been less than nine months studying her language. This practice was continued every day she was with her; and doubtless while it impressed the child, and called down the blessing of God upon both, it gave Mrs. Smith the ability she had to commence so early praying in her school, and in the female prayer meeting.

Mrs. Smith's instruction of the little girl was daily and constant. In addition to the privileges she enjoyed in common with the servants, which have been mentioned, her habit was to hear her read a portion of Scripture while dressing in the morning; thus accomplishing an object ever dear to her, the saving of time. She then questioned her upon what she had read, gave her other instruction, and led her to the throne of grace. Thus her pupil not only became an intelligent reader, but acquired a knowledge of the principles of religion, which would be considered good in an American child of her age. It was a pleasure to question her upon the Scripture read at family prayers, and upon the sermon she heard on Sunday; her answers were so appropriate. Her conscience becoming thus enlightened, she was sometimes much impressed by the truth.

In a word, the expectations Mrs. Smith had formed in taking her were fully answered; and she was often heard to say, that she had every day been amply repaid for the pains bestowed upon her. It will not be wondered at, that her affections became entwined very closely around so promising a pupil, and that the attachment assumed much of the character of parental kindness. Mrs. Smith's sharpest trial, perhaps, at her departure from Beyroot, arose from leaving her behind; and in her last days she made arrangements which she hoped would secure to her a small legacy. The sum she desired has since been appropriated for that purpose, and it is hoped will serve as an inducement for the little girl to remain in some of the missionary families, until the seed sown with so many prayers, shall spring up and bear fruit.

The female school at Beyroot was commenced by Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Dodge, in 1833. A few girls were previously found in some of the public schools supported by the mission. But these ladies wished to bring them

more directly under missionary influence, and to confer upon them the benefit of a system of instruction adapted to females. A commencement was accordingly made, by giving lessons to such little girls as could be irregularly assembled for an hour or two a day at the mission house; such an informal beginning being not only all the ladies had time to attempt, but being also considered desirable as less likely to excite jealousy and opposition. For the project was entered upon with much trembling and apprehension. Not only indifference to female education had to be encountered, but strong prejudice against it, existing in the public mind from time immemorial. The oriental prejudice against innovations from any quarter, and especially from foreigners, threatened resistance. The seclusion of females within their own immediate circle of relationship, originally oriental, but strengthened by Mohammedan influence, stood in the way. And, more than all, religious jealousy, looking upon the missionaries as dangerous heretics, and their influence as contamination, seemed to give unequivocal warning, that the attempt would be fruitless. The older missionaries, who could weigh the full force of all these obstacles, having felt them through so many years of opposition to many of their labors, were less sanguine of success, than the brethren and sisters who had newly arrived. But they were not aware of the hold they had gained upon the public confidence. The event proved, in this as in many other missionary attempts, that strong faith is a better principle to act upon in the propagation of the gospel, than cautious calculation. Even down to the present time, it is not known that a word of opposition has been uttered against the school, which was thus commenced.

In this initiatory state Mrs. Smith found the school, on her arrival at Beyroot in January of 1834. Some six or eight girls assembled in the afternoon in Mrs. Thompson's

room at the mission house, and were taught sewing and the alphabet. One was far enough advanced to aid in teaching; and knowing something of English, could act as interpreter. The widow of Gregory Wortabet, also occasionally assisted. Mrs. Smith commenced her labors in the sewing department the second week after her arrival, and soon Mrs. Wortabet was engaged as a permanent helper. Mrs. Thompson removing to Jerusalem in the spring, the school devolved upon Mrs. Dodge and Mrs. Smith; who took alternate weeks in teaching it, until it was discontinued in June on account of the heat. In the fall, Mrs. Dodge also removed to Jerusalem, and then it was left wholly upon Mrs. Smith's hands. Thus it continued for more than a year. Soon after reaching Beyroot, Mrs. Smith saw that a promising field was open for female usefulness, and after much prayerful consideration, she determined to invite a female friend, Miss Rebecca W. Williams, to come from America, and help her. Miss W. immediately complied with the invitation; and with the resolution of deep Christian devotedness, left her friends and country, by the earliest opportunity, on this errand of benevolence. The measure proved a happy one, and both ladies saw constantly increasing reason to rejoice that it had been taken. Miss W. went into the school immediately on her arrival. But Mrs. Smith, preferring that the school, rather than herself, should be benefited thereby, determined that it should be open twice as many hours as before, and continued to give to it nearly as much time as she had done.

The difficulty of appropriating to the school, a room in the mission-house, caused it to suffer many inconveniences at the outset. A benevolent daughter of the American Consul at Alexandria, Mrs. Tod, then a resident at Beyroot, observing this and desiring to contribute something toward the salvation of the Syrian women,

opened a subscription for a school-house. Two hundred dollars were subscribed in Syria, at Alexandria, and Bagdad, for this purpose, and promptly paid. This sum enabled the mission to erect a substantial stone building, on the premises belonging to the Board; which in the spring of 1835, was ready to be occupied, and furnished excellent accommodations for the school.

Mrs. Smith had very little acquaintance with school teaching at home; none in fact, except what she had acquired in Sabbath schools and in her charitable labors among the Mohegans. Nor had she a taste for it. She often humorously expressed to her husband her surprise at finding herself so thoroughly a school mistress. It was because Providence directed her to this, as the way for her to do good, and because she saw that otherwise it would not be done, that she engaged in it. Yet she did not enter upon it reluctantly, nor continue it as a task. In this, as in almost every case, what was her duty became her pleasure. Her heart entered fully into it. This was seen in the uneasiness it gave her to lose a day from school, and the great reluctance with which she closed it for a vacation. It has been mentioned that the first summer it was closed in June, on account of the heat. But then she had no sooner retired to the mountains, for a cooler climate, than she gathered a few little girls around her there, whom she taught regularly every day. The second summer she would not consent to close her school until August; and then she wrote to a friend that she "did it in the spirit of obedience to her husband."

She was strict in the preservation of order in every movement of the school. Another would perhaps have thought that such untutored Arab girls must needs be indulged, or they would conceive a disgust for the place of instruction, and come no more. But she settled it as a principle, that order was essential to the well-being of a school,

and was moreover one of the things, and that not the least, which the children needed to be taught. It was surprising to see how soon they learned to understand and regard it. This doubtless made them love school the better. A more orderly collection of cheerful faces, is not often to be found in a school-house in a Christian land. The chief means employed for the preservation of order, was a black-board, for debt and credit marks; and this was generally sufficient to secure the most perfect subordination. The employment of rewards was not adopted without due deliberation. Her opinion was, that among children so ignorant and untutored, and so unaccustomed to the restraints of a school; who came with so little relish for study, and whose parents were so ignorant of the value of education; it was necessary at the outset thus to address a principle, whose control they would all feel, and access to which was direct and easy. She never saw reason to change this opinion; and the rewards were so managed, that she could say upon her death-bed, that she could recollect no instance in which, to her knowledge, envy had been caused among the scholars by means of them. The rewards were regulated by the number of credit marks, and were distributed two or three times a year, consisting chiefly of plain articles of dress. At these times, she had begun to have an examination. The last she held in company with Miss Williams, but a short time before she was obliged to leave. The mothers of the children, and some other female friends, were present. The scholars, together, amounted to upwards of forty; the room was well filled, presenting a scene that would have delighted the heart of many a friend of missions. Classes were examined in reading, spelling, geography, first lessons in arithmetic, Scripture questions, the English language, and sacred music; and the whole was closed by a brief address from Mrs. Dodge. The mothers

then came forward, of their own accord, and in a gratifying manner expressed their thanks to the ladies, for what they had done for their daughters.

Had Mrs. Smith been unable to connect her labors in this school directly with the great work of saving souls, she would have felt little interest in it. To this object she was wholly devoted. Any employment directly bearing upon it had a charm for her. Every thing aside from it, or from religion in some of its relations, was insipid. Only a few weeks after she began to take her turn in the school, and during the absence of her husband in the Haurán, she took a step which had an important bearing upon its religious character. Her desire to have God formally acknowledged in it, induced her to request Mr. Bird to come in and close it with prayer. The first time he did so, the children, as they knelt down, were so amused at the novelty of the position, that all were overcome with laughter, which was continued through the exercise. So much did the thought grieve her, that they were so brutishly ignorant as to be thus affected by this solemn exercise, that her feelings rose beyond her control, and she wept. They had even then begun to be much attached to her; and perceiving, when they arose, how their conduct had affected her, they all of them, of their own accord, came forward and expressed their sorrow for what they had done. From this time, prayer was rarely, if ever, omitted for a single day. Mrs. Wortabet soon began to lead in the exercise, accompanying it with the reading of the Scriptures and remarks. One of the missionary gentlemen, however, often conducted the closing exercises of the week, until Mrs. Smith was able herself to perform devotional duties in Arabic. After that, she alternated with her assistant; and once a week it was their habit to stop after school, and unite in prayer for the blessing of God upon their labors. The religious

instructions she gave, in general addresses to all and in private conversation with individual scholars, were varied and constant. Hardly a school in America, probably, has more religious instruction given in it, and that in a more direct form, than was received by this. And who were these children that listened to it? Most of them were Arabs of the Greek church; two were Jewesses, some were Druses, and at times there were eight or ten Moslems. All loved her with a sincere attachment; for such labors of love could not but win their hearts. On the return of her husband to Beyroot, after her decease, his mere presence in the school drew tears from many eyes, by the recollections it occasioned.

May God yet cause the seed thus sown to take root and bear fruit; that she may ere long welcome some of these dear children, the objects of so much effort, of so many warm affections, and of so many prayers, to join her in the labors and enjoyments that occupy her in heaven.

The native Sabbath school at Beyroot originated with Mrs. Smith. In this department of instruction, her first public effort of benevolence was made in the land of her birth; and in it she was still engaged, when called to adopt Syria for her field of labor. It might be expected that her interest in Sabbath schools would not be diminished, by this removal to a land where she must constantly see increased need for them.

A Sabbath school for the English and American children at Beyroot, was in existence before her arrival. To this, after the return of her husband from the Haurán, in the spring after their arrival, she proposed that a native class should be added. He had little faith in the success of the project, but urged by her entreaties, consented to attempt it. At first, two or three boys only came and recited to him. Soon she brought in a class from the

female school, then taught by herself and Mrs. Dodge. The succeeding winter, the Arab scholars, at her suggestion, were again separated from the others, and assembled at the house of a native brother. There were sometimes enough to give him and Mrs. Wortabet also a class. In the spring, the female school-house being finished, the school was removed thither; and from that time, there continued to be regularly from twenty to thirty scholars, with usually five teachers. These teachers met every Friday evening, around her table, to study the lessons for the following Sabbath, and for prayer. Three of the teachers being natives, this meeting was not less important for the profit they derived from it, than from that which accrued to the scholars. In the instructions given, the Union Questions of the American Sunday School Union, were used as a guide; and for this purpose the lesson of each Sabbath was translated during the week into Arabic. This labor, as has been already mentioned, Mrs. Smith began, the last winter, to take upon herself.

Most of the scholars were females, and these chiefly from the school. The servants of the mission families, and some adult inquirers, used also to attend. Some strong inducement must have operated to bring children together for this object on the Sabbath. At home they were never told that it was their duty to attend; but on the contrary, it was natural for their parents to regard it with coldness or suspicion. They had been accustomed to be permitted on the Sabbath to engage as fully as they desired in their recreations. This was an abridgment of their liberty, by confinement to studies for which they had naturally no relish, and for which they were likely to be ridiculed by their companions. The chief influence which led them to assemble under such circumstances, it would be wrong not to ascribe to the blessing of God in answer to prayer. But doubtless,

affection for their teachers had influence with some of these scholars, and attachment to the school was not wanting as a motive. Rewards also were given, according to the number of marks each one received; for the same reasons that justified their introduction into the day school. But here they always consisted of religious books.

In this school the fullest evangelical instruction was given, and in the plainest manner, both catechetically and by direct address. Thus to keep such a number of young persons, for an hour or two on the Sabbath, from merely the various ways of profaning holy time, in which they would otherwise have been engaged, was an object of no small importance. How much more important was the object actually accomplished, might have been estimated by one who should have gone into the school, and witnessed the nature of the instruction given, and the eager attention with which it was received. He would have found Mrs. Smith seated on a low stool, with six or eight bright little girls, half surrounding her, and in their eagerness to catch her instructions bending forward till their heads often formed a semicircle very near her own; while their lively faces, and animated inquiries, showed the interest excited by the words that fell from her lips. The scene was edifying to those who constantly witnessed it; and she was often heard to affirm, that she never had a more interesting and improving class at home, than this which she here trained up, of untutored Arab girls. The hour was always too short for what she had to say; and the superintendent generally had to interrupt her, when the time came to close the school with his customary address.

When the exercises were finished, each class followed its teacher to the Arabic preaching, at the mission-house. Here she sat with the female scholars, to mark their be-

havior; and on Monday morning, at the opening of the school, they were questioned by her upon the sermon delivered. Some learned to give a very good abstract of what the preacher had said; and under such training, they became his most attentive and interesting hearers.

The native female prayer meeting, at its commencement, was an untried experiment even at Beyroot, the oldest of American missions in the Mediterranean. Serious obstacles stand in the way of such a meeting on missionary ground. The hindrances missionary ladies often meet with, in learning the language, are apt to delay for some time their acquiring a sufficient acquaintance with it for such purposes; though they may in a short time know enough for common use. And then the strangeness of such a meeting among the natives, makes it appear to female diffidence a formidable undertaking. Yet these hindrances exist perhaps more in imagination than in reality; and at the most, need have weight only at the commencement of missions. For it is practice that so soon gives command of a new language for ordinary purposes; and practice will as surely give command of it for the conduct of religious exercises. And after such exercises have been once commenced at any mission, the strangeness of the thing passes away; while the new sisters are both encouraged by the example of those they find on the ground, and are helped soon to unite with them, by what they learn of the language from habitually hearing others use it in devotion. Much, very much, depends upon the sisters, as well as upon the brethren, at the outset of a mission. For if they take a high stand in such positively missionary labors, an elevated standard is permanently set up for those who come after, which they will naturally imitate; while if little is attempted, it is only now and then one of more than ordinary character, who, on entering the field subsequently, will venture to go farther than her elders;

and thus years may see very little done in the female department. The native sisters are not to be taken into account in this matter, for they will generally go no faster than they are led; and unless a missionary lady shows them the way, and goes before them herself, they will hardly ever take a single step.

The desirableness of such a meeting as the one in question, was first suggested to Mrs. Smith by one of her dearest friends, who has already been mentioned as having taken the female school during her visit to Jerusalem. The modesty of this sister, equalled only by her benevolence, would allow her to give no encouragement of taking a part in it herself. But it was found, on inquiry, that the cordial approbation and coöperation of the only missionary lady besides Mrs. Smith then on the ground, might be calculated upon, while a native sister would also assist; and that at least half a dozen Arab women would probably attend, at the beginning. To show Mrs. Smith that any labor connected with the Redeemer's kingdom, within her sphere, was desirable and practicable, never failed to enlist her energies in its immediate execution. This plan presented especial claims, arising from the peculiar circumstances of those for whose benefit it was to be attempted.

The oriental seclusion of females, renders them difficult of access to the ordinary means of grace used by a missionary gentleman; their assembling even for religious purposes in the same apartment with the other sex, being condemned by custom. They are also a neglected class, even among the native Christians, as regards the religious means enjoyed by their own countrymen; being crowded into a distinct part in their churches, where an intelligent hearing of the services is rendered difficult, both by their distance, and by the confusion often prevailing among themselves. At Beyroot, so far is their

gallery from the altar, in the Greek church, that it is never expected they will understand any thing; and so great is the confusion they sometimes create, that at the last Easter, they were actually prohibited coming to some of the more important services, in order that the church might be quiet; while, by established custom, it is hardly allowable for a female ever to attend church more than two or three times a year, until she is married. Being thus difficult of access to the influence of the missionary gentlemen, and neglected by their own countrymen, they present special claims, and constitute a field peculiarly open to the efforts of missionary ladies.

Finding herself in such a field, Mrs. Smith needed no urging, to enter heartily into every practicable measure for its cultivation. The first meeting was appointed at the house of a native friend, and it devolved upon Mrs. Smith to conduct its opening exercises. From that time, it was continued regularly; at first once a fortnight, but afterwards every week. All the missionary ladies who were in the field when it was commenced, including those who were then at Jerusalem, had an opportunity, in turn, to assist in the conduct of it; as well as two native sisters, one of whom aided from the beginning. Including some of the older scholars of the school, as many as twenty were at times present, though the number was often less. The experiment, though commenced with much trembling, was fully successful;—and were those who attended, to give an account of its exercises, they would doubtless speak of many affecting appeals to the conscience and the heart to which they there listened; and of many precious seasons of sweet communion with God which it afforded. May this, which was probably the first female prayer meeting held in Syria in modern times, be the forerunner of many more; until all the daughters of that ancient land, shall learn to worship God in spirit and

in truth; as their ancestors were once taught by the blessed Redeemer in person.

Early in the spring, before Mrs. Smith was removed from her labors, the little company of missionaries at Beyroot, was awaked to inquire with more than usual earnestness, why it was, that while the means of grace were so constantly used, so few conversions occurred. Some thought a succession of special religious meetings would be attended with a blessing. Of these, a few were held among the missionaries themselves, with manifest benefit. And out of them grew a weekly evening conference in Arabic, held in rotation at the houses of native friends, which was soon attended by forty or fifty. Others still thought more needed to be done in the way of personal religious conversation with individuals, in order that the truth might thus be brought into direct contact with each one's own conscience; and the proposition was either made or warmly seconded by Mrs. Smith, that something of this kind should be attempted systematically. Accordingly the circle of native acquaintances, who could be properly visited for such an object, was surveyed, and a certain number assigned to each brother and sister. A meeting was also appointed on the last Monday in every month, for each to report what he had done, and for prayer in behalf of the effort.

Mrs. Smith, as has already appeared in a former chapter, chose for her parish the mothers of her scholars. She immediately commenced the labor; and though already debilitated by the first stages of the disease that terminated her life, she was able to state at the first monthly meeting, that they had all been visited. From some she made an interesting report; her conversations, so new and so impressive, having evidently affected them; and her visits manifestly tended to win the attachment of all. This was ever the tendency of her conversations of

this nature; for her affectionate heart qualified her naturally for such a work, and long practice in faithful admonition, had given her unusual facility for doing it with propriety and without offence. She deeply felt the duty of thus personally calling the attention of her acquaintances to their eternal interests; and it is believed few have been with her any length of time, without hearing something from her of this nature; while still fewer can be found who have not been rather won than offended, by her conversation.

To one thoughtless Syrian female, she took occasion once, in such a conversation, to give an account of her own conversion. An impression was made by it, which, from that time, changed her whole deportment; and the grace of God ere long brought out in her character many pleasing evidences of piety. This new sister, Mrs. Smith had the satisfaction of finding ready to lead the devotions of others, at the last native female prayer meeting she was permitted to attend. And this, among many other things, gave her reason to feel, in leaving the country, that she had not dwelt there in vain.

The preceding effort, had Mrs. Smith's life been spared, would probably have led her to another somewhat different. The poor around her presented a most interesting field for effort. Many of them in Syria are real objects of charity. And while a little contribution goes a great way towards supplying their wants, if given in a proper manner it will win for the donor their attachment, and also the applause of the community. Nothing there insures so high a character for religious charity; and yet the poor are sadly neglected, and religious visiting of them is almost, if not entirely unknown; so that a pious individual, entering the cellars and hovels of the needy, with a little charity in his hand, would find, while he afforded relief to their bodily necessities, that he had won

a way for the provisions of the gospel to their hearts; at the same time, that instead of exciting jealousies, he had gained the good opinion and confidence of others. What a beautiful example of Christian benevolence would be exhibited by a missionary lady, who should thus devote herself to scattering temporal and spiritual consolations among the abodes of poverty and disease. Could there be a more literal imitation of our blessed Saviour's example? It is a field entirely open for cultivation, and would probably remain open, though all others should be shut.

Such an effort of religious charity was often presented to Mrs. Smith's mind; but her school had prevented her engaging in it systematically. It was her intention, however, to give up the school more entirely to Miss Williams, as the latter grew familiar with the language; and to devote herself very much to labors of this nature. For such a work, she was strongly inclined. She had a taste for it. She loved the poor, and at any time took more satisfaction in visiting their hovels, than the mansions of the rich. It accorded with her ideas of a missionary's duty, to pay special attention to them. She experienced great delight from an incident of this kind, one of the first mornings after her arrival at Beyroot. As her husband entered her room, she said to him, with an animated expression of countenance, "I have been for half an hour enjoying one of the most gratifying scenes I have yet witnessed upon missionary ground. That," said she, looking out of the window by which she was sitting, "*that is missionary work.*" It was Mr. Bird sitting under a fig tree, in the yard of the mission-house, reading the gospel to fifteen or twenty beggars to whom he had been distributing bread.

She was habitually charitable to the poor who solicited her bounty, though she had not yet found time to search many of them out in their own dwellings. After moving

to the house in the gardens in which she resided during the last year, it was some time before any beggars applied for charity. When they began to come, she expressed her pleasure that they had found their way; and it is believed no one was ever, to her knowledge, turned away without some article of food, unless evidently not an object of charity. Nor was her generosity merely of an indiscriminate nature. She studied to accomplish other objects, besides supplying the wants of the persons aided. In several instances, poor children were clothed, that they might be able to attend school. And in other cases, some article of dress was given to poor persons, as an indirect means of securing their attendance upon the means of grace, by putting them under obligations to the missionaries.

But it was the ignorance and moral degradation of the poor, which chiefly excited her compassion; and she began, in connection with the system of religious visits, to take some steps, which, as already intimated, would doubtless have led her in time to systematic efforts for their spiritual benefit. In addition to the mothers of her scholars, she put upon her list of persons to be visited, a number of her poor Druse neighbors. Many of these, besides being needy, were also in the extreme of ignorance, having really no religion of any kind, and living almost like the beasts that perish. Despised by Christians and Moslems, and disowned even by the Druses, they are regarded as the offscouring of society; and, as if in order that no sect might be disgraced by having its name applied to them, an epithet has been invented specially for them, and they are called *Skits*. But the very fact of their being disowned by others, makes them accessible to the missionaries; and her heart became strongly set upon carrying the light of the gospel into their dark abodes, and darker minds. Even when in-

formed by her physician, only a few days before she left, of the danger she was in, and that she must suspend all labor and excitement, and even keep as much as possible in a reclining posture; she earnestly begged the privilege of occasionally going with her Bible to the houses of these poor people, and instructing them in the salvation of the gospel. The physician seeing the strength of her feelings; and fearing that to put too much restraint upon them would be worse than to allow of some bodily fatigue; yielded to her entreaties, and consented to her seeking in this way, an outlet for the irrepressible emotions of benevolence that swelled her heart. It was this disposition, that finally, more than any thing else, decided the expediency of a voyage, which should at once remove her from the objects of her benevolent labors—the presence of which was like fuel to the flame, and threatened too soon to consume her delicate frame. How delightful to reflect that now her burning benevolence needs no such checks, and meets with none. All its clogs have been dropped in the grave. In their stead, it has received angels' wings, themselves a flame of fire; and the warmest aspirations of her heart meet with the perfect ability to accomplish their dearest, highest objects.

Much more might be said of Mrs. Smith's missionary labors. But it is time to close this sketch, by one or two inquiries to which it naturally leads. It was remarked in the beginning, that she gave herself up exclusively to missionary work, and that her industry in it was uncommon. These remarks have been borne out by the brief account that has been given of her labors. But from what did such devotedness and such industry spring? *Their seat was in her heart.* They were planted there both by grace and by nature.

Grace nourished in her heart a piety whose prominent

features were essentially missionary. Her devotions, upon which it lived, were of a nature that brought eternity with all the immortal interests of the soul, unusually nigh to her; and constantly presented to her a great variety of objects to be embalmed in the most devout affections of her heart. Prayer was emphatically her vital breath. It was the life of her soul. Her customary meals she diminished in number, and often omitted, but prayer never. When travelling and when at home, it was equally indispensable. Often when so situated that retirement could not well be obtained otherwise, did she rise while it was yet dark, and all others were asleep, that she might go alone to God. But this she did, not merely in such circumstances. She loved to do it. It was this feature in her devotions, that helped her to bring eternal things nigh to her. She removed as far from the world as she could, and in doing so she got very nigh to eternity. Upon her Sabbaths and her hours of prayer, the world had no permission to intrude.

The benevolent labors that occupied a part of each Lord's day, have already been mentioned. Having given so much of it to others, she felt that the remainder sacredly belonged to her own soul; and she would allow neither family cares nor visitors, by any means to steal it from her. Marketing was always done, water brought, and food prepared, on the preceding day; so that her servants were never seen abroad on business upon the Sabbath, nor were they any more unnecessarily employed at home. A dinner they were never called upon to cook. Equally thorough was she in excluding company. Had she not been, visitors would have crowded upon her from morning to night, for among the natives it is the principal visiting day. She might have reasoned, that to admit them would give her opportunities for doing good. But such opportunities, she had abundantly during the week.

For every day, business crowded upon her, and her house was frequented by visitors at all hours. Having settled the principle, that her Sabbaths should not be interrupted, it became a rule that knew no exceptions; and whoever called, high or low, was refused admittance, except the two or three Druse women, who came for instruction with the servants. And how precious were such Sabbaths! So complete an arrest of the bustle and duties of the week, in the quiet retirement of her residence, made these like a sweet foretaste of the calmness and rest of heaven. And such they were to her. She looked forward to them with delight; every moment of them was sweet and precious as they passed; and they left her animated with new zeal and diligence for the benevolent labors of the week ensuing. They were like so many successive impulses, urging her on in her Christian race. And she might be observed commencing her duties on Monday, generally with increased animation; as if impelled by some new motion, and often with some new plan of usefulness.

Her seasons of devotion were as sacred from all intrusion as her Sabbaths. She made it an essential item in the arranging of her house, to appropriate one room for an oratory. When this was secured, she richly enjoyed her hours of retirement. Her regularity in them, and her partiality to the quietness of the early morning, while the world was yet asleep, have been already mentioned. In her prayers she was explicit and particular even in little things. For she felt that He who cares for sparrows, directs and takes an interest in the least matters, and that nothing is too small to be referred to him. She put Him in the relation of a familiar, though exalted friend; and her devotions were a reverential cultivation of intimacy with him. And in thus *drawing nigh* to God, in the recesses of such retirement, she found heaven drawing nigh to her. It was in that field her rich imagination

delighted to roam. Nothing gratified her so much, as to gather from Scripture some new or striking thought about that blessed world. And in no conversation was she so animated, as in such as had this for its subject. So great was her heavenly-mindedness, that the favorite subject of her waking thoughts often occupied her also in sleep. Heavenly scenes were objects about which she frequently dreamed.

With the spirituality of mind she thus cultivated, no bodily indulgence was allowed to interfere. She delighted to 'keep her body under, and to bring it into subjection.' It was with her a principle to contract no habit of any kind, in regard to food, so strong that it could not with perfect ease be dispensed with; for she would by no means consent to be, in any sense, a slave to bodily appetite. This it gave her pleasure to sacrifice to the interests of her mind. Food was to her a most insipid topic of conversation, which she avoided with care, even at table; and to blunt her mind by indulgence in it, was what she was almost ignorant of by experience; while those who did it, lost thereby much of her esteem. Her diet was almost wholly of vegetable food, and of that she ate but little; for the reason that her thoughts were thus left more free, and her affections more lively. With those who esteemed fasting an inconvenience, or unprofitable, she felt no sympathy. She usually fasted the first Monday of every month, in connection with the monthly concert; when she ate nothing until the day was closed. And at no time did she have more elasticity and cheerfulness of spirts, or enjoy herself more, than on these occasions.

Thus she lived above the world. And is it wonderful, that with a mind so pure and spiritual, and a heart so fixed on heaven, she should not hesitate, when her summons came, to leave the body and go to be forever with the Lord? It is believed she prayed for recovery but

once during the whole of her sickness. She was induced to do it then, by reading the 33d chapter of Job.

But such habits of spirituality and heavenly-mindedness, did not merely prepare her own soul for heaven. They gave her an overwhelming sense of the guilt and danger of those who, devoting themselves altogether to the world, lose all sight of eternity. When she found herself surrounded by an entire community wholly of this character, her emotions became sometimes almost too strong for her constitution to sustain. Occasionally, when walking upon a terrace which overlooked the city of Beyroot, and reflecting that the thousands upon whose dwellings she gazed, would almost inevitably soon descend into a miserable eternity, did she express such exercises of soul, as could be experienced only by one to whose faith eternity was unveiled with the clearness of unclouded vision.

It was a heart swelling with benevolence of such an origin, that impelled Mrs. Smith in her course of untiring labors. Yet she rested not satisfied with the interest in the eternal welfare of others, to which spirituality of so heavenly a cast naturally gives rise. She cultivated it by long and persevering practice.

Her devotions were as little selfish as her life. Others had a large share in them. Her manner of observing the monthly concert of prayer for missions, has been already alluded to. She had also many private concerts of prayer with friends, for particular objects and particular persons, which her heart would by no means allow her to neglect. For a large circle of friends, she prayed individually; remembering some in rotation, and others at stated times. Were the list of individuals to be summed up who thus found a place weekly in her prayers, it would surprise many a cold-hearted Christian, who knows little of her attachment to the closet. Yet instead of feeling it a burden, she always loved to increase the num-

ber. Thus she suffered those deep, heartfelt emotions, which the soul only knows when it is alone with God, to go away from herself; and benevolence found its way, and imparted its coloring to the very innermost sources of feeling in her heart. These emotions, too, thus sent abroad, entwined themselves around the objects she prayed for, and drew them into a close and sacred union with herself. It was like a generalizing of her being, and to feel for others became so much a part of her nature, as largely to share the throne in her heart, with the love of self naturally predominant there.

The analysis of Mrs. Smith's character for benevolence, would be imperfect, without adding, that what grace thus cherished in her, was engrafted upon a stock unusually congenial by nature to its growth. Her distinguishing characteristic, naturally, was warm and generous affection. She delighted to love; and her love was expansive. It sought to embrace a wide circle, and was ever seeking for new objects to rest upon. She would often discover something to interest her, in a character where others could discover nothing. And she would still feel and hope for a friend, and be devising ways to do him good, when all others had given him up. It might almost be said, that nature did for her, what grace fails to do for some. While yet in an unconverted state, and quite a girl, she took a leading part in the establishment of one of the earliest Sabbath schools in New England; and in after life she was once greeted as a Christian sister, by one who traced her conversion to instructions received from her at that time, as a member of her class.

The generosity of her affections was such, that she delighted to forget herself, in giving pleasure to others; nothing was too good for her friends. The best and most gratifying use she knew how to make of any thing she valued, was to give it away; and this she was very

sure soon to find some occasion to do. It was her way of laying it up. She enjoyed it more in the hands of her friends than in her own; and she secured besides, a place in their recollections. She was carefully and systematically economical in whatever she used in her family and in her labors. She was avaricious of only one thing—*the affections of her friends.* They were a treasure she loved to secure and increase.

The strength of her emotions was often the occasion of wonder and admiration to her friends. They were a great deep in her breast. Yet so thoroughly were they under her control, as to form no disproportioned excrescence or deformity in her character. And as she felt strongly herself, she liked this trait in others. An intellectual character, even of the highest order, she could look upon with comparative indifference. But let her catch indications of strong affections, and her interest was secured. She seemed to feel a sympathy of soul with such a person.

From such generous and strong emotions, directed and so highly cultivated by divine grace, did Mrs. Smith's devotedness and industry in the cause of benevolence spring. They were the irresistible, untiring, moving power, that urged her on in her labors of love. And oh! what a soul of ardent, benevolent feeling swelled her breast. Her dearest friend, near as he was to her, never felt that he fully comprehended it. Its depths he could not fathom, and it was to him a constant object of admiration. Had her frame been as strong, as her soul was great, and ardent, she might have been still going on in her course. But her bodily strength was literally consumed by the flame which burned within her. Now, however, she is tied to no such clog, to hinder her in her heavenly course. For surely such a character was not brought to so high a degree of excellence, to be at once

and forever extinguished by death. Can we doubt that she is transferred to scenes where her noble heart finds scope for its most expanded emotions? And much as limited views, and personal attachment, may tempt her friends to feel that she was taken from earth too soon; her character almost authorises us to say, that earth had her labors long after she was ripe for heaven.

MONODY

TO

MRS. SARAH L. SMITH.

So,—Syria hath thy dust,—thou who wert born
Amid my own wild hillocks,—where the voice
Of falling waters, and of summer-winds
Mingled their music. How thy full, dark eye,
Thy graceful form, thy soul-illumined smile
Returns upon me, as I muse at eve
'Mid the bright scenery of remember'd years.
—I hear the murmur'd echo of thy name
From yon poor forest race. 'Tis meet for them
To hoard thy memory as a blessed star,
For thou didst seek their lowly homes, and teach
Their roving children of a Saviour's name,
And of a clime, where no oppressor comes.
Cold Winter found thee there, and Summer's heat,
Unwearied and unblenching. Tho' the sneer
Might curl some worldling's lip, 'twas not for thee
To note its language, or to scan the soul
Of the forsaken Indian; or to tread
Upon the ashes of his buried kings,
As on a loathsome weed. Thine own fair halls
Lur'd thee in vain, until the hallow'd Church
Rear'd its light dome among them, and the voice

Of an anointed Shepherd, day by day
Call'd back those wanderers to the peaceful fold
Of a Redeemer's righteousness. And then,—
Thy way was on the waters, and thy hand
Close clasp'd in his, who bore the truth of God
To sultry Asia. Yes, thy venturous way
Was o'er the deep.

Strong ties withheld thee here—
Home,—father,—sightless mother,—sister dear,—
Brothers, and tender friends,—a full array
Of hope and bliss. But what were these to thee,
Who on God's altar, laid the thought of self,
With prayerful incense, duly, night and morn.
What were such joys to thee, when duty bade
Their crucifixion.

Oh Jerusalem,—
Jerusalem !—Say, do I see thee there ?
Pondering the flinty path thy Saviour trod,
Or humbly kneeling where his prayer arose
All night on Olivet ?—or with meek hand
Culling from pure Siloam's marge a flower,—
A simple flower, that yearly lifts its head
To fill its petals with as fresh a dew
As when poor, banish'd Judah wore the crown
Of queenly beauty ? Now thy foot explores
Where the sweet harper in his boyhood kept
His father's sheep,—before the cares that lodge
Within the thorn-wreath'd circlet of a king,
Had turn'd the tresses on his temples grey,
And gnaw'd his heart-strings. Lo, thy tent is pitch'd
Near Jordan's waters and the bitter wave
Of the Asphaltites.

Back to thy place,
Among the Syrian vales,—to the lov'd toils
For the poor heathen. See !—the time is short.—

Perils upon the waters wait for thee,—
And then another Jordan,—from whose wave
Is no return. But thou, with lip so pale,
Didst take the song of triumph and go down
Alone and fearless, thro' its depths profound.
— Snatches of heavenly harpings made thee glad,
Even to thy latest gasp.—

Therefore, the grief
Born at thy grave, is not like other grief.—
Tears mix with joy. We praise our God for thee.

L. H. S.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2005

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 729 110 3